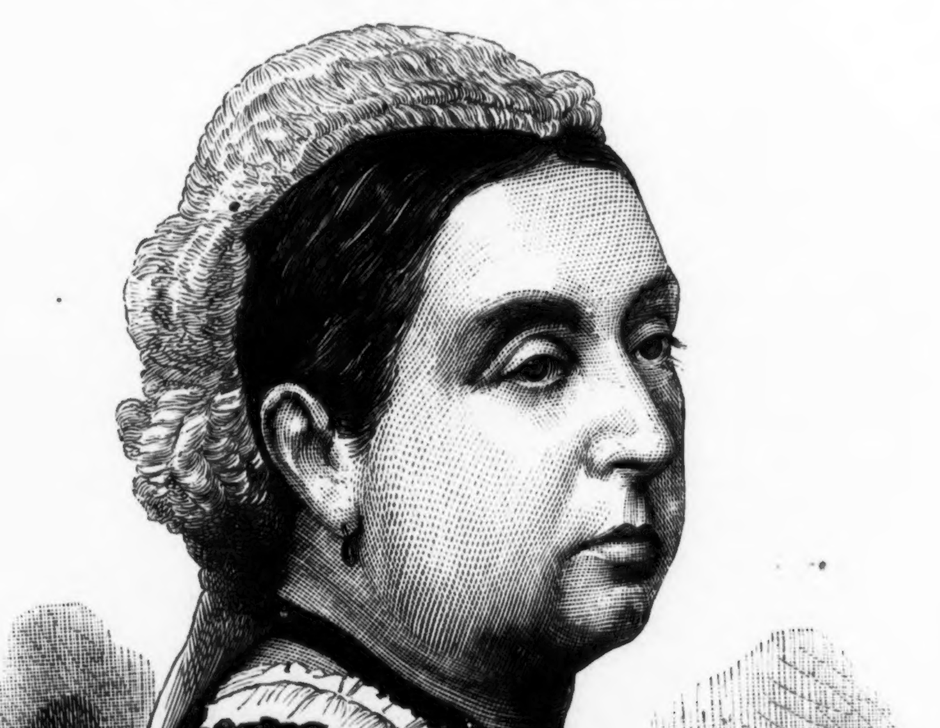
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR
MONTHLY.

Vol. IV.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1877. $2.50 Per Annum.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN.



VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

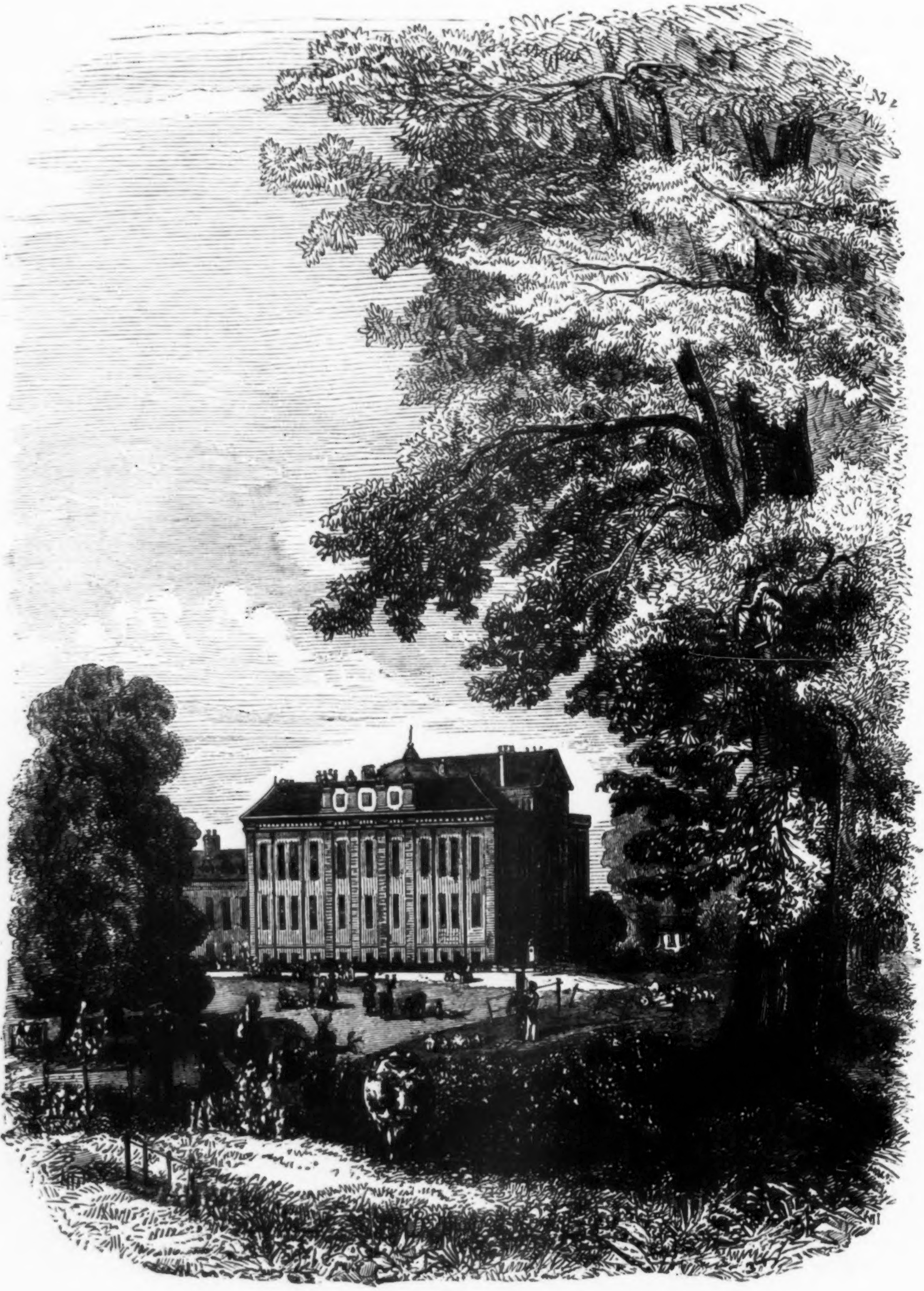
Queen Victoria, counting from the date of her succession, is the senior reigning sovereign in Europe.

The only daughter, and indeed the only child, of Edward, Duke of Kent (fourth son of George III.), by his marriage with Victoria Mary Louise, daughter of his Serene Highness Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and widow of his Serene Highness Charles Louis, Prince of Leiningen, she was looked on from her birth and earliest infancy as the possible inheritor of the British Crown.

The death of the Princess Charlotte, the only child of George (Prince of Wales, afterward George IV.), left the Crown without an heir, for, of all the numerous family of George III., not one was at that time the parent of a child who, according to the law, could succeed to the throne.

Within a very few months, the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge, all took to themselves wives from among the daughters of various German courts, the law of succession to the throne limiting their choice to Protestants. The lady selected by the Duke of Kent was her Serene Highness Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and

The Princess Victoria, from her position and possible prospects, was naturally surrounded by much courtly etiquette; and, as the Princess Feodore was so many years older than herself, and of course, therefore, not much of a companion for her, she felt deeply the want of a playmate. A proof of this fact was afforded when a musical prodigy, five years old, named Lyla, was brought in to amuse the Princess by her wonderful performance on the harp. While the child was playing a beautiful air, with which the Princess appeared to be entirely taken up, as she had great taste for music, the duchess left the room; but on her return she found the Princess and the child-musician seated on the hearthrug and looking at the Princess's toys, some of which the Princess was offering to the child.



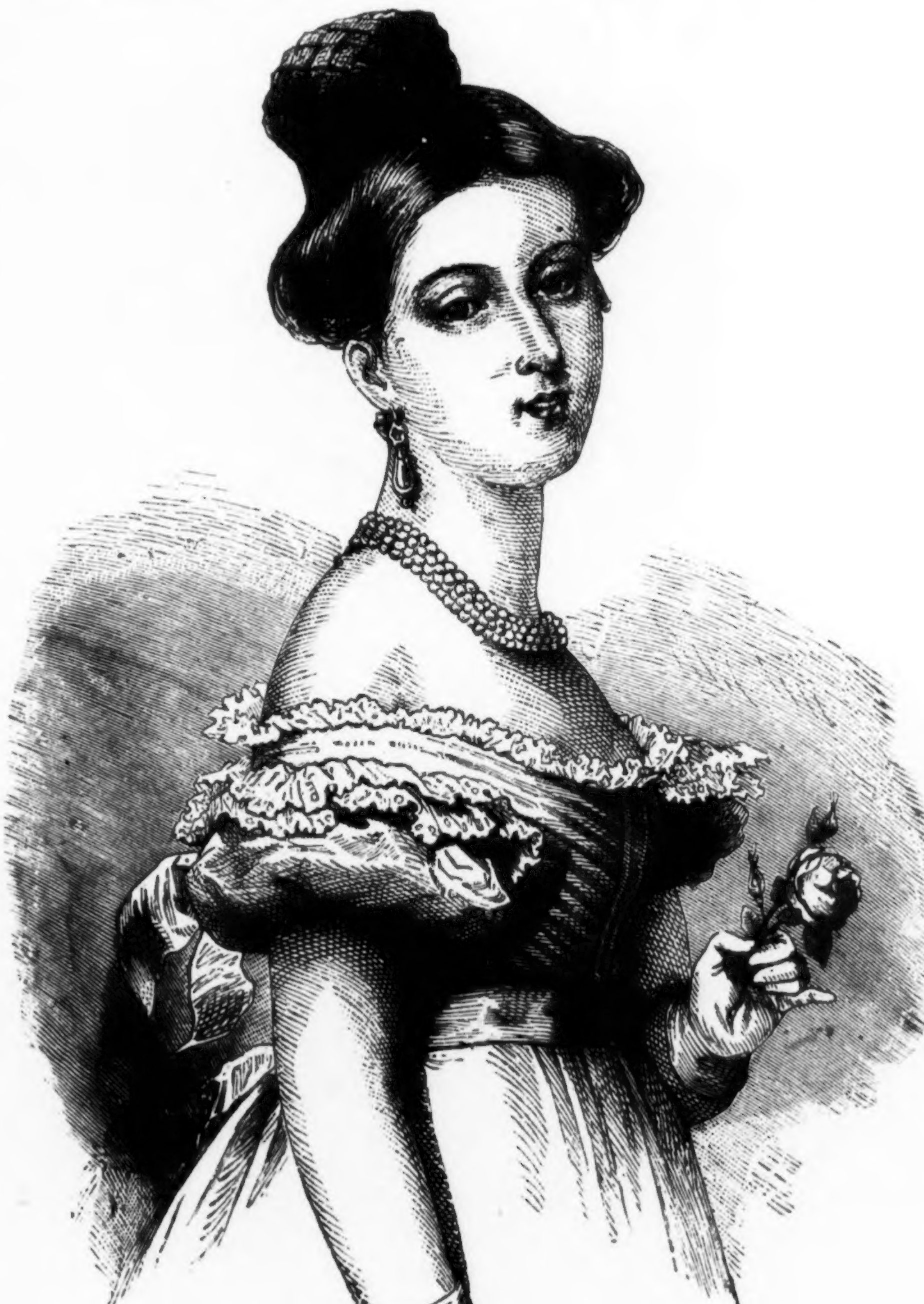
KENSINGTON PALACE, BIRTHPLACE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Before the Princess had attained her fifth year her regular education was commenced, under the superintendence of the Rev. George Davys, afterward Bishop of Peterborough. He found that his royal pupil had a strong will of her own, though she proved herself docile and apt, and made great progress in her studies.

The Princess paid several visits in these early years to the King at Windsor, by whom she was treated with every indulgence, and to Prince Leopold, at his quiet seat at Claremont, where she spent weeks at a time. At this latter place her taste for flowers was increased by her uncle, who instructed her in botany, a favorite science of his own, and also encouraged her in sketching from nature; in which, even as a child, she showed considerable taste and skill.

The Duke of York, who was the favorite uncle of the Princess, died when she was in her eighth year; and Victoria felt his loss keenly.

At about the age of nine the Princess had her first introduction to the sight of a Court drawing-room, at which it happened that the young Queen of Portugal was present. She first danced in public at a juvenile ball, to which the King invited her, in order to meet the young Queen, to whose brilliant robes and surroundings the young Princess offered a striking contrast by the simplicity of her dress and manners. On that occasion (we are told by the Court chronicler) the Princess danced with the young Lord Fitzalan, the heir of the Howards, and also with Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince Esterhazy, and the sons of the Earls of Delaware and Jersey. The Princess, we are told, even at this early age, evidently had a great taste for Court life, for she often amused herself by dressing her dolls in Court costume, and by rehearsing the programme of miniature receptions at Court.



PRINCESS VICTORIA IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

The Autumn months were usually passed by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter at one or the other of the bathing-places of the coast of Kent or Sussex. During their stay at Tunbridge Wells in 1834, the Princess performed her first public act by laying the first stone of some new schools in the Calverley Park, which were named after her. At Plymouth, in 1833, the princess narrowly escaped a terrible accident, for the royal yacht came into collision with another vessel with such a shock that her sail and gaff fell on the deck where she was standing. A sailor sprung forward, caught the Princess in his arms, and rescued her from the peril—a moment more, and perhaps the Crown of England would have passed in another direction. Her preserver, it need not be added, was liberally rewarded for his service. Wherever the duchess and her daughter went their visits were hailed with pleasure by rich and poor alike. Their quiet and unostentatious manners, their mingling with the people on the sands and promenades, and the many little acts of charity recorded to their credit, made a pleasant and lasting impression on all.

The Princess at this time had a very slight idea of the station to which she would, while yet in her early years, be called; and it is believed that it was during her study of English history with her governess, when about eleven years of age, that her attention was first seriously drawn to some point in connection with the succession to the Crown. After thinking for a few moments, she inquired who would be the heir in the case of the death of the King. To the reply that she had several uncles, she observed that her own papa came next to the Duke of Clarence, and that it appeared to her, from what she had just been reading, that when both he and the present King passed away, she herself would be the successor to the throne. As this could not be denied, the occasion was turned to account by the governess.

On the death of King George IV. in 1830, the Duke of Clarence ascended the throne as William IV., and, as he had no children, the Princess Victoria stood next in direct succession to the Crown. She was accordingly brought out in a great measure from her life of retirement.

Though she was not present at the coronation, being with her mother in the Isle of Wight, she appeared at the first review held by the King in Hyde Park, in company with her mother and Queen Adelaide; and she stood at the side of her uncle when he held his first Chapter of the Order of the Garter. She also appeared at Court at the first

XUM

drawing-room held by the new Queen. She was also present at the meeting of the new Parliament, in which the Duchess of Kent was appointed Regent of the Kingdom, in the possible event of her daughter ascending the throne before she should have attained her legal majority—a strong proof of the confidence which the nation felt in the duchess personally.

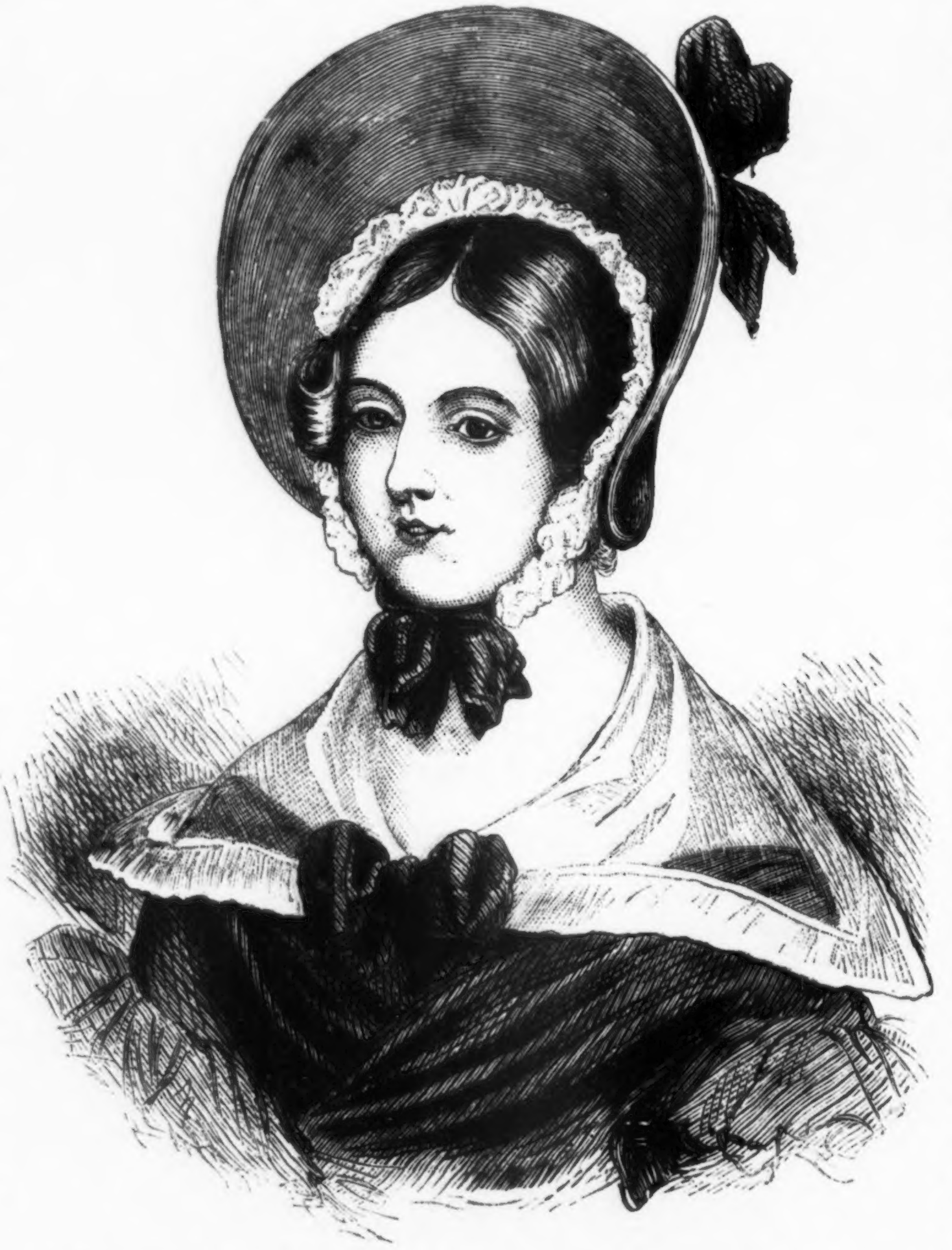
It is well known that her Majesty is an accomplished horsewoman; and it was at this period that she took her first lessons in riding. In her studies, the Princess had by this time made great progress; she spoke French and German fluently, and was familiar with Italian. We are told that she read Virgil and Horace, and had even begun Greek; for mathematics she showed great taste, as also for music and drawing, in both of which she soon became proficient.

In the following year the duchess and her daughter made tours in several parts of England, visiting the seats of the nobility.

In July of the year 1834 the Princess was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Chapel Royal, and on the Sunday following she received her first Communion in the private chapel of Kensington Palace.

Of the Princess Victoria, before she had assumed the burdens of royalty, Sir John Hobhouse gives a very pleasing sketch. Dining at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent, he sat next to the Princess, who was seated at her mother's right hand. "The young Princess," he writes, "was treated in every respect like a grown-up woman, although apparently quite a child. Her manners were very pleasing and natural, and she seemed much amused by some conversation with Lord Durham, a manifest favorite at Kensington. When she left the room she courtesied round very prettily to all the guests who were present, and then ran out of the room."

On the 24th of May, 1837, the Princess Victoria attained her eighteenth year, and her legal majority was celebrated with great rejoicings.



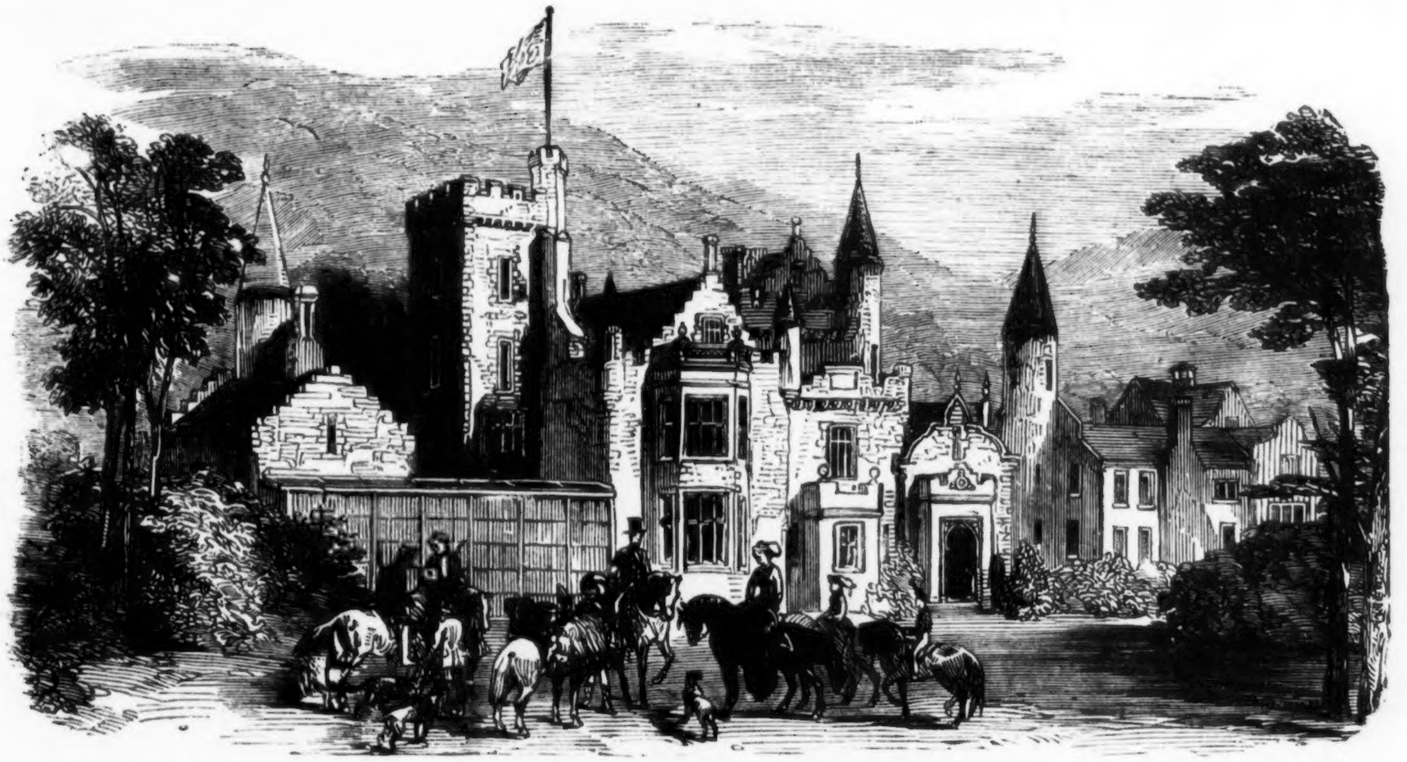
QUEEN VICTORIA ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, JUNE 20TH, 1837.

In England, royal personages are held to be of age three years before their subjects. It is not a little singular that among the first to congratulate the Princess upon the happy event was her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. A grand ball was given in her honor at St. James's Palace (at which for the first time the Princess took precedence of her mother), and very many addresses of congratulation poured in upon her. The illuminations, also, were very general. The King and Queen were absent from this ball on account of the indisposition of the former; and during the next day the King's illness considerably increased. The "Diary of a Lady of Quality" says:

> "At Kensington Palace the Princess Victoria received the intelligence of the death of William I., June, 1837. On the 20th, at 2 A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard; they turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H. R. H. that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did; and, to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came down into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

Lord Melbourne, the Premier, arrived at the palace by nine o'clock, and had an interview with his new sovereign.

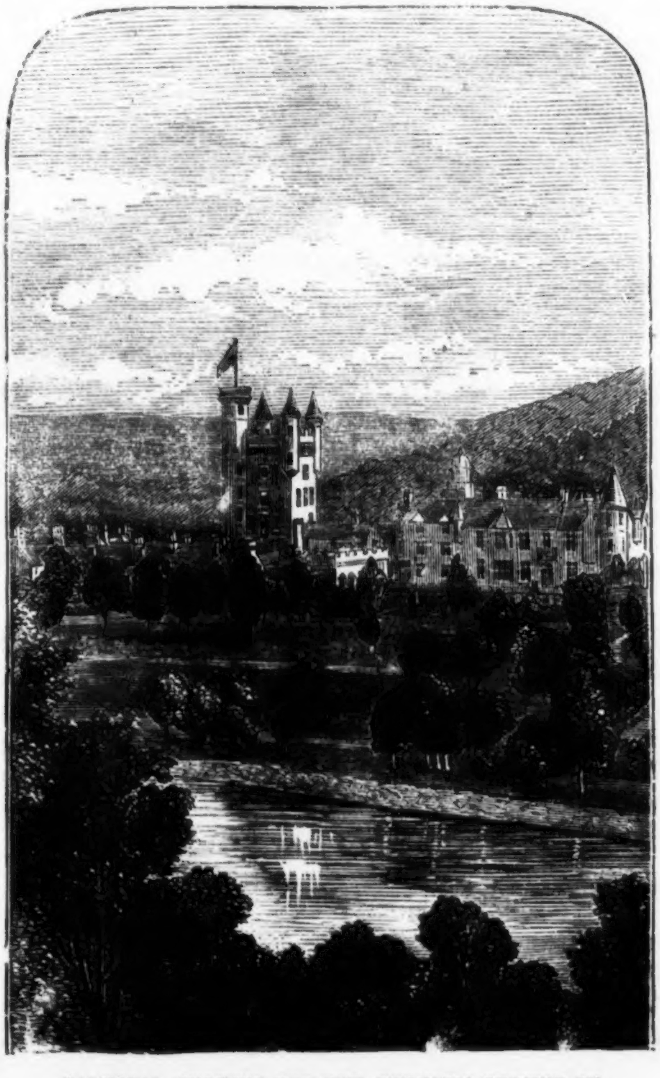
On the meeting of the princes, peers, and other councilors, they signed the oath of allegiance; and the first name on the list was that of Ernest, King of Hanover. The Queen caused them all to be sworn in members of her



BALMORAL IN ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION.

Council, and then addressed them; after which they issued orders for the Proclamation of Her Majesty. If the millions who longed to know how the young Sovereign looked and felt could have heard her first address, it would have gone far to satisfy them. The address was, of course, prepared for her; but the manner and voice were her own, and they told much. Her manner was composed, modest, and dignified; her voice, firm and sweet; her reading, as usual, beautiful. She took the necessary oaths, and received the eager homage of the thronging nobility without agitation or any awkwardness. The declaration contained an affectionate reference to the deceased King; an assertion of her attachment to the constitution of the country, and of her intention to rule in accordance with it; a grateful allusion to her mother; an avowal that, under circumstances of such eminent responsibility as hers, she relied for support and guidance on Divine Providence, and a pledge that her life should be devoted to the happiness of her people.

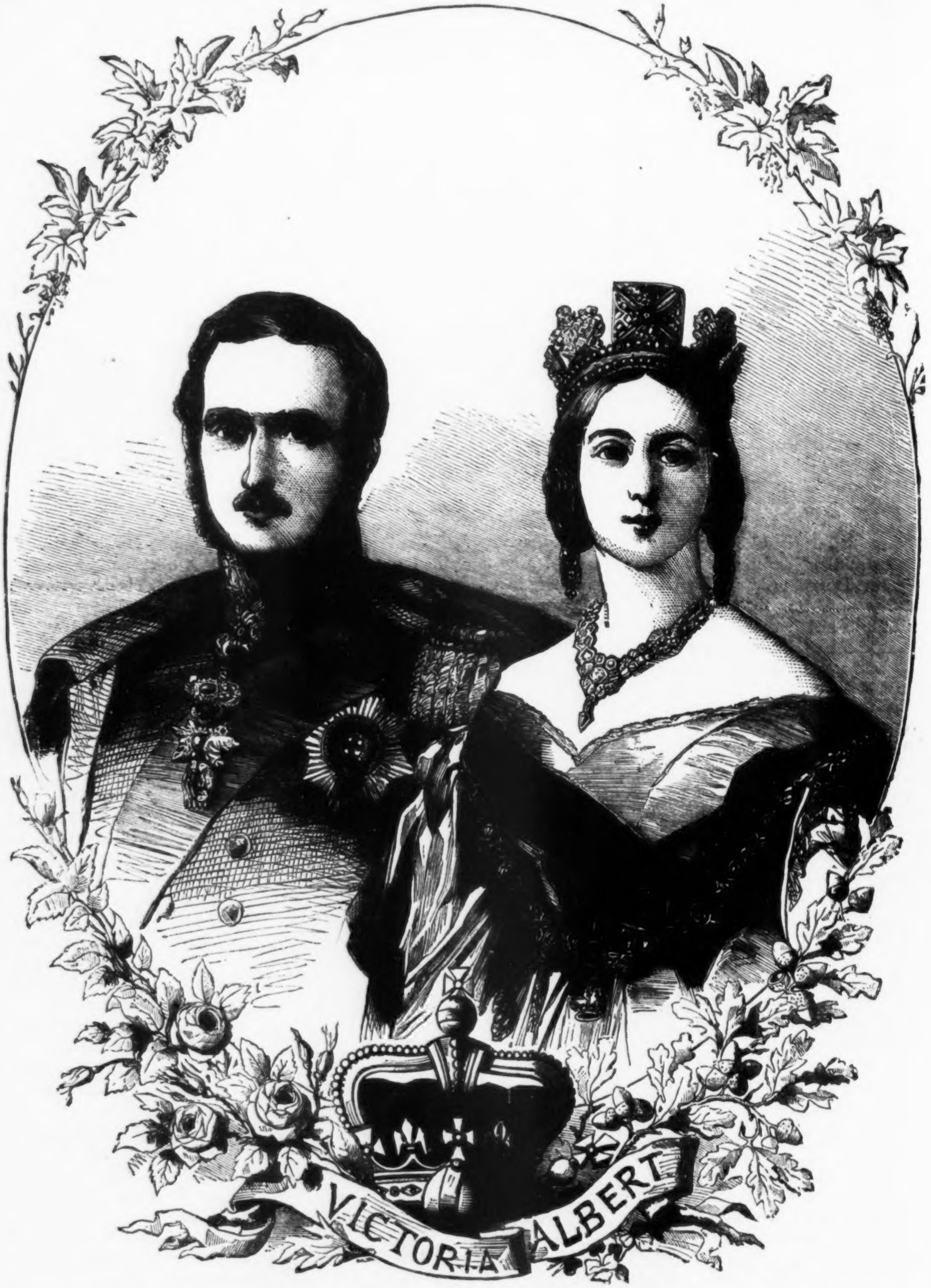
On the following day, June 21st, the Queen was publicly proclaimed under the title of Victoria the First—the name Alexandrina being omitted by her when she first officially signed her name. At ten o'clock all the avenues to St. James's Palace were crowded; and as the guns fired a royal salute the young Queen entered her palace amid deafening cheers



BALMORAL, SHOWING THE NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED BY THE QUEEN.

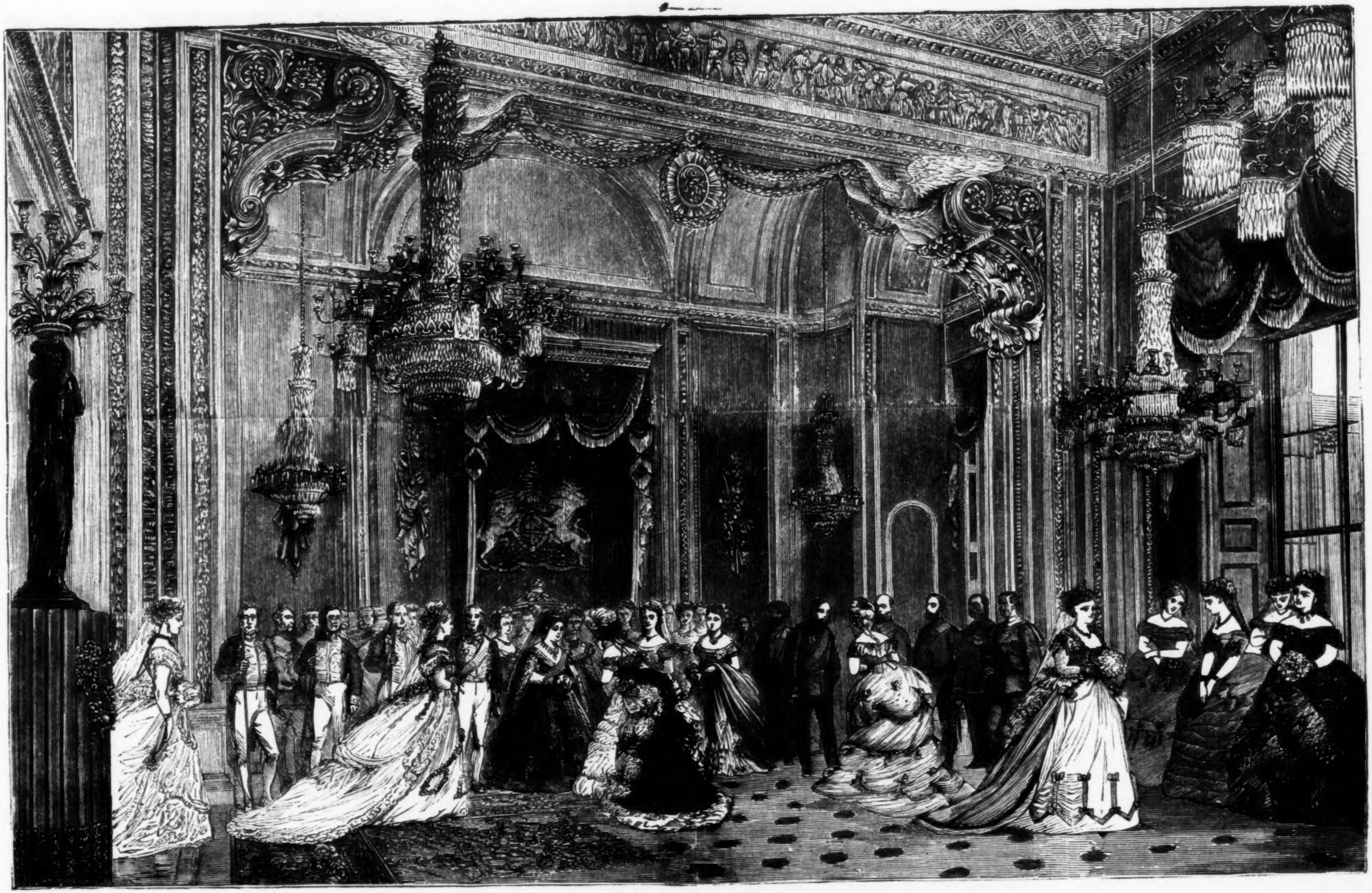
The Queen remained in seclusion at Kensington till after the funeral of the late king at Windsor on July 8th; and on the 13th of the same month she left the home of her childhood, with natural feelings of regret, and, accompanied by her mother, went to reside at Buckingham Palace, where she received addresses from the bishops, the members of the two ancient Universities, and other public bodies. "The Bishop of London told Amyot," writes Crabb Robinson in his diary in 1837, "that when the bishops were first presented to the Queen she received them with all possible dignity, and then retired. She passed through a glass door, and, forgetting the transparency, was seen to run off like a girl, as she is. In corroboration of this, Mr. Quayle told me that, lately asking a maid of honor how she liked her situation, and who of course expressed her delight, she said: 'I do think myself it is good fun playing at queen.' This is just as it should be. If she had not now the high spirits of a healthy girl of eighteen we should have less reason to hope that she will turn out a sound, sensible woman of thirty."

On the 17th of July, the young Queen went in state to prorogue Parliament, in accordance with constitutional usage on the demise of the crown, and the people showed the greatest enthusiasm on the route. Her Majesty "wore for the first time on that occasion the garland-shaped diadem



of brilliants which is so peculiarly becoming to her," and she looked very animated and interesting, and made a most favorable impression upon those who were fortunate enough to see her. On her arrival at the House of Lords the Queen put on "her parliamentary robes of state of crimson velvet, entirely lined with ermine, and having an ermine cape."

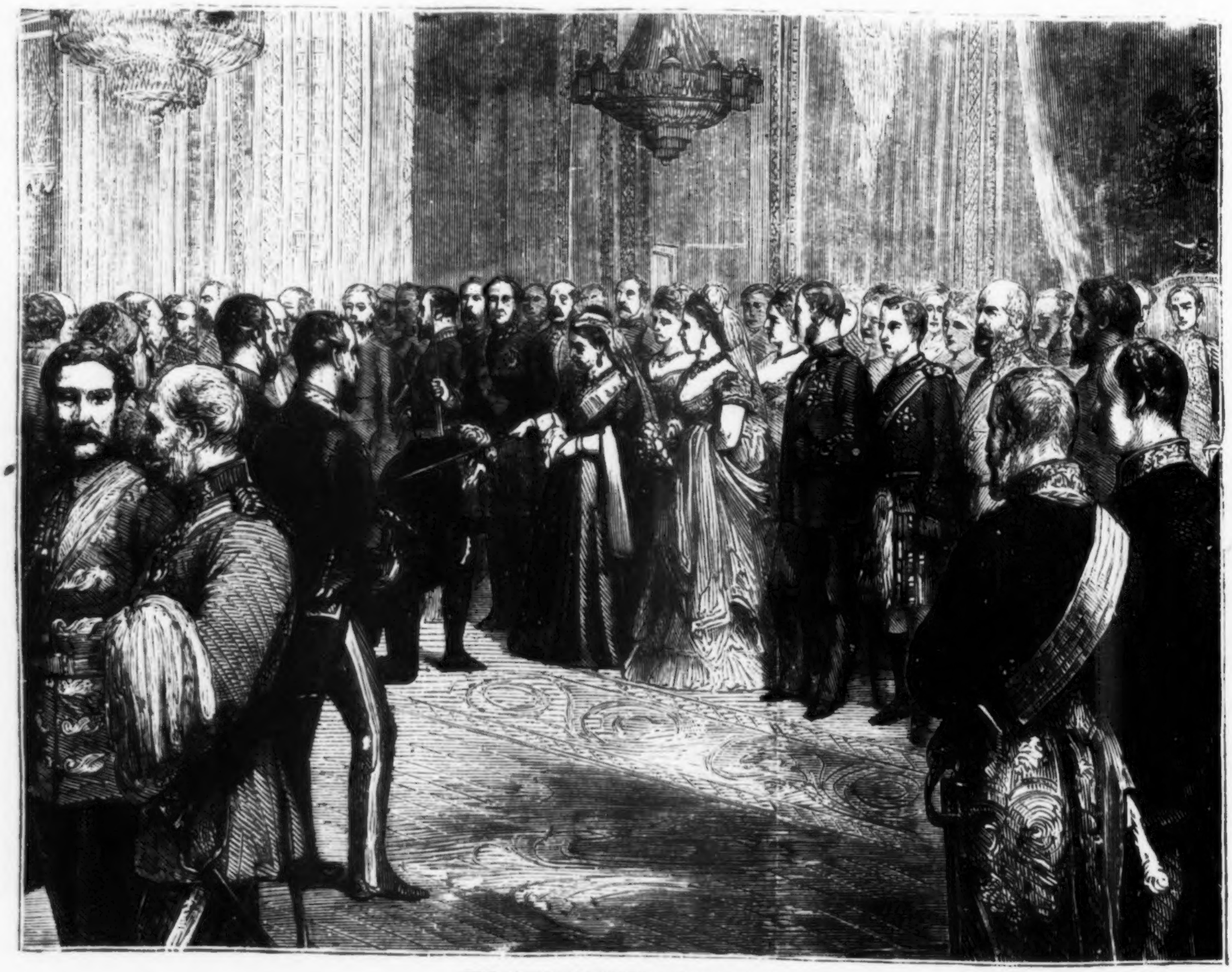
Her Majesty ascended the throne with a firm and composed step, and for several moments continued standing, graciously regarding all around her. On the entrance of the Commons the Speaker addressed the Queen, giving a brief summary of the measures during the session; and then the Queen read her speech. The graceful and dignified manner



LEVÉE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

in which Her Majesty delivered her speech elicited from her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, a burst of admiration, and he was heard to exclaim, "Beautiful! beautiful!;" and all were struck with her singularly clear and musical voice, which, without apparent effort, was heard distinctly in all parts of the House.

The Queen opened her new Parliament in State by a speech from the throne in November, and within the week sent a message to Parliament, expressing a wish that a permanent provision should be made for her mother; in consequence of which a Bill was passed, which settled upon the Duchess of Kent an income of £30,000. The Queen's own civil list was settled during the same session: it was fixed at £385,000 per annum, and her privy purse at £60,000 more.



THE QUEEN CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD.

During the first few months of her reign the newspapers gave an account of the general routine of the Queen's daily life. She generally rose early, often at six, and spent some time in her own room in reading and writing. At ten the Duchess of Kent came by invitation to breakfast with her, and twelve was the hour for giving audiences to Cabinet Ministers. It may be noted that the Queen always made herself acquainted with the contents of all documents presented to her before signing them. Her spare time she devoted to reading or drawing; then there came the afternoon drive or ride. After dinner the Queen "frequently entertained her guests by singing popular airs.

The following year (1838) saw the splendid ceremonial of the Coronation, with a State procession through the streets. The day fixed was the 28th of June. Special ambassadors were sent over to represent their respective countries on the occasion; and the splendor of the attire of some among them, especially Prince Esterhazy, who was literally one blaze of jewels from his head to his boots, formed a great attraction in the eyes of the multitude.

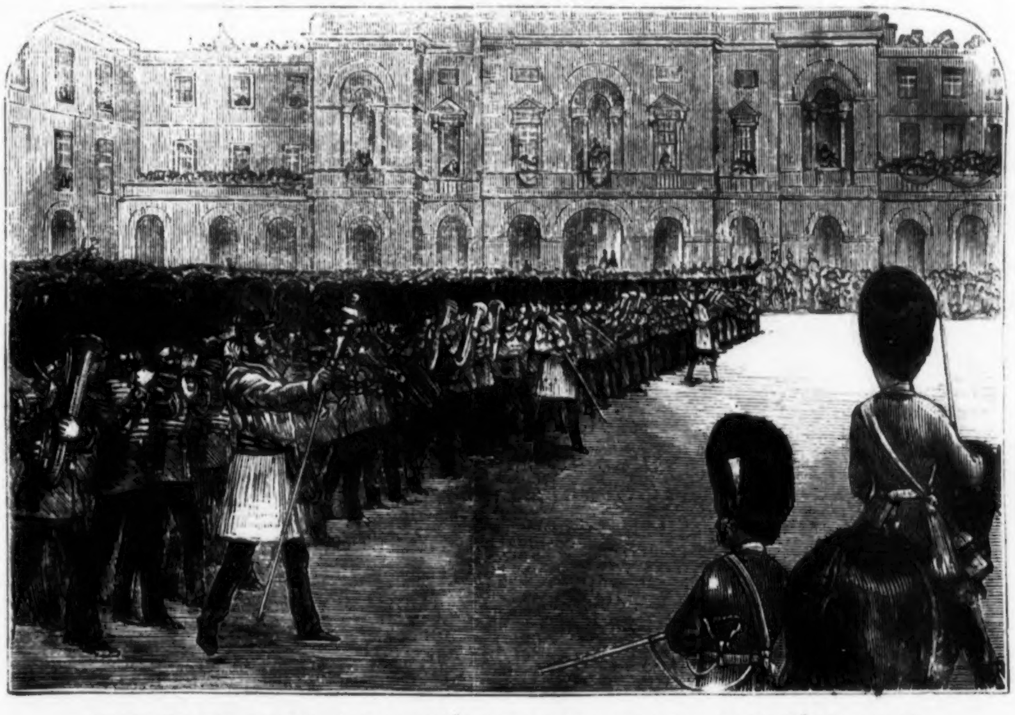
The great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops with the patina, chalice and Bible, received the Queen at the western entrance. The list of the regalia, which are collectively seen only on such occasions, comprised "St. Edward's staff," carried by the Duke of Roxburghe; the "golden spurs," by Lord Byron (deputy to Baroness Grey de Ruthyn); the "sceptre with the cross," by the Duke of Cleveland; the two "swords of investiture" (of temporal and of spiritual justice), by the Marquis of Westminster and the Duke of Sutherland; the "curtana," or sword of mercy, by the Duke of Devonshire; the "sword of state," by Viscount Melbourne; the "sceptre with the dove," by the Duke of Richmond; "the orb," by the Duke of Somerset; "St. Edward's crown," by the Duke of Hamilton; the "patina," by the Bishop of Bangor; the "chalice," by the Bishop of Lincoln; and the "Bible," by the Bishop of Winchester. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, stood on either side of Lord Melbourne.

The Queen, who bore her part in the long ceremonies of this day with perfect grace and dignity, wore a royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace. She also wore the collars of her Orders, and on her head a circlet of gold. Her train was borne by eight daughters of peers.

Supported on either side by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, the Queen advanced in procession toward the altar, on which was placed a service of splendid gold plate, and near to it St. Edward's chair. A hearty welcome greeted her within the sacred walls, and on the "recognition" of her Majesty by the Archbishop there was a general shout raised of "God save Queen Victoria!" The Queen made her first offering of a pall, or altar cloth of gold, and an ingot, or wedge of gold.

After the sermon, which was preached by the Bishop of London, the Queen took the oath to defend the law and the established religion. Sitting in King Edward's chair, she next gave her head and hands to be anointed by the Archbishop. The regalia were delivered to her in order, then the crown was taken from off the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and given to the Archbishop, who placed it upon the Queen's head. "God Save the Queen!" was shouted on all sides, trumpets sounded, drums were beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired.

Lastly, after the Benediction and "Te Deum," the Queen was enthroned, or "lifted" into the Chair of Homage, where she delivered the regalia into the hands of the different noblemen, and then received the homage of the Princes and Peers, the Archbishop first kneeling to do homage for himself and all his spiritual peers. The Princes of the blood touched the crown, and kissed the Queen's left cheek, and took the oath of homage without kneeling. The peers knelt bareheaded and kissed the Queen's hand. The Queen afterward received the Holy Communion, herself presenting the oblation of bread and wine.



TROOPING THE COLORS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON, ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

The crown which had been made for George IV. weighed upward of seven pounds; and, as it was considered too heavy for the Queen, a new crown of less than half the weight was constructed. It was formed of hoops of silver, covered with precious stones, over a cap of rich blue velvet, surmounted by a ball enriched with diamonds. Amongst its other gems was a large, heart-shaped ruby which had been worn by the Black Prince; this was set in front.

There is very little to record in the period between the coronation and the marriage of the Queen; the so-called "Bedchamber Plot" forming the principal subject of interest. On Lord Melbourne offering his resignation, in April, 1839, Sir Robert Peel attempted to form a new administration; but as he was disappointed in his supposition that the ladies who held high office in the Household, and who were all members of Whig families, would resign of their own accord, and as the Queen, who had a personal affection for the female members of her Court, firmly opposed their removal, Sir Robert Peel declined the task, and Lord Melbourne undertook office again. Though the Whig Ministers were blamed for upholding the Queen in her opposition to Sir Robert Peel, the Queen herself was rather admired by the people generally for her natural and outspoken sincerity.

During the London season of 1839 the Queen entertained the heir of the Russian throne, and gave several balls and *fêtes*. But the dubious war in Canada, the unsettled state of the Administration, the insurgent spirit at home, and, above all, the feeling caused by the injustice to Lady Flora Hastings—all combined to cast a troublous shadow over the Spring of 1839.

Of course at this time the nation thought a good deal of the probability of the Queen's speedy betrothal. It was not very long before all conjectures were set at rest.

It had so happened that Prince Albert, the second son o Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and nephew of the Duchess of Kent, came to England with his father and brother in the Summer of 1836, and staid with his aunt at Kensington Palace. King Leopold, in 1839, spoke seriously to his nephew, and wrote to his niece, on the subject of their possible union, and received a favorable reply, though the Queen objected to any immediate engagement.

In the Autumn of 1839 the Prince again came over to England with his brother Ernest, and pressed his suit in person. The Queen, it is said, thought him much improved since his former visit, and within a few days she told Lord Melbourne that her mind was made up to the proposed union.

The proposed marriage was announced by the Queen herself to the Privy Council, and her "declaration" was published in the *Gazette*, and received with pleasure by the nation. There were difficulties as to the exact position which the Prince should hold, and they were ended by the Queen conferring on him a patent of precedence next after herself.

On the meeting of Parliament, in January, 1840, the Prince's Naturalization Bill and his Annuity Bill were passed, the sum of £30,000 being agreed upon—the Tories having successfully opposed the original proposal by the ministry of £50,000.

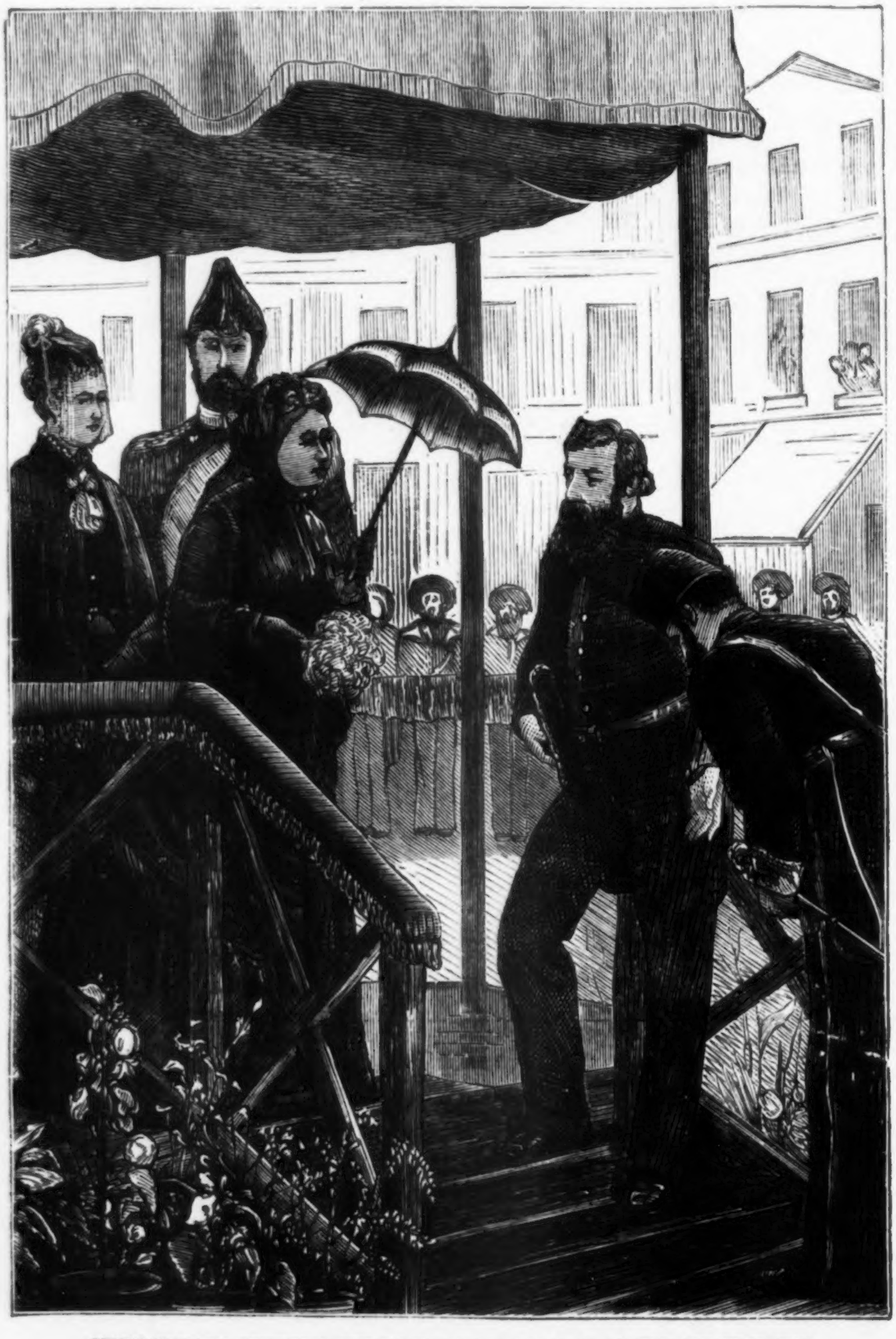
At the end of January Prince Albert, his father, brother and suite, were escorted to England by Lord Torrington and Colonel Grey, who had already invested him with the insignia of the Order of the Garter. They arrived at Buckingham Palace on the 8th of February. The Prince was welcomed at the entrance by the Queen and her mother; and the same afternoon he took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, which were administered to him by the Lord Chancellor. The commission which gave him the rank of field-marshal in the army bore the same date.

Unlike many royal marriages, the union of the Queen with Prince Albert was, from the first, extremely popular with the nation, because it was understood to be based, not upon state policy, but upon personal choice and predilection.

XUM

On the 10th the marriage was celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The bridegroom's procession went first to St. James's, and the Prince was accompanied by his father and brother. He wore a field-marshal's uniform, the breasts of his coat being decorated with "bride's favors." The Queen was escorted by her mother and the Duchess of Sutherland.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London officiated at the ceremony. The altar was laden with gold plate, of the value, it is said, of £10,000. The Duke of Sussex gave away the bride, who wore a rich, "white satin dress, with a very deep trimming of Honiton lace; the body and sleeves were richly trimmed with the same material to correspond; the train was of white satin, and was also lined with white satin, and trimmed with orange blossoms. On her head the Queen wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a vail of Honiton lace, with a necklace and earrings of diamonds. The cost of the lace alone on the Queen's dress was £1,000. The satin, which was of a pure white, was manufactured in Spitalfields. Her Majesty wore an armlet, inscribed with the motto of the Order of the Garter, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense;' she also wore the Star of the Order." There were twelve bridesmaids, unmarried daughters of some of the noblest families in the kingdom.



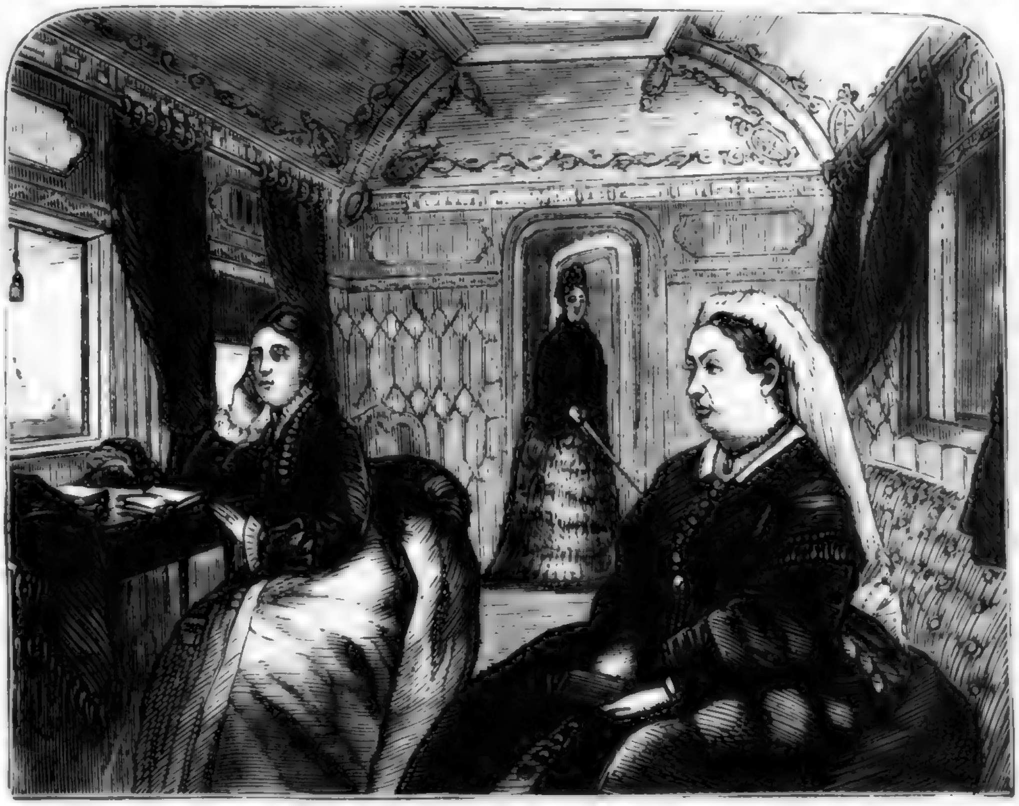
QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS OF THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The wedding breakfast was given at Buckingham Palace; the cake (we are told) weighed 300 pounds, and was three yards in circumference, and fourteen inches in depth. At the conclusion of the repast, the royal pair set off for Windsor Castle, where they spent four days.

Our lady readers may be interested by learning that her Majesty's traveling dress was "a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swan's down, and a white satin bonnet and feather.' On their return to Buckingham Palace, the chief amusements of the Queen and her Consort consisted in levees, "dinners followed by dances" and visits to the theatres. The Queen's next birthday was spent at Claremont, a place to which she was much attached, and which she frequently visited. Both she and her husband were glad to escape there from time to time, from the smoke and oppressiveness of town, and, perhaps, also, from the equally oppressive grandeur of Windsor Castle.

In the early Summer of the year of her marriage, the Queen experienced one of those attacks from which few crowned heads are exempt; for, as she was driving with the Prince up Constitution Hill, a youth named Oxford fired two pistol shots at her. Happily, no injury was caused, and the Queen showed the utmost courage and presence of mind on the occasion. Her first thought was to let her mother see that she was unhurt, for fear of the news being, as is usually the case, exaggerated. Oxford was supposed to be insane, but was tried for the offense, and was ordered to be confined during her Majesty's pleasure.

The Queen has been the object of other attacks of a like kind on four occasions since this. In May, 1842, close to the same spot, John Francis fired a pistol at her Majesty. The man was sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law for high treason, but the sentence was commuted. In July of the same year a deformed youth named Bean presented a pistol at the Queen as she was driving to the Chapel Royal. In May, 1850, an ex-lieutenant of Hussars, Robert Pate, struck the Queen with a small switch and cut her face, as she was driving out of Cambridge House; and in February, 1872, a youth, by name O'Connor, presented a pistol and a Fenian document at her Majesty as she was entering Buckingham Palace.

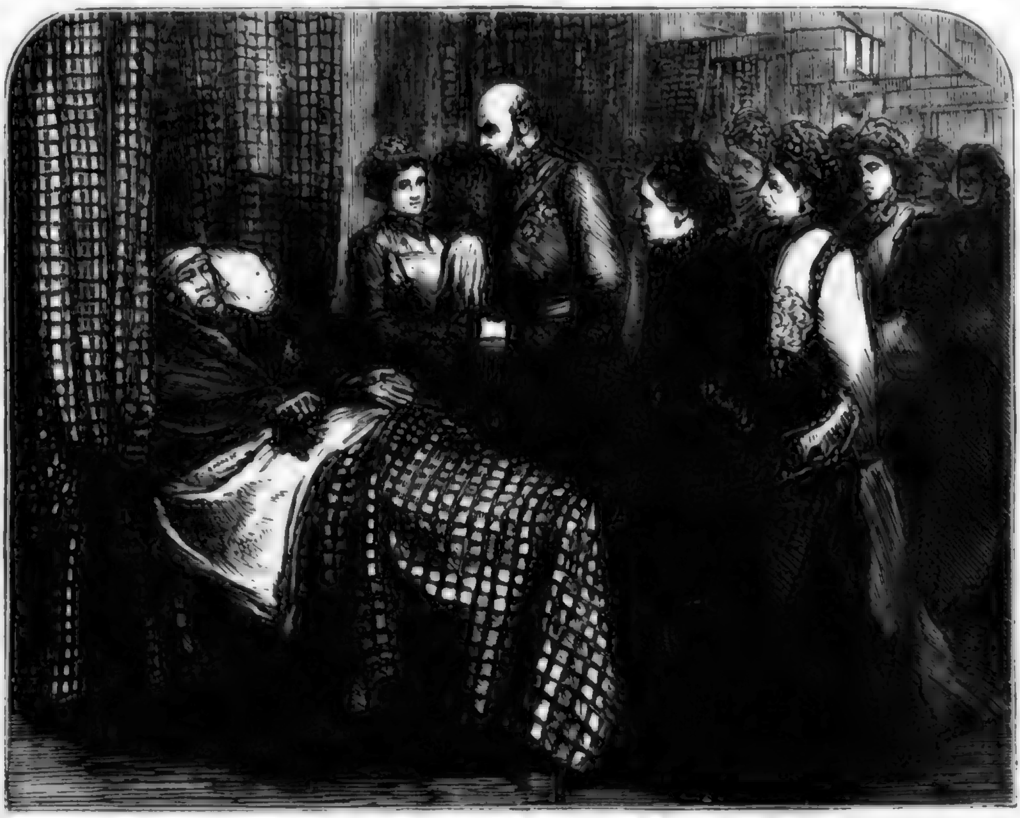


QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS BEATRICE IN HER ROYAL RAILWAY CAR.

The Queen has been more frequently annoyed by (happily harmless) insults of another kind than is probably generally known or remembered. Several madmen have followed her at times, with the intention of declaring their love for her. But we are anticipating the order of events.

The great interest of the latter part of the year 1840 was the birth of the Princess Royal, now Imperial Princess of Germany. The christening of the Princess took place in the throne-room of Buckingham Palace on February 10th, 1841, the first anniversary of the Queen's wedding.

The following year, 1841, was, in many ways, the least auspicious of all during the Queen's reign. The condition of the people had been declining, and there was, in consequence, a bad spirit abroad in many parts, and the register of crimes of violence, especially in connection with what was known as Chartism, became a very dark one. But on November the 9th, the birth of the Prince of Wales gave a brightness to its close. Complaints, however, were heard on account of the feasting at Windsor, while there was so much distress in the country, and for some time the Royal family lived in comparative quiet.



QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The infant Prince was christened at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on January 25th, 1842, and received the names Albert Edward, after his illustrious father and grandfather.

Few of the Hanoverian Sovereigns had seen much of the British Isles; but one of the characteristics of Victoria has been her love of making tours, and of visiting the principal places of interest. It was not, however, very easy for her to gratify this taste after her accession, whilst she was unmarried; but after the birth of her two first children scarcely a Summer passed by in which she did not make a journey by land or voyage by sea to some part or other of her dominions. It was not until the second year of her married life that the Queen commenced those visits, or "progresses" which she afterward made from Summer to Summer to the houses of the most distinguished of her subjects.

It was in the early Autumn of 1842 that the Queen first set eyes on that Scotland in which she was afterward destined to find her home.

In September, 1844, the royal party again made a yacht voyage to Scotland, and spent a fortnight in Perthshire and Aberdeenshire, with Blair Athole as their headquarters. It was at this time, probably, that the Queen first thought seriously of making Scotland a home for a portion of each year, as its beauties and the homely manners of its people had by this time so much attracted her.

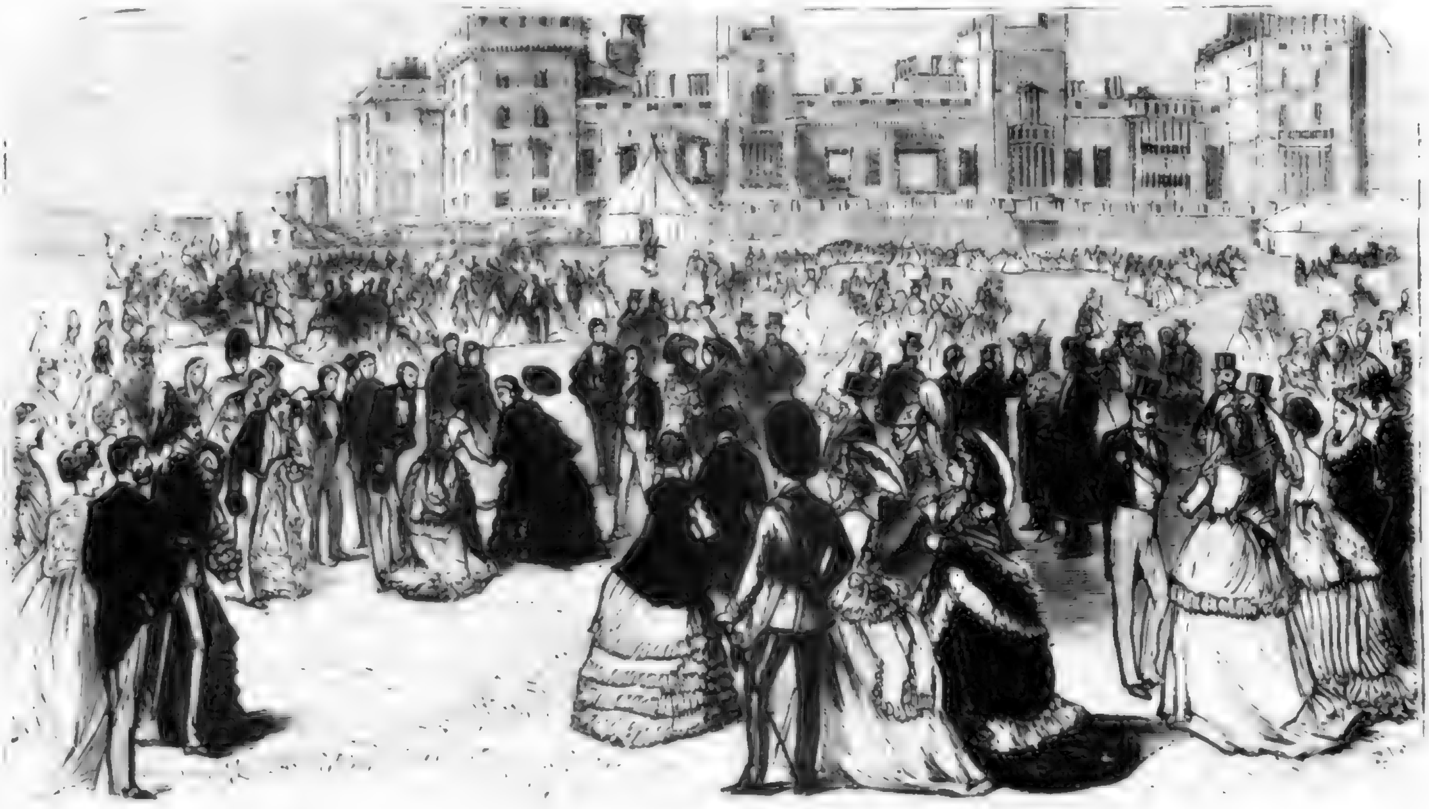
As soon as Parliament was prorogued in August, 1847, the Queen and Prince again made a yacht voyage from Osborne to Scotland, this time sailing up its western coasts.

It is from this visit that the Queen's idea of renting and possibly of purchasing Balmoral must be dated.

The old

castle at Balmoral was a fine and handsome structure, quite in the castellated style; a view of it is given. Our readers will be glad to read Her Majesty's "First Impressions" of the place. She writes under date of Friday, September 8th, 1848: "We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle, in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high, wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around. There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Ascending by a good broad staircase up-stairs, immediately to the right and above the dining-room is our sitting-room, formerly the library, a fine, large room; next to this is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen up-stairs.

Balmoral, as it now stands, was built adjoining the old castle, between 1853 and 1855; it is a fine building in the castellated style, and quite in keeping with the neighborhood and the mountain scenery. Its plan and arrangements are due to the skilled hand of the late Prince Consort, who took a deep interest in the work in all its details, and in the laying-out of the grounds. It is on this account that this place has always had such a special attraction for Victoria. Her Majesty, under date September 7th, 1855, describes the arrival of herself and the Prince at their new home in the Highlands.



A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

On the 10th of September, 1855, arrived a telegram from Sir James Simpson announcing that Sebastopol was in the hands of the Allies. The same evening the good news was spread all round the country by a huge bonfire lighted on the top of a "cairn" on the hillside by the Prince and the gentlemen of the Court.

In the Autumn of this year it was publicly announced that the Princess Royal was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

In 1868 Her Majesty allowed her name to be enrolled among the "Royal and Noble Authors of England," by publishing "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands"—a work remarkable for its simplicity and for the genuine appreciation alike of fine scenery and of the domestic element of life which it displays. In this book the Queen has taken her subjects quite into her confidence, drawing up the curtain from much of her private life, and giving expression to her personal tastes and opinions with much freedom and good sense

The Queen has shone in all the positions she has occupied, and not least as a kind and good mistress of her household, and her attachment to many of her attendants is well known; in some cases members of succeeding generations of the same family have been attached to her service. Many of these "old friends" she mentions with affection in her journal, and in some cases gives interesting records of their services in detail.

In August, 1843, after a yachting excursion around the Isle of Wight, and about the South Coast, the Queen and Prince Albert extended their trip to Treport, on the French coast, and went thence to pay a visit to Louis Philippe at his country residence, the Château d'Eau, where their reception was of a most costly description. Early in the following Summer the Emperor Nicholas of Russia paid a visit to his goddaughter, and was magnificently *fêted* at Windsor.

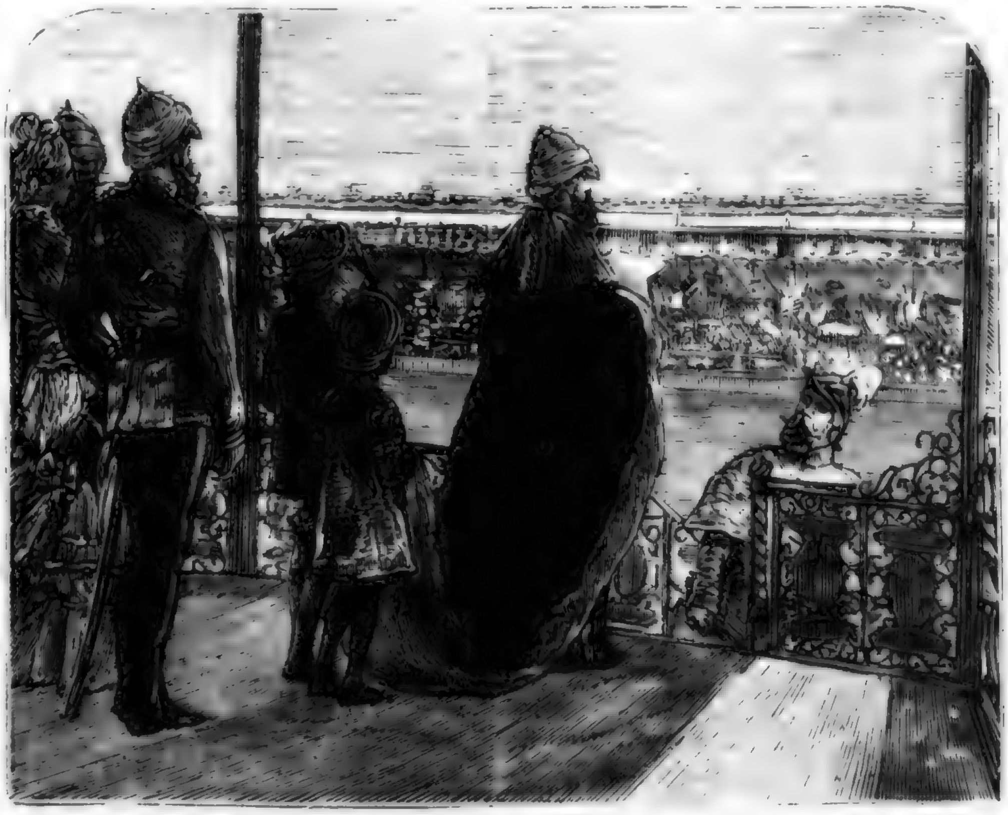
In the August of 1845 the natural attractions of the land which was the early home of the Queen's mother and of her husband must have made their visit a most enjoyable one. The Queen and Prince embarked at Woolwich in the *Fairy* steamer, and passed up the Rhine to Cologne and Mayence, whence they visited Coburg, and the Castle of Roseman, the Prince's birthplace, where they occupied the room in which the Prince was born.

Disturbances were rife in Ireland in 1848; but in the following year one of the fruits of the restoration of peace in the land was a visit of the Queen to the Emerald Isle. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and their two eldest children, and was escorted by a squadron to the Cove of Cork, which in consequence received the name of Queenstown. Her reception, both in Cork and Dublin, was most enthusiastic, and there is no doubt but the visit was well-timed, and had an influence for good on the nation.

The Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the parent of so many International Exhibitions, was formally opened by Her Majesty in person, and with much ceremonial, in 1851, as was the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, in 1854.

Among the International Exhibitions to which the original one of 1851 gave rise, were those in Dublin in 1853, which was honored by a visit from the Queen during the Summer of that year, and in 1855 the first in Paris, in the building which still stands in the Champs Elysées. The Queen crossed the Channel to see it, and was the guest of the Emperor at St. Cloud, where, as well as in Paris, great *fêtes* were held in her honor. The Emperor and Empress of the French had been entertained by the Queen at Windsor Castle in the April of this year; and during their stay they witnessed a review of the *élite* of Her Majesty's troops in Windsor Park.

The Crimean War, which proved to be but the beginning of an era of disturbance in Europe, broke out in the Spring of 1854, and was the great subject of interest alike to the Queen and her people. The names of Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol will not be unworthy to rank with older names on many of the regimental colors of England's army. But the glory was not won without severe loss and suffering from wounds and lingering sickness and disease in the hospitals. The Queen visited many of her wounded soldiers, who were brought home during the war, in the hospital at Chatham; and in May, 1855, she presented medals to many of the invalided officers and non-commissioned officers and men of her army.



LORD LYTTON READING THE PROCLAMATION DECLARING VICTORIA EMPRESS OF INDIA.

The Queen afforded great encouragement to the Volunteer movement, which was revived and carried on with great spirit in 1859.

The year 1861 will be long remembered as that which brought at its close the severest trials which the Queen has undergone. The Duchess of Kent, who had been so good a mother and the guide of her childhood, died early in the year; but that loss was one which could not but have been looked for sooner or later, for the Duchess had reached the allotted span of human life. It was destined, however, to be cast into the shade by another and far heavier bereavement. During the Autumn the Queen and Prince had staid as usual with their family at their Scottish home, and soon after their return the Prince visited his son the Prince of Wales, who was studying at Cambridge. He appeared for the last time in public with the Queen at a review of the Eton College Rifle Corps at Windsor, where he caught a feverish chill, and, though no alarm was felt at first, typhoid fever set in, and the Prince breathed his last on the evening of Saturday, December 14th.

The Prince Consort's body was laid at first in the royal vault at St. George's, Windsor; but Her Majesty built at Frogmore, on the confines of Windsor Park, a splendid mausoleum for its reception, to which it was afterward removed. The Queen, and the members of the family who are with her, regularly visit the tomb on the anniversary of the Prince's death and funeral.

Since this heavy trial the Queen for a long time led a retired life, and, avoiding her town palace, divided her time between Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales was married, with the good wishes of the nation, in March, 1863, at St. George's, Windsor, to Alexandra, the Princess of Denmark; and the constant presence of the Heir Apparent and his charming wife, during the London season, at Marlborough House, in some degree made amends for the absence of the Sovereign from Buckingham Palace and St. James's.

The Queen went, late in the Summer of 1868, with Prince Leopold and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, to Lucerne, where she resided for a time under the title of Countess of Kent. Here she enjoyed numerous excursions through the neighborhood and gained benefit to her health. She left England once again for Germany, to visit the grave of her half-sister, who died in September, 1872.

The Queen has been always ready to forward any works of utility or of charity, and when able, has graced their inauguration with her presence. In November, 1869, she opened the new bridge at Blackfriars and the Holborn Viaduct. She also laid the first stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital; and in 1876 she went to the East End to open the new wing of the London Hospital.

Toward the end of the Autumn of 1871 the Queen passed many anxious days on account of the severe illness of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and she herself went to his bedside. The nation shared in the anxiety, and there came a feeling of great relief when his gradual recovery set in about the middle of December. It was a memorable day, that 27th of February, 1872, when the Queen accompanied her son through a dense crowd of her people to St. Paul's Cathedral, to offer thanksgiving to God for his recovery. The scene in the cathedral was most striking, and the reception of the Queen and her son almost overwhelming, so great was the enthusiasm of the nation.

In the Summer of 1875 occurred an unfortunate episode in the Queen's life, and one which occasioned her intense

XUM

grief. On its passage from Osborne to Gosport, the royal yacht, which conveyed Her Majesty and some other members of the royal family, under the command of Prince Leiningen, unhappily ran into one of the yachts which were just then crossing the path of the *Queen*, and cut it down, the sad consequence being the loss of two lives.

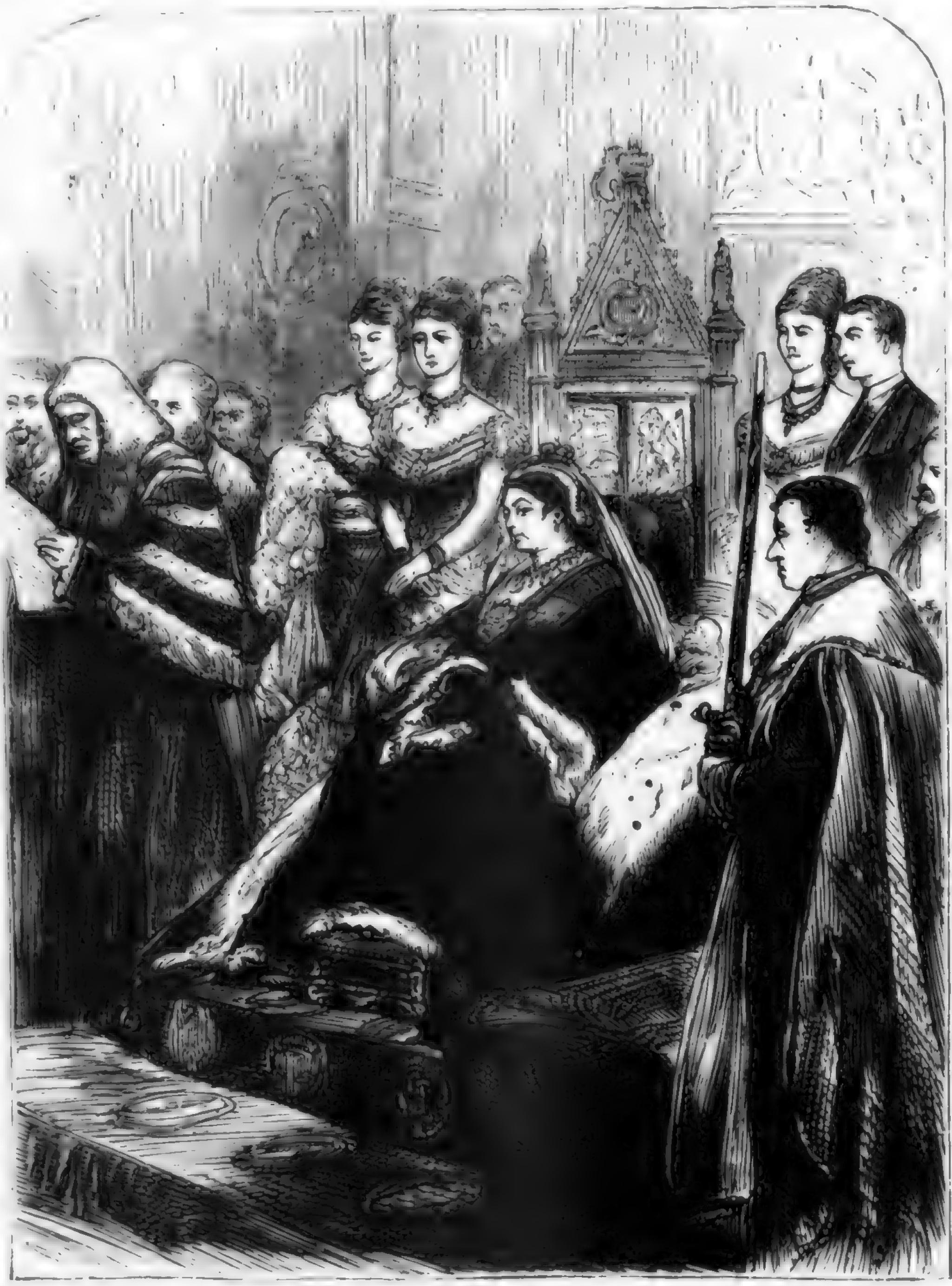
The Queen has seen her second son, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married to the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and has witnessed the marriage of all her daughters except the Princess Beatrice, who remains as the constant companion of her widowed mother. The Queen's grandchildren are numerous—twenty-five are recorded in the Peerage as now living—and already we hear that one, the eldest daughter of the Princess Imperial of Germany, is affianced to the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

Her Majesty has, of late years, appeared again from time to time among her people on important occasions when her health has permitted. She opened the sessions of the New Parliament in 1876 and 1877 in person, though she has not on these occasions assumed her state robes, and has deputed the Lord Chancellor to read her speech.

It is but lately that another title has been added to those which the Queen already possessed, that of "Empress of India"—a title which was publicly proclaimed to the assembled princes and people of India at Delhi on the first day of the present year.

The Queen has always been a ready patron of talent, in whatever sphere it has shown itself, and has often summoned to her presence notabilities in literature, science, and art.

But it is not only as a Queen that Victoria has shown herself good; for she has been eminently throughout life a good daughter, a good sister, a good wife, a good mother; and her children may well rise up and bless her.



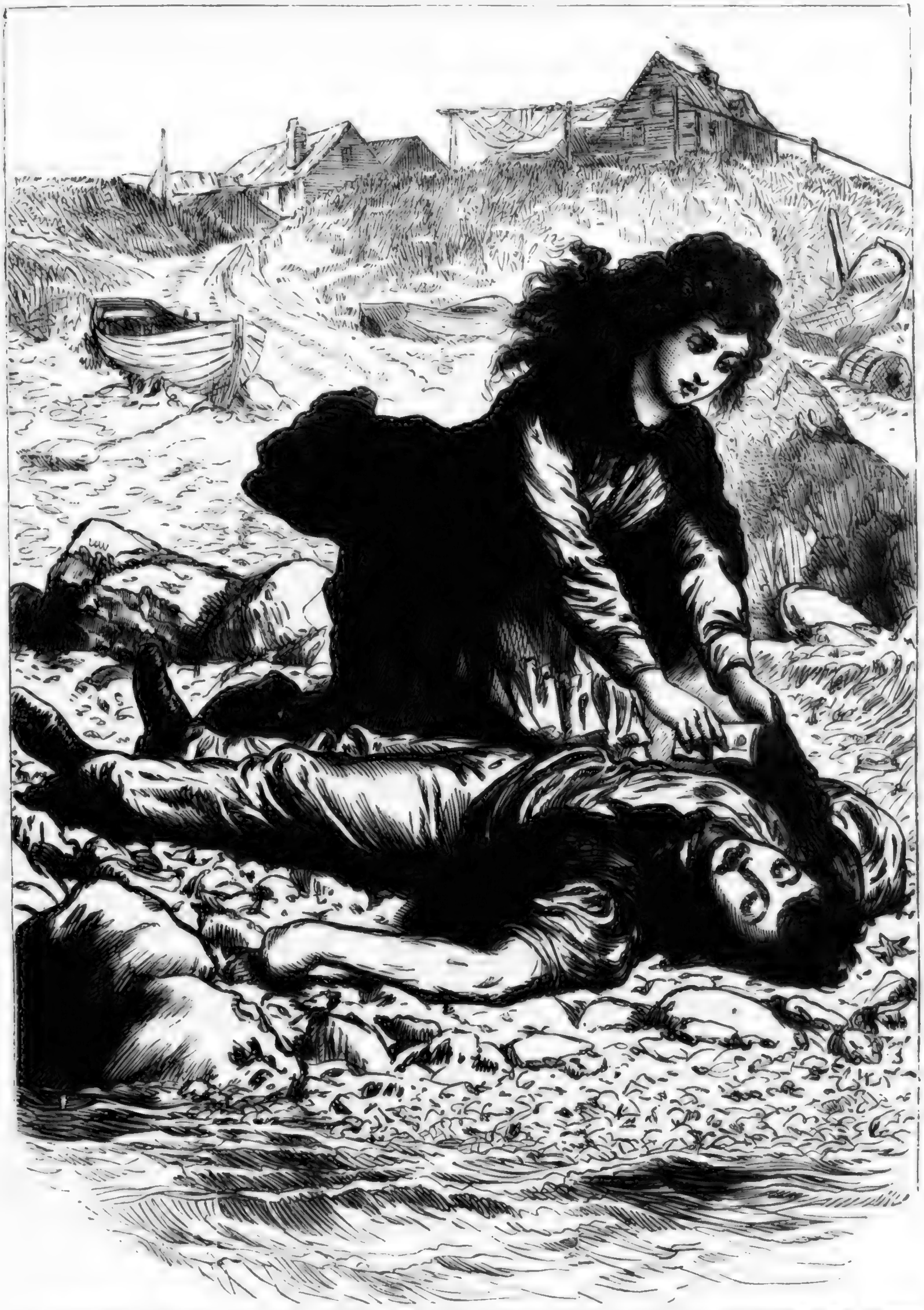
QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING PARLIAMENT IN 1877.

The Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters were all brought up in a plain and simple way, and taught and trained to gain knowledge and to make themselves useful.

Her Majesty's kindliness of heart has shown itself on many occasions. She has been ever ready to help in any great or noble work, and to offer her sympathy with the sufferers from any calamity, whether it be from destructive gales on the coasts, from fire or famine, or from an explosion in a mine.

Queen Victoria has been a model in all the different stages of her life; as a child, she was, as we have shown, engaging, affectionate, while she gave proof of talents of no common order, and possessed a thorough appreciation of the beauties of nature. Her early training served to bring out her talents and disposition to the best advantage. As a wife and mother she has been a pattern to her subjects; and as Queen she has won a name which will be honored as long as England herself lasts. Like Queen Elizabeth, she can boast, in the hours of her widowhood, that she is "married to her country." Loved and reverenced as she is by her subjects in all parts of the world, and even by thousands of those who do not own her sway, we may say, in the words of Burke, that should any insult, however small, be offered her, "a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge it." And this because Victoria reigns in the hearts of her people.

Colonel C. C. Long, the African explorer, of whose explorations in Africa a slight account was given in our June number, was not, we are now informed, in the Confederate army during the late war, but served in the United States army under General Lockwood.



THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.—"IN AN INSTANT SHE WAS KNEELING BESIDE HIM, AND, SNATCHING UP THE MISSIVE, SHE AT ONCE RECOGNIZED THE HANDWRITING AS THE SAME AS THAT OF THE SCRAP FOUND BY OLD JOHN."

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

It was on a bright September morning, in the year 1781, that the stage drove up to the door of a neat little inn at the end of a small village, perched among some rocks that sentineled a part of the iron-bound coast of one of the New England States.

It contained but one passenger—a young man of respectable, although though not very prepossessing, appearance—who, as he leaped from the vehicle to the platform, exhibited the finest athletic proportions, and an agility like that of a tiger.

His luggage consisted of a large trunk, and a fishing-rod and basket which he caught up as he rose from his seat.

XUM

The former was deposited by the driver within a few feet of the barroom-door, where it stood for a short space, and was then removed by a porter, or man-of-all-work.

Some half-dozen persons, that had been drawn together by the sound of the driver's horn, were standing on the platform when the stranger alighted; and among these was an eccentric old gentleman, named Walters, who was so fond of sport, and especially of a piscatory character, that he was sometimes designated "Old Ben, the Fisherman."

This member of the little group lived, with his only child, a beautiful creature of twenty, on a romantic headland, that ran into the sea about a mile from the hamlet, and in a cottage the most lovely and picturesque imaginable.

That he was in easy circumstances, was obvious from the fact that he regularly received remittances from some source unknown to the inquisitive, and which he did not consider himself called upon to reveal.

His daughter, Clara, was, as just observed, a most charming creature, and was as good as she was beautiful. She was, besides, highly accomplished, and entertained such profound love and affection for her father, who had been long a widower, that she all but worshiped the very ground he walked on.

It was rumored that he had once mixed with the wealthy and the fashionable in the great cities; but that since the death of his wife a distaste of society had grown upon him, and that, consequently, he had, in a measure, separated himself from the world, and devoted himself solely to the care of his daughter, who, with an old maid-servant and her husband, now formed his household at The Bluffs, as his property and dwelling on the Headland were called, convenient to which he was to be found almost daily in the season pursuing his favorite sport.

Although at first when he bounded from the stage, the young stranger did not attract the attention of Mr. Walters, yet when the eyes of the latter, a moment afterward, caught the basket and fishing-rod, he became immediately interested in him, from the fact that never previously, within his knowledge, had any sportsman visited the old hamlet.

When, therefore, he detected this agreeable feature on the part of the new arrival, not noticing a certain sinister expression which, from time to time, darkened his features, he at once accosted him, as he appeared in no wise anxious to enter the inn, but, on the contrary, remained gazing about him.

"That is a very fine rod of yours, sir," he began, by way of opening a conversation, "and the wonder is that you do not keep it covered, so as to save it from the injuries incident to traveling."

"It is a most excellent and handsome bit of stuff," replied the other, in a friendly manner; "but the fact is, just as I was about to start for this picturesque village of yours, I could not find the case."

Here the stranger, who frankly gave his name as Arthur Raymond, handed the rod to Walters, who began to examine it with the eye of a connoisseur, and with evident pleasure.

"I am exceedingly fond of fishing, myself," he observed, as he returned the rod to its owner; "and as I am thoroughly acquainted with the waters about, I shall be most happy to point out the best ground to you for sport, and to oblige you in any way in my power."

"There is certainly one way, at least, in which you can oblige me," replied Raymond, "and that is by coming and taking a bit of early dinner with me, when, if it so please you, we can talk over the matter at our leisure."

After a moment's hesitation, Walters accepted the invitation, and the new acquaintances separated for the time being, Raymond to look after his quarters and see that his traps were properly stowed, and "Old Ben," to seek his handsome cottage on the headland, and inform his daughter that he had engaged to dine out with a person who, until within the last hour, had been unknown to him totally.

Two or three weeks prior to the opening of our story, the same vehicle that landed Raymond at the little inn, brought a very handsome and fashionably dressed young lady to the village, who intimated, casually, that she possibly might settle in it, and open a school for the children of the wealthier inhabitants.

At the time of Raymond's appearance, her advent was the subject of very general discussion; but so various and conflicting were the rumors regarding her intentions and her antecedents, that very little could be made out of the subject beyond the fact that her name was Alice Carden, and that she appeared to be pretty well off.

She became the inmate of a lonely house among the cliffs, close by the sea, that was the property of a strange old woman, who had long lived by herself, and who must have taken an extraordinary fancy to Miss Alice to accord her even a single night's shelter, so misanthropic and estranged from human kind had she become.

No one could tell how she existed, or through what channel her livelihood flowed.

She visited the hamlet but seldom, and never save to procure some household necessaries, for which she always paid ready money.

In time, all interest had died out, and "Old Madge" was permitted to indulge in her lonely life and habits without further comment.

At dinner, the two newly fledged acquaintances discussed the subject of fishing, in all its bearings, and the prospect of the sport.

Some knowing gossips, alleged, confidentially, that Raymond had come with the sole view of paying his addresses to Clara, although it was averred that she could not marry for some time to come, as she was not yet out of mourning for her aunt, who had suddenly lost her life and property in the West. A young seamstress, whom she had taken into her house and confidence, had poisoned her previous to possessing herself of all her jewels and a very large sum in ready money, with which the wretch, it was thought, had managed to reach some foreign shore with an accomplice.

This old lady, who was the sister of Mr. Walters, had brought up Clara after the death of her mother, and, although her brother was quite independent, with all his eccentricities and love of solitude, she settled a quarterly allowance upon her niece, which was paid regularly up to the time of her decease.

As Raymond appeared to know something of the West, some reference was made to this murder and robbery by his guest.

In reply to an interrogatory of Walters's on the subject, he said that he had heard of the dreadful deed and of the escape of the culprit and her accomplice, but that he was satisfied an act so diabolical could not fail to meet with condign punishment sooner or later.

Before dinner was over, Raymond had completely won the heart of the old gentleman.

Strange that such subjects should find a response in the heart of a person so usually staid and retired in his habits, and at times a prey to something like misanthropy; but we are all aware of how singular a compound this humanity of ours is.

The stranger had fascinated old Ben, for, before he had shaken hands with him when about to leave the little inn, he gave him a warm invitation to The Bluffs; and as he gazed upon his dark, piercing eye, black mustache and regular features, he perhaps thought, at the moment, that the introduction of so manly and graceful a person to Clara, might not be altogether unacceptable to that fair girl.

Next day, after breakfast, Raymond slung his fishing-basket over his shoulder, and taking up his rod, sauntered forth leisurely in the direction of the headland.

He found old Walters anxiously awaiting him, and was introduced at once to Clara, who, strange to say, from the first moment she caught a glimpse of his face, entertained feelings regarding him diametrically and violently opposite to those evinced by her father.

She thought she discovered in his smooth tongue, thin lips and restless eyes a lurking spirit of insanity or mischief; and although she received him cordially as the friend and guest of her father, she felt assured that he was not the person to whom she would like to intrust her confidence.

Very different, however, were the sentiments with which he regarded her when his eyes first rested upon her; as he, in reality, considered her one of the most charming creatures he had ever seen.

Nor did this opinion seem to undergo any change when, a short period after his arrival at The Bluffs, Miss Alice Carden made a morning call upon Clara, and was introduced as a newly-made friend and acquaintance, who had recently come to live on the headlands.

Clara had accidentally met Miss Carden a short time previously, and, having long lived in comparative isolation, she was glad to perceive in her a person of some attainments, although not precisely a lady, and rather too showily dressed.

Still, an acquaintance, such as it was, began between them, until Alice asked her to the cottage, which on one side was shut out from the sea by some fishermen's dwellings, where, at all seasons of the year, nets might be seen hanging about the premises.

When Raymond and Miss Carden had been made acquainted with each other, Clara discovered that the young lady seemed to be struck with intense admiration for the new visitor, for so deep an impression did he appear to make on her, that she could scarcely withdraw her eyes from him, while he, under so sudden and singular a fire, was evidently far from being at ease.

Clara thought the behavior of Miss Carden rather strange; but then she was charitable enough to suppose that her conduct was unintentional, and simply one of those unguarded expressions of sentiment which often escape us.

Before the two sportsmen had left the house to test their skill on the water, the circumstance might have been forgotten, had not Clara noticed a disagreeable light in the eyes of Miss Carden when Raymond raised his hat as he crossed the threshold to join her father.

This she was unable to account for; but as there seemed no help for it, she invited her new acquaintance to spend the day with her, as the sportsmen were to return to dinner.

Although old Mr. Walters had not the most acute penetration in the world, and notwithstanding that he was at once good-natured and morose, yielding and stubborn, his daughter Clara was possessed of the most acute intelligence and the keenest observation.

Although kind and generous to a fault, where a matter of principle was involved she was as unyielding as adamant.

Pure and good herself, she sought and expected the same qualities in others of her sex; and hence it was that she could not account for the singular expression which characterized the features of her guest at the moment just alluded to.

On the other hand, however, she was just, and disinclined to fault-finding, so that, in case of being mistaken as to witnessing anything unusual on the part of Miss Carden, she permitted the matter to go by default, although she had made up her mind to observe the case narrowly, within the limits of the most generous construction, and the strictest hospitality.

Notwithstanding this latter resolve, she could not but notice a restlessness and nervous irritation on the part of Alice, which seemed to increase as the hour for the return of the two sportsmen approached.

The new friends were in capital luck among the islands, and Walters becoming satisfied, through several indirect hints, that Raymond was a person of means, began to build castles in the air regarding his beloved daughter.

Each successive hour, as though some powerful spell had fallen upon him, seemed to increase his admiration of his guest and companion.

He was not, however, an astute judge of either physiognomy or human nature, although he had managed to save an independence and something more for his child out of the wreck of a fortune that had once been great, but which had been shattered in a single hour through false friends and a ruinous speculation.

It was this want of faith and its results which had so preyed upon the health of his wife that she at last sank beneath it; while he, crushed by the double bereavement, separated from those who had betrayed him, and, disgusted with the world, retired to this little, out-of-the-way village with Clara, and an old housekeeper and her husband, who had been long in his service, and who were as faithful to him and their young mistress as two beings possibly could be.

In leaving the West he had but one regret, that of parting from his only relative—a sister, who had been a mother to Clara after the decease of her own.

On the death of this lady, and the occurrence in connection with it, the last link that bound him to his early home was broken; and although, in course of time he recovered his spirits, he often referred to it with tearful eyes, and the hope that the wretches who had so foully encompassed her aunt's death might one day expiate their crime upon the gallows.

Old John, the man-of-all-work at The Bluffs, was, like his wife, Martha, a keen observer of all who visited the cottage, and being frequently at the village, he often fell in the way of gossip and rumors that could reach the ear of his young mistress through his instrumentality only.

When returning from marketing, then, on the morning of the visit of Raymond, he and Martha observed two persons —a man and a woman—conversing earnestly close by an unfrequented path, which led to the old dwelling occupied by the crone with whom Alice resided.

They were unable to identify the pair, as they were almost wholly hidden from view by a thicket.

That their rendezvous led to no very pleasant results was obvious, for, notwithstanding their meeting was plainly intended to be secret, so excited was their language that they appeared at times to fancy that there were no other ears in the world than their own.

Not caring to descend to eavesdropping, the faithful old couple hastened by the spot, but not before picking up a scrap of paper. Old John, on running his eye over it, deciphered the following few words, in what seemed to be a female hand, and which set him thinking:

> "I have accomplished it! All is ready for to-night at twelve o'clock. Be at the point decided upon. I start at the sound of my own footsteps!"

They were dreadfully puzzled; but leaving the path a moment afterward, they took a shorter cut to "The Bluffs," where they had scarcely arrived before Raymond presented himself, to be followed subsequently by Miss Alice Carden, to whom, as we have already seen, he was introduced by Miss Walters.

Miss Carden was a blonde, with dark eyes and lashes. Although really handsome, there was an expression about her face which was not prepossessing.

She was forever glancing here and there in an uneasy and furtive manner, and her laugh never appeared to be from the heart.

Still she was an agreeable person enough for one who possessed no very marked evidences of being highly bred; and in a country place, where society was necessarily restricted as to numbers, her advent was regarded with something like favor by those who even felt themselves superior to her. Her hair, which was rich and plentiful, was of a singular golden hue, and her teeth of the most dazzling whiteness, although small and sharp, like those of some animals.

When it was fully ascertained that the death of Clara's aunt had been occasioned by poison, and that simultaneous with it Fanny Morel, the seamstress, and Edward Fanshaw had disappeared from the town, a description of the murderess and her accomplice was forwarded to all the frontier points, whence it was presumed they might take shipping for a foreign shore.

The woman was set down as black-haired, black-eyed, above the medium height, and handsome; and the man as a person rather good-looking, with blue eyes, light brown hair, and with a pleasing exterior and address.

There were other details that need not be dwelt on here, and which went to identify further the infamous culprits, for such they were considered by the coroner's jury, who brought in a verdict of willful murder against them both.

No photograph, however, could be obtained of either of the fugitives, who, it was ascertained, had long been well known to each other; and hence, any disguise adopted by them was not so likely to be penetrated as if their features had been made familiar to the detectives.

Miss Carden was made acquainted with all this, and seemed surprised that Clara was the niece of the murdered lady.

As the subject, however, was not a pleasant one, it was soon dropped; but not before a sudden change in the atmosphere had attracted their attention, and reminded Clara that it was about the time of the equinoctial gales, and that it were well if her father and his guest had returned from their fishing excursion.

A BIRTHDAY RHYME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 407.

Her fears on this head were soon quieted, for the sportsmen, who had noticed the frowning aspect of the skies, had quickly gained the shore, and were now seen winding up the rocky steep toward the cottage.

Scarcely had they entered the door, when a tempest of rain and wind set in with a fury that appeared to know no bounds.

Everything living in the vicinity of the building fled to cover, and so terribly puzzled and alarmed was a young lad who had passed "The Bluffs" with his fishing-rod in the morning from the village, that, without the slightest ceremony, he bounded into the kitchen where old Martha and John were engaged in the preparation of dinner.

The poor boy, whom they knew, was welcomed to a nook in the chimney-corner until the storm had subsided. On catching a glimpse of Raymond as he slipped into the hall to look out upon the war of elements, the boy observed, to old John:

"Oh! that's like the nice gentleman that gave me the quarter this morning for showing him old Madge's when I was going a-fishing, as he was himself. I overtook him on the road as he was reading a letter, a bit of which flew away when he was folding it up, although he did not seem to notice it; but I supposed it was worth nothing, or I would have run after it and picked it up for him."

"Aren't you mistaken?" replied old John, who now pricked up his ears, and remembering that possibly the piece of paper alluded to was what had come into his possession.

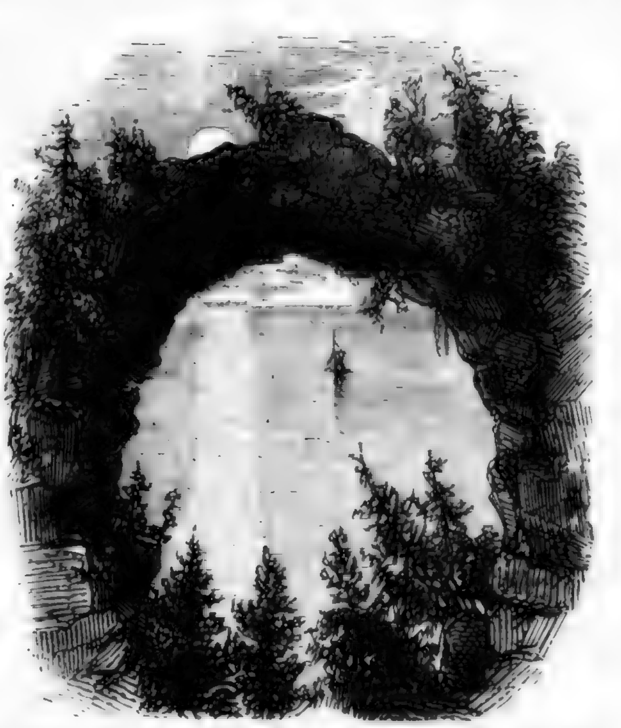
"Well, I may be," returned the boy; "but he looks something like him, although I think the man that went into the woods near the old road with the handsome lady had light hair and was a good deal stouter, now that I come to remember it."

"What handsome lady?" rejoined Martha.

"Why, the lady that's going to teach school, they say, in the new house on the common, and who came to the village about a month ago. I have seen her often, and know that she's sitting at the window in there with Miss Clara, for I saw her just now as I was running past to get in here."

"Take care what you are saying, Tony," returned John; "for that young gentleman never saw Miss Carden until he met her in this house after his arrival here this morning, and she has never been out of it since."

"That's all right, I suppose," said Tony; "but some



NATURAL BRIDGE, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN.—SEE PAGE 407.

other man, then, saw her, and before you got back from the village, too ; for I saw you and Martha coming down the hill, when I saw the man I speak of going up the old path, and overtook him near the road leading to old Madge's, just as he was looking about him and folding up the letter he had been reading a moment before."

"And did you see him speaking to Miss Carden ?" said Martha, who appeared to be getting more bewildered than ever.

"Of course I did," returned Tony ; "and no very pleasant meeting it was, I can tell you, for they stood out from each other at first as if they were about to have an ugly time of it."

Now, Tony Rand was about as sharp and observant a little fellow as there was in that part of the country, and this old John well knew ; consequently, believing that he told nothing but the truth in the matter, he determined, so soon as an opportunity presented itself, to disclose all that had come to his knowledge on the subject to his young mistress, and lay the fragment of the letter before her into the bargain.

To his master he had resolved to say nothing, as he had no great opinion of his penetration in such affairs, and, beside, he perceived that so deep an interest did he appear to take in his guest, that to throw the slightest suspicion upon his character would be but to arouse the deadliest opposition on his part, and to strengthen his admiration of Raymond rather than the contrary.

This conclusion was the correct one, for so sudden and unaccountable—so unmanageable the likings and dislikings of old Ben, that there was not the slightest use of tampering with them until, in time, when improperly conceived, they were corrected through impalpable or indirect channels.

In this way matters stood, then, when the two ladies and the two gentlemen sat down to dinner, while John, considering it not advisable to pursue the subject further with young Tony, affected to see the whole affair in a new light, and to recollect that Miss Carden had said something about having met some unpleasant person a short period before she arrived at the cottage.

This satisfied Tony, and as the storm now began to abate, he sallied forth once more with his rod, and was soon again in pursuit of his almost daily sport along the water's edge.

The dinner was not the pleasantest in the world, although Mr. Walters and Clara sought to make their guests as much at home as possible.

Miss Carden, however, seemed unable to control her strange glances or the expression of her face whenever she was addressed by Raymond, and this was narrowly observed by her young hostess, while, to the great delight of "Old Ben," the latter appeared to engross almost all the attention of the handsome sportsman.

This of itself might have chagrined Alice, who evidently set no trifling value upon her own charms ; but then it could scarcely account for those apparently fierce and furtive gleams which shot so frequently from her restless dark orbs, that would not lie concealed for a moment beneath their purple lashes.

Nor did Raymond appear insensible to the fusillade of which he was the target, for even he, self-possessed as he seemed to be, moved at times uneasily in his chair.

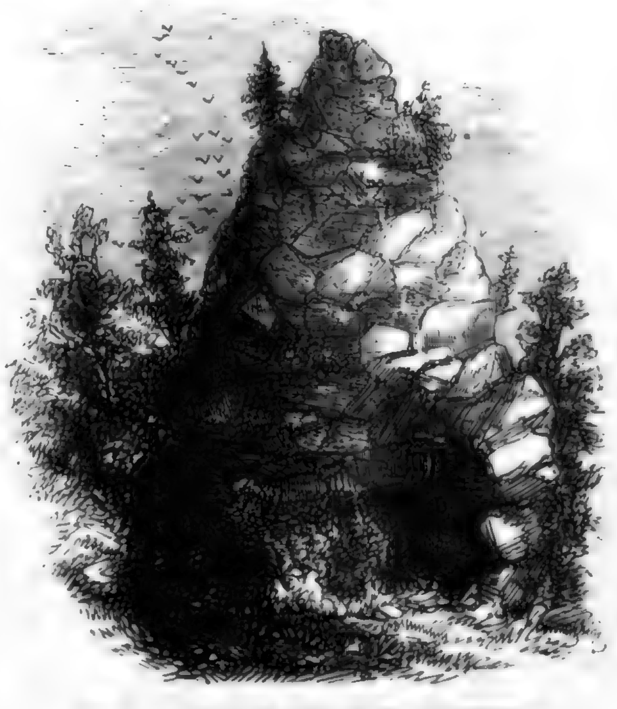
It was dusk before Alice thought of returning to her home at old Madge's, and Raymond, of course, as he was to wend his way to the village, offered to escort her to her abode.

The courtesy was accepted in the usual commonplace manner, and after civil adieus on all sides, and a promise on the part of Raymond to revisit the islands on the following day, as his sport had been interrupted by the weather, both the guests sallied forth in the direction of the strange woman's abode, to which reference has been made, and which lay a little distance, as already observed, from one of the by-paths that led to the hamlet.

A short period before they left the cottage, old John, as if without any particular motive, went sauntering down through the woods alongside the path they were about to take, until he gained the point branching off to old Madge's, which was the loneliest on the way.

Here, in a thick copse, he seated himself on a fallen tree, close by the fence that skirted the way, and as it was now almost dark, he turned his ear in the direction of The Bluffs, and assumed a listening attitude.

He had not occupied the position many minutes when he heard Raymond and Miss Carden chatting and laughing pleasantly, coming down the hill, until they reached the spot where he was concealed, and where they bid each other a cordial "good-evening," Miss Carden informing her companion that there was not the slightest necessity of seeing her to the door of her abode, as it was only a few



SUGAR LOAF ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN.

XUM

paces off. On this both the parties separated—the one entering the wood, and the other continuing his way to the little inn where he had taken up his quarters.

Old John never found himself so much at fault as he did when he began to retrace his steps to the cottage.

Evidently Tony had been mistaken, and he had done injustice to Mr. Raymond in supposing him some disreputable adventurer.

As previously resolved, however, he determined to lay Tony's story and the fragment of the letter before his young mistress, as there was an unpleasant secret somewhere.

Clara was surprised and puzzled at the intelligence conveyed by the old domestic; but as all her suspicions might be nothing beyond mere worthless conjecture, and as her father had just been descanting upon the extraordinary merits and manly qualities of Raymond, she knew him too well to attempt to disturb his opinions at the moment.

She perceived, of course, that the old gentleman's remarks had but one tendency, and that was in the direction of her acceptance of his newly made friend as a suitor, whom he regarded in every way worthy of her.

When she had heard all that old John disclosed, she determined to take the case into her own hands, and watch it narrowly until it was divested of all its mystery; and this she should be able to do the more readily as, for a few days at least, Alice and Raymond should be at times subjected to her scrutiny.

The next forenoon brought Raymond and his fishing-rod to The Bluffs once again, and shortly after he and Mr. Walters had started for the island, Miss Alice, on some pretext, made her appearance also.

As on the previous day, Clara noticed that she seemed abstracted, and a prey to disquietude at times, but, not appearing to notice it, she determined to detain her visitor, if possible, until the return of the fishermen to dinner, when she resolved to be more constant in her surveillance of them.

As on the preceding day, the heavens again became darkened toward the afternoon, and the winds unloosed, but this time without an instant's warning.

The sudden change, which began to alarm Clara to a frightful extent, seemed to have a diametrically opposite effect upon Miss Carden, who bounded from her seat in an ecstasy as old John rushed into the apartment, and informed them that he had just brought the glass to bear on the boat, and that it had been swept from its moorings and capsized, with Mr. Raymond only in it, as Mr. Walters had been seated on the shore of one of the islands, fishing under the shelter of a rock.

No sooner had he made this observation than Alice snatched the glass from his hand, and bringing it to bear upon the point indicated by the old man, a gleam of fiendish triumph lit up her countenance, as she exclaimed:

"Yes! Yes! the boat is capsized, although he is clinging to it! There! He has lost his hold! It's all over! Now, then!"

Clara had been thrown into such a state of excitement herself that she did not comprehend fully the gist of the observations made by Miss Carden, or the expression that had rendered her features so demoniacal.

Old John, however, being satisfied of his master's safety, was more collected, and had sufficient presence of mind to pick up a ring, of quaint and curious workmanship, which had been, as he fancied, dropped by either Alice or his young mistress, in the flurry that had seized upon both of them.

This he handed to Clara, who gazed on it for a moment with the utmost horror and bewilderment, and then concealed it about her person.

In the meantime, Alice, lost to all around her, kept the glass steadily fixed upon the boat, until it was engulfed totally by the billows that had become as mountains almost instantaneously.

On perceiving this, and on being satisfied that Raymond was lost beyond a shadow of doubt, she threw herself into a chair, closed the glass, and drew a long breath of relief; while old John hastened to the beach to look over the wild waste of waters that had brought such sudden destruction, and to get another glimpse of his master, whom he now discovered wringing his hands on the distant shore.

All the fishermen of the neighboring huts had been from home a few days, so that no one save the inmates of The Bluffs were aware of the catastrophe which had just occurred; and as, with singular capriciousness, the tempest, like the gale of the preceding day, had subsided nearly as suddenly as it had arisen, John, taking advance of the circumstance, soon procured another boat, and, to allay the fears of Clara, was quickly out on his way to the island where his master was now a prey to the deepest anguish.

In the course of an hour or so he returned with his single passenger, who wept like a child as he landed and found himself in his daughter's arms.

Prior to this, however, Miss Carden, with an abruptness and heartlessness the most unaccountable, took her leave, and hastened in the direction of the village, branching off at the accustomed path, and increasing her speed until she reached the abode of Old Madge.

Here she flung the door wide open violently, and bounding across the threshold, threw herself hysterically into the arms of the astonished crone, exclaiming:

"Mother, I'm safe! The villain is no more! He was drowned before my eyes within the last half-hour!"

There was a sleepless night at The Bluffs. Old Ben was inconsolable for the loss of his new friend, and enjoined his faithful man, John, to be up at daybreak, and keep a lookout for the body, being satisfied that it could not fail to be washed on shore, as the wind was dead on the beach, and had begun to freshen again after they had landed.

Moreover, he averred that Raymond had clung to the boat much longer than was supposed, and had only lost his hold when he got in among the breakers.

In the meantime, Clara was busied with her own thoughts, and felt that she would give worlds to possess herself of the letter from which the piece had been torn, that was found by Old John, for now that she remembered it, she was quite satisfied that Raymond had perceived the old servant entering the wood, and stealing down along the pathway that he and Alice were to pursue.

This, we say, she was convinced of, because she saw him in the hall, and perceived him start suddenly when he caught a glimpse of Tony in the kitchen, as though he feared the ready tongue of that lad might lead to some unpleasant discovery; and as he left the house with Miss Carden, he might perhaps have apprised her of their mutual danger, and prevailed upon her to keep up a loud and seemingly pleasant conversation, lest Old John, prompted by what the boy had said, should have sallied forth with a view of learning whether anything transpired on their way toward the village which might go to confirm the statements of Tony.

Although Old John was early on foot, his young mistress, with the utmost alarm and deep concern on her countenance, was on the beach before he had yet awoke, and there, to her shuddering surprise and horror, the first object that met her view was the body of Raymond stretched on the shore.

At the time of the upsetting of the boat he had been in his shirt-sleeves; and now that his remaining attire, and especially his vest, which was open, had been terribly tossed about by the waves, she discovered a letter partly washed out of an inner pocket of the latter, and half lying upon his pulseless breast.

In an instant she was kneeling beside him, and, snatching up the missive, she at once recognized the handwriting as that of the scrap found by John; and returning speedily to the cottage, from which the old servant was about to emerge, she hastened to her chamber, after informing him that the body of their unfortunate guest had been washed ashore.

When once in the privacy of her apartment, she dried and opened the epistle, and found it was from Fanny Morel to Edward Fanshaw, intimating, in somewhat ambiguous language, that the murder and robbery of Clara's aunt had been accomplished, and begging of him to hasten to meet her at a certain rendezvous previously decided upon.

They could, she averred, be far on their way to the frontier before anything was discovered, and as she had powerful chemicals that would almost instantaneously change the color of both his and her hair, they should be able to assume a disguise not easily penetrated.

This and the ring dropped by Alice, or, rather, Fanny Morel, which had belonged to her aunt, decided Clara at once; and arousing her father from his restless slumber, she placed the ring and letter before him, stating that the murderess of his sister was now within his grasp in the person of the pretended Alice Carden!

So conclusive and convincing the proofs that this was in reality the case, the old gentleman was speedily in the village, where information of the fact was lodged with the authorities.

In less than an hour afterward the perfidious wretch who had so long evaded justice was in custody, when, perceiving how conclusive the evidence against her, she confessed her guilt, but pleaded she was prompted to it by Fanshaw, who had agreed to marry her, and had provided the poison which was administered with such deadly effect.

They had both absconded together; but soon, learning that her betrayer had no intention of making her his wife, and was only desirous of laying his hands on all the money and valuables she had possessed herself of, she separated from him, but not before disclosing where Old Madge resided, who was no other than her mother.

To this point he followed her, believing that she had sought refuge here, as she had never previously been in the locality, and was completely unknown to every individual in it, while her relationship to Madge was never suspected.

On his arrival he soon found out her place of refuge, and, as described by Tony, had a stormy interview with her, when he threatened to denounce her if she did not advance him a considerable sum of money to meet his present needs.

This she refused to do, although strangely attracted toward him wherever he moved, as she believed he could not disclose her dreadful secret without compromising himself, though not fully assured on that point; and as her ill-gotten gains, save the jewelry which she could not dispose of with safety, were disappearing gradually.

All this came out on her trial, as well as a corroboration of the correctness of Clara's surmise regarding her apparently light and pleasant conversation with Raymond on the evening that Old John stole forth to keep an eye on them

Raymond had seen him entering the wood, and divining his purpose, as he saw him creep along in the direction of the village, he induced her to open a conversation as if they had hitherto been strangers to each other, so that if the old man happened to be listening he should be thrown off the track that Tony might accidentally have laid out for him.

The verdict was what might have been expected. The prisoner was identified as Fanny Morel, and her own confession sealed her fate.

She was consequently condemned to death, and was remanded to prison to be transferred to the county jail on the following day.

Old Madge, through the most earnest tears and pleadings, had so far influenced the persons in charge of her temporarily, that she was permitted to spend the night in the cell with her; but when, on the next morning, the officers came to transfer the prisoner, both she and her mother were cold and still in death, having committed suicide by poison during the night.

On searching the strange abode of the two unfortunates, nearly all the jewelry, already alluded to, was recovered, as well as a considerable sum in money, which ultimately fell into the hands of old Ben, who, adding the whole to a few thousands of his own, presented the sum total to his daughter on the morning that she wedded the man of her choice.

THE LAST BIRTHDAY RHYME.

NOVEMBER brings my darling's day of birth.
She sleeps in earth.
Her eyes shall never more behold
Soft rains Autumnal bringing up
The bindweed cup,
Or green lime-leafage turning gold.

Upon the damp and leaf-strewn lawn I see
Her medlar tree;
Her scarlet oak has ceased to burn,
Her dahlias droop in humid air;
I know not where
Are those brown eyes for which I yearn.

She cannot take a birthday gift from me,
Or read with glee
Love's little sheet of foolish rhyme.
Ah! well I know your meaning now,
Sad winds that blow
Through Autumn's melancholy time.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES AT MACKINAC, MICHIGAN.

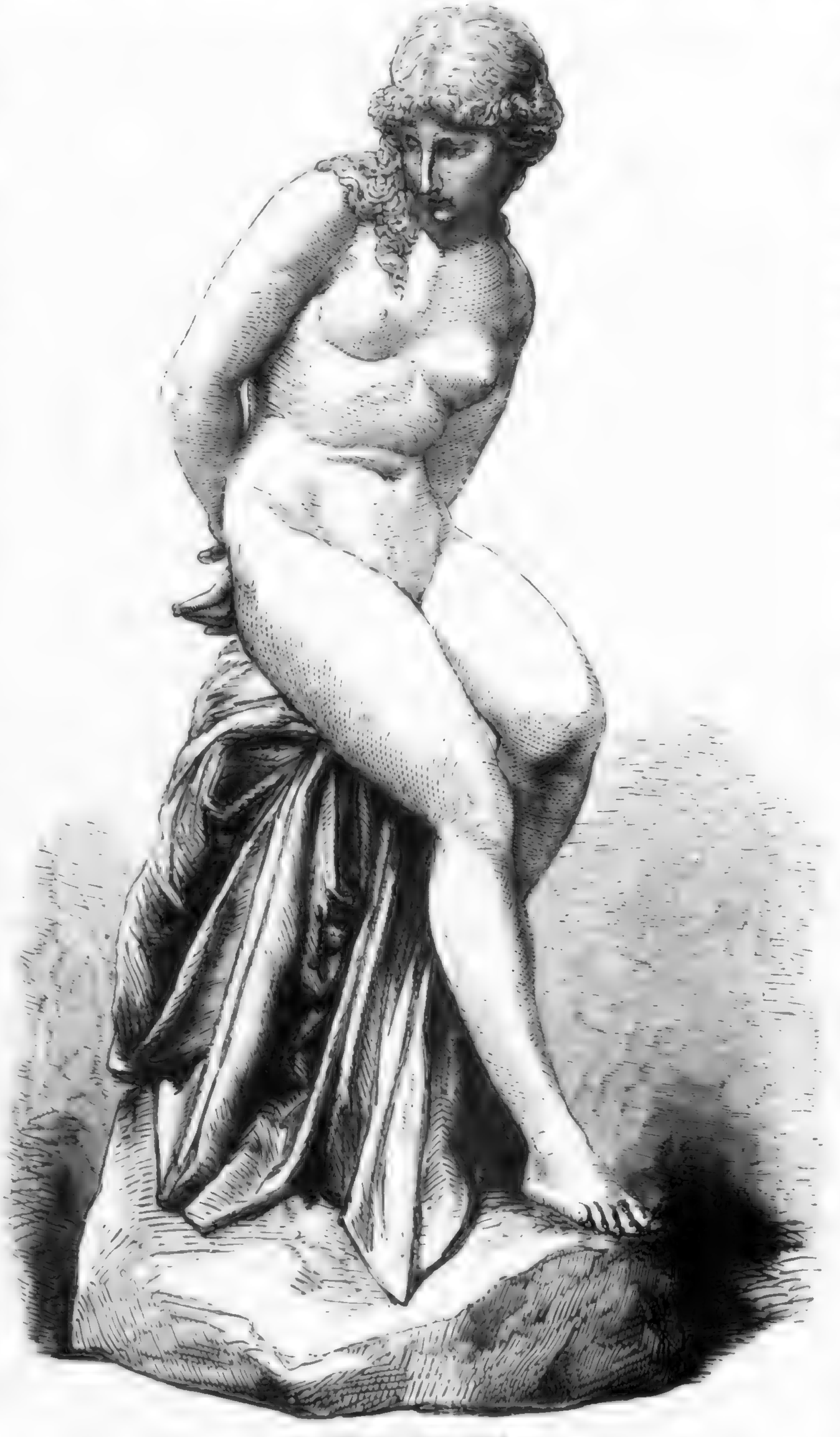
MACKINAC is a United States military post, which was for some time commanded by Captain Martin Scott, of coon celebrity, unquestionably the best rifle and pistol shot in the country. He was killed in the Mexican War. It presents a busied and novel scene in the Fall of each year at the time of the "Indian payment." The aborigines pitch their tents and wigwams along the beach, and traders and gamblers generally contrive to get the most of the poor Indians' money in a few days. There is quite a village here, and a flourishing trade is carried on in whitefish, which are salted in barrels and exported quite largely. It used to be facetiously observed that a whitefish was a legal tender in Mackinac, as an undressed hide was formerly considered a "California bank-note." These fish were used for change in their barter trade about, in the same manner that the Mexicans use *soap*. The whitefish business is quite lucrative, having wholly built up the village to its present prosperity. It is currently reported at Mackinac that poor people feed whitefish to their horses and cattle in the Winter season.

The fort is introduced in Major Richardson's famous Indian novel, "Wacousta." Perhaps no place in the Union is so isolated as Mackinac in the Winter. The straits and all other avenues of approach are frozen over for three or our long and dreary months, and they have no communication whatever with the rest of the world, except by messengers and carriers, who occasionally go and come on foot over the ice to the northern part of the Michigan peninsula. The mail is carried in this way on a person's back, who travels through the deep snow of this dreary and desolate region. From Detroit, by land, it is a long, wearisome and perilous journey to reach the Straits of Mackinac, and the transit over the ice is attended with considerable danger.

The residents of Mackinac are intelligent, contented and happy. With the opening of lake navigation in the Spring, they commence a bustling and active life—selling fish, wood, vegetables, milk, etc., to the steamers which invariably touch here for these supplies.

Navigation is usually "open"—that is to say, steamers run here—from seven and a half to eight months in the year. The climate of Mackinac in the Summer is most lovely; the atmosphere is clear as the crystal waters of the lake, and cool breezes keep away mosquitoes and other pests of the season, making a sojourn of a few weeks a source of unalloyed enjoyment. Tourists generally visit this spot, which is the *entrepot* of Sault Ste. Marie and the whole Lake Superior region, and it is strange that it has not yet become a place of fashionable resort, since railroads and steamboats have so annihilated space and time as to bring it within two days' travel of New York.

There are several objects of curiosity and interest about the island, among the most prominent of which are "Sugarloaf Rock" (with its famous "Devil's Den") and the "Natural Bridge," the latter, though smaller and of less pretensions, not unlike the celebrated Natural Bridge of Virginia, which are generally visited by steamboat passengers, who improve the stoppage of an hour or so, while the boat is "wooding" or "coaling," to stroll through the fort and about the island.



THE AMAZON CAPTIVE.

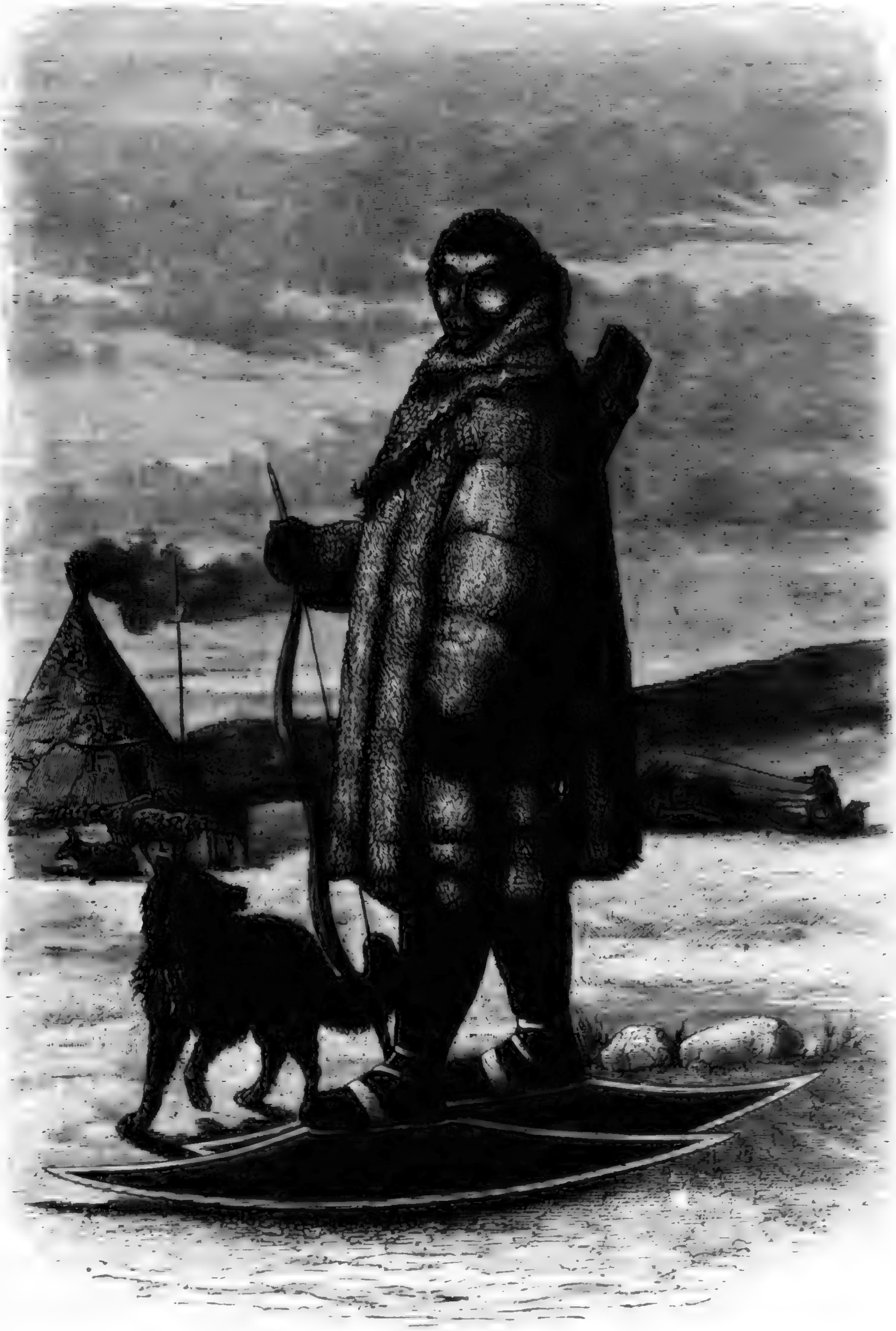
THE AMAZON CAPTIVE.

This beautiful statue is one of the finest works of the famous French sculptor, Geoffrey, a pupil of Ramey and of Francheschi, both celebrated for their genius. The *pose* of the captive is very fine and very natural. She is seated on a rock, her hands are bound, while her buckler and helm are thrown on the ground. Her head is bent earthward, depicting confusion and grief. The composition at once arrests attention, on account of its simple grandeur, and its easy grace. The only defect is the modeling, which is comparatively feeble, and betrays a young and somewhat inexperienced hand. But, with all these imperfections, the Amazon Captive being a first work, is full of promise, and, doubtless, is the herald of a great reputation. In the art of the sculptor, first efforts are mainly tentative, lacking the assured power that comes only of long study and practice, and must be judged rather as indicating what we may in time expect from the same hand, than for any present artistic value; while beauty and originality of conception go far to atone for imperfect execution.

ABORIGINALS OF SIBERIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

That vast extent of land between the Arctic Ocean and the portion of Siberia which has been colonized by the Russians, is occupied by a people of a peculiar race. The most of them are of Mongolian origin, as one can see by comparing their features with those of the Chinese and other people of similar blood. They were known by several names, such as Tongoose, Ostiaks, Touraki, Samoyedes, Koriaks and Chuckchee. It is a curious fact that the Samoyedes, who inhabit the country bordering the Arctic Ocean between the Lena and Yenesei rivers, are not Mongol but Turkish, and are descended from people who emigrated six or seven hundred years ago from Turkey and traveled in a northeasterly direction. They crossed the wide area inhabited by the Mongols, and did not stop until they reached the shores of the Frozen Sea. Here they have led a wandering life amid the ice and snows of the Arctic Circle, and depending upon the chase for their subsistence.



AN OSTIAK HUNTER.

XUM

Their language includes little besides the words necessary to their wants, but it retains enough of the Turkish to show whence they came. Their history has been partially preserved in their songs, and sometimes the women at their work will chant about palm trees and orange groves, though quite ignorant of the meaning of their utterances.

The Aboriginals of Siberia have little knowledge of agriculture, and rely almost entirely upon fishing and hunting. Some of them have large herds of reindeer, which constitute their wealth, and they estimate their fortunes by the number of these animals, just as Americans estimate their possessions by dollars, or sometimes by acres of land. Herds of one or two thousand deer are not uncommon, and I have known a Koriack chief who owned no less than forty thousand deer. In order to find pasturage for their herds, the natives must lead a nomadic life, and they rarely remain long in a single spot. They are a peaceable, honest people, quite unlike many other savage (and civilized) races. Should you pass the night in a Koriack tent, the owner would refuse all compensation for your entertainment; and if you leave anything there by accident or design, it will be returned to you. A party of my acquaintances once left some articles in a Koriack dwelling, which were not found until several hours after they had left. The native immediately followed them, and traveled an entire day in order to restore what he supposed they had lost. He refused all reward, and was apparently unaware that he had done anything out of the ordinary line.

But this characteristic dos not apply to all native tribes of Siberia. The nomads are generally honest and hospitable; those who have lost their deer and been forced to settle in the villages on the banks of streams, where they can live by fishing, are the reverse. The wandering tribes look upon them with contempt for their poverty, and it is quite possible that the knowledge of their degradation develops their disagreeable peculiarities. Human nature is the same in savage as in civilized life.

There are several tribes who own large herds of reindeer; others who own great numbers of dogs, which they use as beasts of burden, and others who own both dogs and reindeer. The reindeer is a most valuable animal to the native; he can be saddled for riding purposes, or he can draw the sledge; his flesh is used as food, and of his skin they make clothing, robes for bedding, and coverings for the tent. Of the bones they make knives, spoons, and other articles for household use, and sometimes construct the frames of their sledges. No part of the animal is thrown away; even the half-digested moss found in his stomach when slaughtered goes into the soup-kettle, and is considered a choice delicacy.

The costumes of the tribes vary somewhat, though all are made from the skins of deer. The Ostiak hunter, whose portrait is presented herewith, wears a plain coat, or *kuchlanka*, closed in front and donned over the head like a shirt. A hood is fastened to the collar, and it may be worn over the head or thrown back to the neck, as in the picture. His trowsers and boots are likewise of deer-skin, and fit pretty closely, and in Winter he is equipped with snow-shoes, sharply pointed at either end, and consisting of a bone framework, over which a skin covering is stretched. His bow has a double curve, and he slings his quiver in a diagonal line from his left shoulder.

The Tongoose hunter, on the other hand, wears a richly embroidered dress, likewise of deer-skin, but decorated at the edges of the various garments and over the shoulders with strips cut from the shaggy hide of the polar bear. The cap is separate, and fits closely to the head, and its embroidery is similar to that of the other articles of wear. The bow has a single curve, and the quiver hangs between the shoulders. Considerable taste is displayed in the embroidery, and the whole appearance of the dress is quite attractive. The hunters are very skillful in the use of the arrow, and rarely miss their mark. Sometimes a Tongoosian imitates the custom of the Middle Ages by going to the hunt with a servant, whose duty it is to gather the game which his master kills.

A few of these natives have been converted to Christianity, but the majority of them are pagans. They worship idols, and believe in good and evil spirits. They do not trouble themselves much about the good spirits, but are very solicitous to secure the favor of the evil ones, and for this purpose they employ *chamans*, or priests. These *chamans* pretend to have the power to drive away evil spirits, and, consequently, when any calamity happens, or is feared, one of this gentry is called in. Generally, they work in pairs, so that two of them must be employed, and sometimes, when the affair is very serious, there will be half a dozen of them. They get themselves up fantastically. Their clothing is ornamented with shreds of crape, and occasionally with snake skins; pieces of metal are attached to it, so as to make a jingling sound when they move. A huge tambourine and a club complete the equipment, and they are ready for business.

They dance wildly, and accompany the dancing with a vigorous beating of the tambourines and unearthly yells of the shrillest possible tone. No evil spirit, with any sensitiveness, can stand this, and he generally goes away in the course of an hour or two. Generally, the *chamans* are employed for medical purposes, to drive away the spirit which has deprived some person of his health. If the patient recovers, the *chaman* gets the credit of the cure, but if the unhappy man dies the *chaman* announces that the evil spirit was one over which he has no influence, and therefore he is not to blame. A performance of these fellows is interesting for a few minutes, but it soon becomes monotonous; and the horrid noise, which is its principal feature, is not at all soothing to one's nerves.

Like all pagans, these aboriginals have many superstitions. They delight in stories of the supernatural, and will listen eagerly, for hours, to narrations of this kind. Their stories are frequently constructed with considerable skill, and have a moral at the end like the popular narrative in civilized lands.

As a specimen of the romance of the natives of Siberia, I present the following, which was obtained from an Ostiak *raconteur*, whose profession was to go from house to house, to recite legends, fables, or narratives, according to the wish of his patron. Some of these men have considerable eloquence, and possess great popularity among their people. They are the lyceum lecturers of their country—the orators and readers who instruct and amuse, and furnish the material for profound discussions in the long evenings of Winter.

"One day, seven Ostiaks assembled for a hunting excursion. Each one fastened three reindeer to his sledge, and took a supply of provisions. They did not trouble themselves much about their food, as they expected that the game they would surely kill would suffice for their wants.

"Vain hope! For three days they found nothing. Though displeased at their failure, they were not disheartened, and continued to tempt fortune, in order not to have the shame of returning home with nothing.

"Suddenly they came in sight of a vast plain of the most frightful sterility. Not a blade of grass nor a single tree of any kind could be seen. The hunters were astonished; they knew the country well, and had never seen anything like this. They continued to advance, in the hope of finding a valley or a small forest, but to no purpose. They went on and on, but there was no change. Their provisions were nearly gone, and starvation threatened them. They uttered cries of despair, and gave vent to their anguish and alarm.

"'What shall we do?' said they. 'Shall we go on and perish? or shall we return home, empty-handed and suffering?'

"While they were consulting they saw upon the horizon a cloud of snow driven by a furious wind.

"'We are lost!' said the hunters. 'There is no shelter, no hope of safety. We shall be buried in the snow, and our fate will never be known.'

"While they spoke, an immense giant appeared suddenly before them. He rode upon a sledge drawn by four enormous reindeer, and he carried a bow so large that all the seven hunters would have been unable to lift it.

"'What are you doing here?' said the giant, with a voice like the thunder.

"'We are hunting,' said one of the men, 'but have been unlucky and found no game.'

"'Go to the East,' said the giant, 'until you see three larch trees and a great stone near them. There you will find plenty of game which will surprise you with its beauty and variety.'

"'But how shall we find the place?' said the hunters. 'We are lost, and can only see an interminable field of snow.'

"The giant drew an arrow from his quiver, fixed it in his bow, and shot it along the snow. 'Follow that line,' said he; then, whistling to his team, he disappeared.

"The hunters followed the mark along the snow, and finally came to where the arrow was fixed in the ground. Each tried to secure it, but the strength of the entire seven was not sufficient to move it. After several vain attempts, they looked around, and great was their surprise to see the three larches and the stone. The promise of the giant proved true, and the ground was almost covered with game. An arrow fired at random brought down a fox or an ermine, and in a little while all the seven sledges were loaded with game of the finest quality.

"The hunters then started for home. On reaching the spot where they had met the giant, they determined to go and thank him for the great service he had rendered. It was easy to do, as the track of his sledge was visible on the snow, and could be followed without trouble. On the way they saw a great deal of fine game, but did not stop to secure it, so anxious were they to find and thank their benefactor.

"Very soon they saw his tent. The giant, like an ordinary mortal, came out to meet them, followed by his wife and his father. Salutations were exchanged, and then the giant stepped aside, killed fourteen reindeer, and ordered his wife to prepare them for supper. He began by cutting off the heads and offering them to the hunters. The Ostiaks are very fond of this delicacy, and it is a matter of etiquette, whenever a reindeer is killed, to present the head to any guest who happens to be present. The hunters could not conceal their astonishment at the extensive preparations for their feast, and modestly hinted that they could not eat all that had been served for them.

"'This is the merest trifle,' said the giant. 'I always have fourteen reindeer for my own supper, and certainly seven of you should be able to eat as much as I do.'

"The hunters did their best and ate as long as they could possibly swallow a morsel. In spite of their exertions, they only consumed two reindeer, but their modesty found its reward, as the giant caused all that remained of the supper to be placed on their sledges.

"When it was bed-time the giant ordered a great number of the finest furs to be brought. Each skin was the very best of its kind, and the strangers were astonished at the magnificence of the pile. 'You shall slumber on these furs to-night,' said the giant, 'and to-morrow you will carry them away with you.'

"The next morning the hunters prepared to depart. They thanked their host for his hospitality and generosity, and wished prosperity to the family which had assembled to bid them farewell. The old father said to his son, 'You will not let these strangers go without some souvenirs of your wealth?'

"'Certainly not,' replied the giant. He took a cord of an immense length, and said to the hunters:

"'I am going to throw this among my deer, and you shall have all that it catches.'

"He blew a whistle, and the herd came toward him. He threw a cord and caught with it fifty deer, some by the horns and some by the feet. He gave all these deer to the hunters, who again thanked him, and then went away.

"After traveling two or three hours they saw a herd of the finest reindeer they had yet seen. While they looked at them and expressed their admiration, one of the hunters proposed to his companions to steal the deer, or at any rate some of them. 'He to whom they belong,' said he, 'is rich, and will never miss them.'

"'I was thinking the same thing,' said another.

"'And I also,' said a third.

"'It is very strange,' remarked the fourth hunter, 'for exactly those thoughts were in my mind.'

"'You are right,' said the fifth and the sixth. 'What harm shall we do in taking a few deer? The giant has more riches and happiness than he deserves, and we shall only be doing justice to ourselves by taking some of these animals.'

"'Stop, stop,' said the seventh hunter, 'and do not commit a crime. Do not be ingrates and robbers. The giant has been generous, and we have enough for the support of our families a whole year. Put aside the demon of covetousness, and do not soil your hands with a wicked action.'

"'We wish neither your moral nor your advice,' replied the rest. 'If you don't agree with us, go on and say nothing.'

"'I will go; but before I do so, let me beg you to think of your children, for your crime will fall upon them.'

"'Our children will be richer than yours, and it is of them we are thinking. Go away at once, or we may kill you, so as to be sure of our secret.'

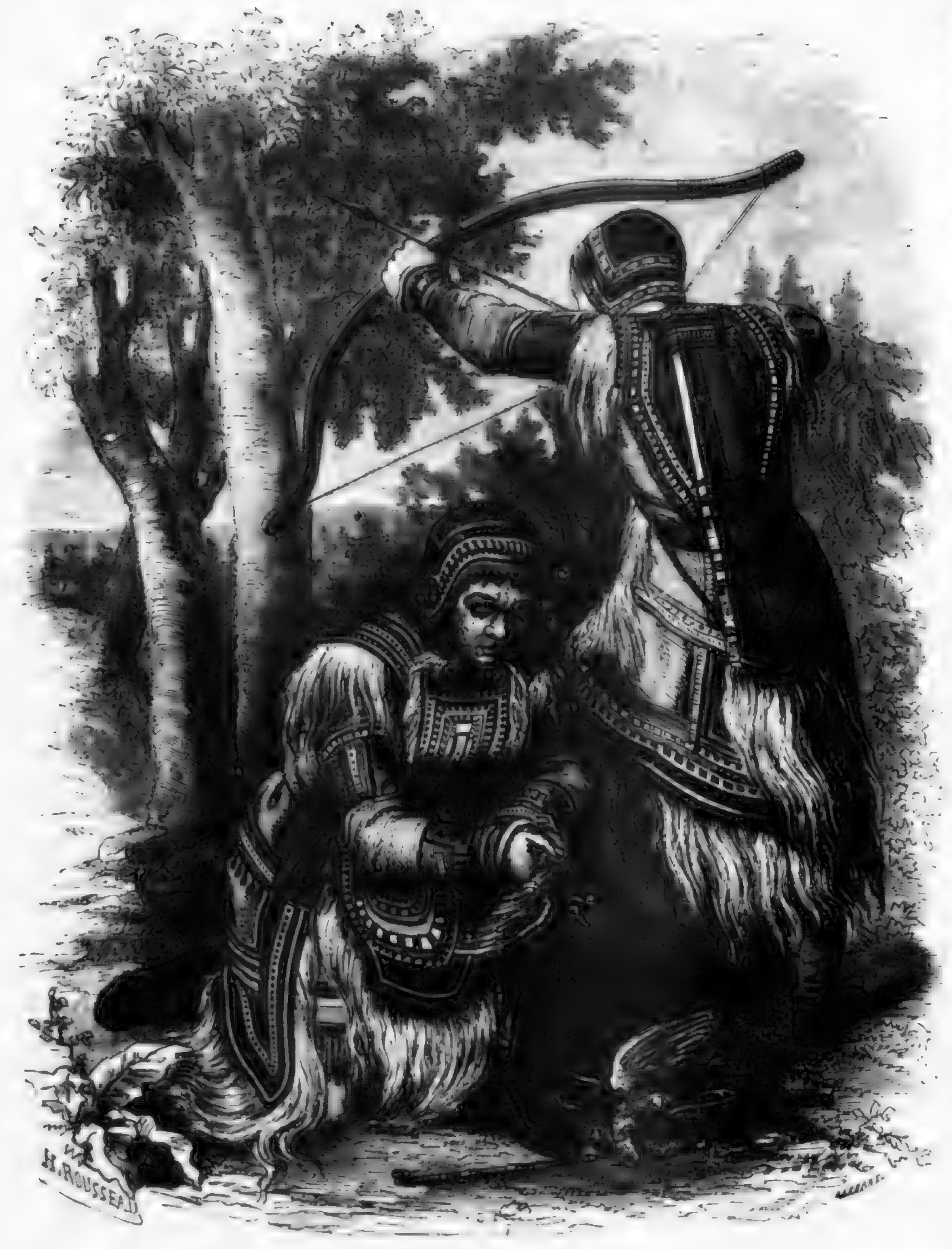
"The honest man gathered together the deer which belonged to him and went away with a tranquil conscience, but with his heart very sad. As soon as he was out of sight the others caught three hundred reindeer from the herd and united them with those they already possessed, so that the crime could be more easily concealed.

"As he went along, the honest Ostiak halted occasionally, in the hope that his late companions might be touched by remorse or fear, and hasten to join him. But they did not come, and he finally abandoned hope, and thus reflected:

"'They were honest, and a moment has sufficed to make them criminals. When they were poor they were good; when they had riches they at once desired more. It would have been better if they had never met this giant who gave us so many fine presents.'

"All at once he heard a noise like an earthquake; the giant stood before him, with fire streaming from his nostrils and lightning flashing from his eyes. He looked a moment at the Ostiak, and then ran like the wind over the plain to where the six hunters were driving the stolen dear. He drew his bow and discharged an arrow, which pierced all the six men as though it had been a thunderbolt. Then

XUM



TONGOOSE HUNTERS.

the giant approached the seventh, who stood trembling lest he should receive the same fate as his late companions.

"The giant's face became calm at once, and he thus spoke:

"'I have power to punish the wicked and to reward good actions. You have resisted the temptation of riches; you had the courage to give good advice, and you shall have the reward you deserve. All these herds of reindeer are yours, and the whole plain as far as you can see it. Possess your riches without fear, and be always honest, so as to be worthy of your happiness.'"

A YORKSHIRE COMPARISON.

Lord Brougham used to be fond of reviving bar recollections. The following is, perhaps, one of his best stories. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court.

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"—"I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it wur a largeish stone."

"What was its size?" — "I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollects, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk!"

Sergeant Bond and the Horsedealer.

The following anecdote has often appeared in print, and with various names. Sergeant Bond used to relate it, and he is to be relied on, as the unquestionable original.

"I once," Sergeant Bond used to relate, with infinite humor, "bought a horse of a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had *any* fault. I therefore, when I had paid for him, said to the seller, "Now, my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault that he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears: 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn, at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh! pooh!' said I, 'if that's all, I'm not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to, the Uxbridge Road."

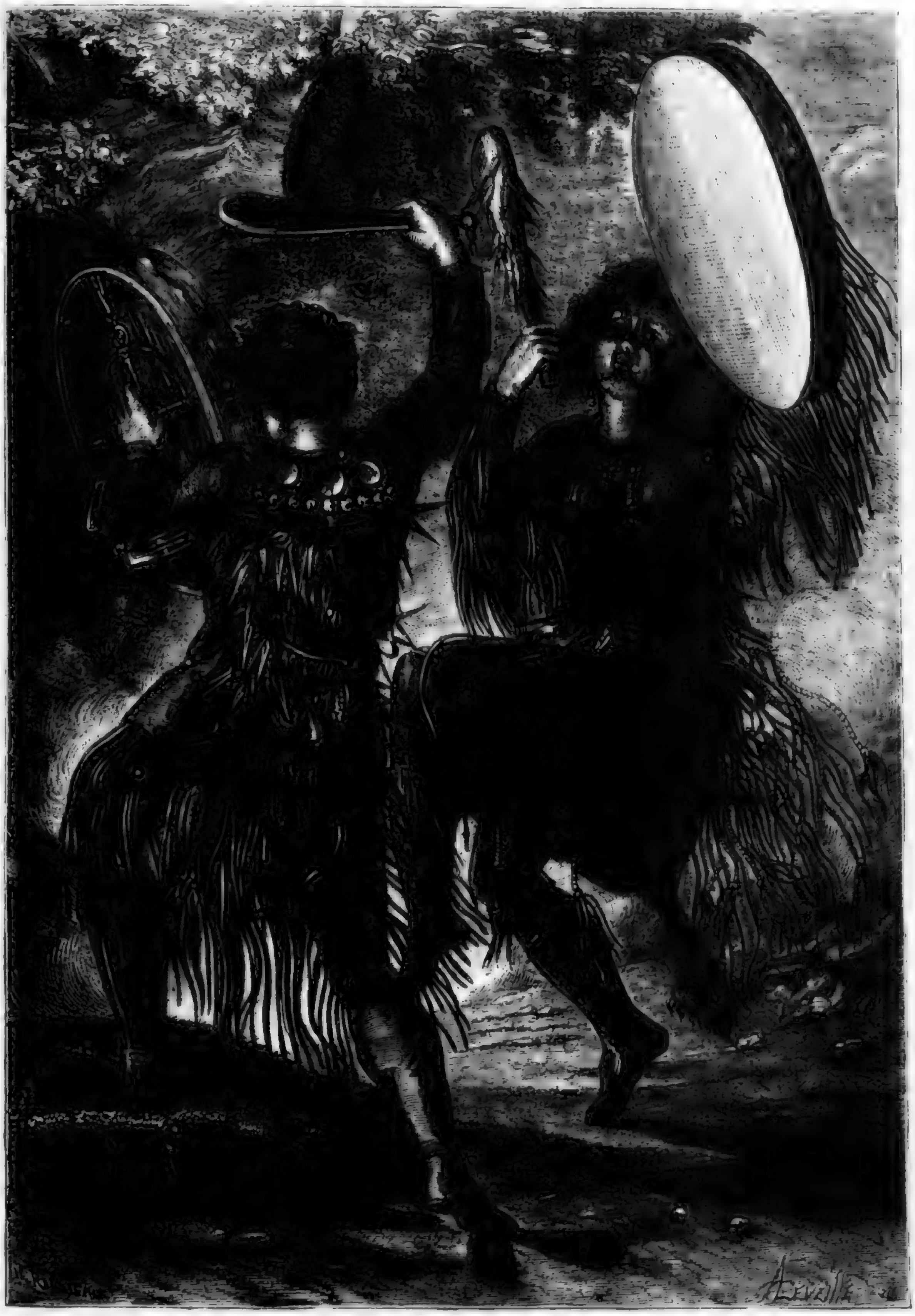
"It, however, so happened that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups; expecting a plunge from my horse, I struck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long in doubt as to what appeared to be the cause in this change of his antipathies, by the landlord coming up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder, 'Ha! Jack,' says he, 'I am glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you!' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information, rejoined the sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft of the horse would be discovered. I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale to me was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord."

Two Sides to the Question.

James I., soon after his accession to the English throne, was present in a court of justice to observe the pleadings in a cause of some consequence. The counsel for the plaintiff having finished, the king was so perfectly satisfied, that he exclaimed, "'Tis a plain case," and was about to leave the court. Being persuaded, however, to stay and hear the other side of the question, the pleaders for the defendant made the case no less plain on their side. On this, the monarch rose, and departed in a great passion, exclaiming, "They are all rogues alike!"

Akin to this, is the story of a judge of later date, but not of brighter wit, than the Scottish Solomon, who, when he had heard counsel for the plaintiff, stopped the case and proceeded to give judgment, explaining that "he did not want his mind confused by the pleadings" on the other side.

What evil cannot corrupt, Fate seldom spares.



CHANVANS EXORCISING AN EVIL SPIRIT.

A LION HUNT IN AFRICA.

I was cruising on board a British man-of-war, in the year 1853, from the Island of Madeira toward the western coast of Africa, hoping on our way to pick up a slave-ship or two. Midway between Madeira and Teneriffe, we were becalmed for three tedious weeks under a hot, broiling sun. It was no joke, and severely tried the tempers not only of the captain and officers, but all on board. Worst of all, our water began to run short—a very serious matter, with over one thousand thirsty men on board. We were put on an allowance of a pint a day. A pint of water for drinking, washing, cooking, etc., under a torrid sun, does not go a very great way. Our necessity at length became so great that the captain was forced to get up steam and make direct for the coast of Africa.

Thirty-six hours steaming brought us opposite the town of Mogadore. The place is situated on the outskirts of the great Sahara or Sandy Desert of Africa. Behind the town rises a background of mountains, most conspicuous among which stands out the snow-capped summit of Mount Atlas. Stretching away to their base is one vast field of sand, with a small thicket of shrubs growing here and there sparsely.

The night before we reached the town a fresh breeze came on, which carried away our foremast, and we ran down a small vessel, supposed to be laden with fruit. How well I remember it. The captain and I were walking up and down the deck—the vessel, a large six-hundred horse-power, one hundred and one gun-ship, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour! What chance had any small schooner before such a leviathan of the deep!

As we were walking, a shock, as if a vessel had run aground—just touched, and off again—ran through her frame. We stood still:

"What is that?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said; "she ran against something."

Morning's daybreak showed us one or two floating spars, and a man's hat—all the record of what had passed. Silently, swiftly, the unknown vessel had gone down, and its small crew, doubtless fast asleep, never woke on earth again, but there and then found their last resting-place—all unknown until that day shall come when all the secrets of the mighty deep, its hidden treasures, its buried hopes, be once more revealed.

As we neared Mogadore, and anchored some two miles off the town, a strange commotion seemed to possess the place. The morning breeze off land came to us laden with the sound of ringing bells—not the usual muezzin calling the faithful to their prayers, but the sharp, quick, repeated sound of consternation and alarm. Through our glasses we saw the Moors hastening in crowds from the city gates and bearing with them their valuables out into the sandy plain beyond.

They thought our arrival an hostile one, for no vessel-of-war had visited (we afterward learned) the place since a French fleet, a few years before, which nearly leveled it with the ground.

As soon as he could, our first lieutenant went on shore and made known the motive of our errand thither—want of water—not very easy to be obtained.

As we were likely to remain there three or four days, a party of us landed the following day and visited the town. Looks half threatening, half fearful, marked our course through the streets from the Moorish population. Finding, however, that our visit was really a peaceable one, they became reassured, and in one bazaar we stopped at, its owner, who spoke Spanish very fairly, told us that the foot-tracks of a lion had been seen a few days before in the neighborhood, and two Moors were missing, supposed to have been carried off by the formidable brute.

Taking this piece of news back with us, we returned on board the ship, and there making it known, a party was quickly organized for a regular hunt the following day.

The next morning, accordingly, some twelve, myself included, went once more on shore, fully equipped and armed for the affray, and taking along with us two large Newfoundland dogs belonging to the captain of the ship. I was the only one of the party unarmed; for, somehow or other, all desire on my part to share either glory or danger had entirely left me. I should like to see it, I owned, provided I was at a safe distance; and as I could not be sure of that, I preferred taking a quiet botanical excursion by myself, in the immediate vicinity of the city. I went, however, with them, until they came on traces of the animal. The broad, large, cat-paw shaped marks in the sand were unmistakable. Little need was there of the three or four Moors we had persuaded, with no small difficulty, to accompany us, for the footmarks were all round the place. We gathered from our guides that it had been seen that very morning, making its way with early dawn eastward, toward the Desert.

Putting the dogs on the scent, the party started off. I resolved to go in an entirely different direction, grimly resolving in my mind not to lose sight of the walls of the town. Just as we separated, one of them, named Turnour, said:

"There, Dot, old boy, take this revolver; I have another, and it may be useful to you."

Nothing loath, I took the weapon, for, beyond a pocket-knife, I was totally unarmed, and I slowly sauntered back toward the town. I came to a clump of some five or six date-trees and a small piece of green sward, flower-bestrewed. Here I halted, and taking out my pipe, began to smoke beneath their shade. Ever and anon I gathered a few dates lying on the ground and ate them. So passed lazily away a couple of hours. I had listened intently, but heard no shot fired, and concluded the lion had gone further away than they expected. At length I arose, and seeing a small thicket of stunted shrubs some quarter of a mile further off, I made my way toward them.

I found they were a species of acacia, and a species I had not hitherto met with. I plucked two or three of the twigs, and was just about to leave, when a deep bass growl riveted me to the spot. Unconsciously I let my flowers drop, and stood still for a few moments, paralyzed. Another and a deeper growl followed the first, and looking in the direction whence the sound issued, I saw the fiery glare of two large eyeballs, and could dimly outline the form of a large beast crouching, half hidden among the shrubs. Still I stood, too horrified to move even a single limb—too frightened to attempt to cry out for assistance, even had assistance been near. A hot glow rushed like fire through my whole body, followed immediately by a cold thrill which sent the perspiration in icy drops down my face. I felt my hair bristle and move with a strange creeping sensation. Distinctly I could hear and count each pulsation of my heart. To this day I can realize most vividly what I can imagine a poor little mouse feels when for the first time it sees fixed on it the relentless glare of some half-famished cat.

Like a poor timorous mouse I stood, all forgetful of my pistol, and so taken unawares that I should have been an easy victim. My tongue found its powers first—I uttered a roar as loud, if not as hoarse, as the one I had heard—I bellowed until they might have heard me in Mogadore. Then the pistol flashed through my mind just as a slight rustling warned me that the animal was beginning to move, doubtless preparatory to its first, and, as I felt assured, final spring.

A large, yellow beast came bounding out toward me. I pointed the pistol at it, and, shutting my eyes, with a half-uttered "God help me!" I fired. A strange noise followed the report, half-growl, half-bark, half-howl, a heavy thud on the earth, and opening my eyes, I found a large, yellow-colored dog lying in its death agonies a few feet from me. It was one of those half-wild brutes which so commonly haunt the streets of towns where Mussulmans are wont to frequent, and I had found out and disturbed it in its lair.

Half-ashamed of my dastardly fears and half-triumphant at my success with the pistol, so fortuitous in its aim, all by chance and naught through skill, with shaking nerves tingling unpleasantly at the dreadful excitement I had undergone, and with limbs rather shaky and unsteady, I turned to hasten away, when I met the half-laughing, part serious glance of Turnour.

"Upon my word, Dot, well shot; but why did you bellow so?"

"I—thought it was the lion," I could not help saying."

He roared out with laughter.

"It was sufficient, however, to scare a fellow," he said at length, seeing my perturbed look. "Come along now; we must get on board; they have signalized our return; we have not met our lion, and must leave him to the Moors. Never mind, we may have another chance when we get to old Gib, and go over from there to Tangiers."

We went on board, where Turnour narrated my adventure amid the roar of my messmates.

My lion exploits in Africa were not, however, ended at Mogadore, and I did afterward see a real one, to my bitter sorrow.

In this wise:

After leaving Mogadore, we started on to Gibraltar, where the captain expected to receive dispatches from the admiral, then at Lisbon, giving orders as to his future movements. In three days we reached the world-famed citadel, and finding we were likely to be there a week or ten days, the officers forthwith planned several expeditions, both into Spain and Africa.

All excursions, however, into Spain were nipped in the bud, owing to a strict quarantine being kept, and no further advance allowed into that country than the limits of the neutral ground which separates the Spanish from the English territory. We were all sorely disappointed, but an expedition into Africa was soon planned, and several officers from the garrison at Gibraltar agreed to accompany us. Among these officers was a cousin of mine, my playmate in childhood, my schoolmate in boyhood, and the one warm friend of my youth and manhood.

We intended being away two or three days, and made our preparations accordingly.

A small steamer conveyed us across the straits to Tangiers, and we found there our horses, which we had sent across the day before. Mounting these, we rode along the coast toward a small place called Massighan, intending to make it our headquarters for the short time we should be away. On our road thitherwise we fell in with the tracks of a lion. I shuddered when I saw them, as they brought afresh to mind my fright at Mogadore. The officers followed them up; I dared not be left behind, and was consequently forced to follow.

After three or four hours' ride we came to a small thicket surrounded by a small strip of coarse, long grass. Here the dogs stopped, and one of them whined uneasily. The company rode round it, but beyond the footmarks ceasing here we saw no other trace of the animal. The dogs refused for some time to go in. At last we induced one, named Neptune, a great favorite, to enter. A short time passed, when we heard a loud howl, a heavy stroke, as if a hammer had hit some soft substance, and all again was still.

We knew well what had happened. One stroke of the lion's paw had for ever silenced poor Neptune, and Boatswain, his companion, seemed to know it, too, for it whined most piteously.

After some deliberation, the officers determined to fire a volley into the midst of the thicket, and did so. A loud, deep, sullen roar was the response. How it made my heart beat! and my horse became well-nigh unmanageable, being infected with a like fear with myself. Still the beast would not break cover, but seemed determined to remain hidden in its lair. My cousin suggested setting fire to the grass, as he had seen done in a similar case in India. This was done, and all eyes were directed to the spot as the flames spread and the smoke rolled on and clung to the trees and shrubs. Under cover of the dark, dense cloud, a huge object stealthily, noiselessly as a cat, crept on unseen, until within a few yards of where my cousin was sitting on horseback.

I saw his horse suddenly shy, rear, heard it give a loud snort of fear, and then a huge, dark-looking object seemed suddenly to spring out of the very ground and launch itself at the horse's head. The flash and quick report of a rifle followed, as the brute clung, with his fore-paws deep-buried in the fore-shoulders of the horse, and its teeth deep set in the poor animal's throat. The horse tottered and fell, and my cousin lay on the ground, with one leg crushed by the horse's fall. One moment more and the lion left the horse and stood over the man. Heart-sick, I could scarcely bear to look on, and yet could not turn away my horrified face. One of the officers, named Chichester, the crack-shot of the regiment, raised just then his rifle, took one instant's sight, and fired. It was too late; before the ball reached its object the uplifted paw had fallen; again a dull crash was heard, almost simultaneously with the thud of the bullet, and as the huge brute rolled over off the body of the man, both were lying quivering in their death-agonies, the head of the one crushed into a shapeless mass as the heart of the other received its death-blow from the bullet.

Ah me! very, very sorrowfully they took the body up and set their faces homeward again to Gibraltar. In after-days I was told a band of Moorish robbers, or soldiers, or whatever they were, hung on our rear, and threatened more than once an attack. I never saw or heeded them; I knew not what they were; my thoughts, my heart were there with that object hanging over the saddle of a brother-officer of my cousin's, who rode by my side.

I thought, too, of a home in America, far away, where a mother would soon be weeping over the death of her first-born and only one, killed not in the furious onslaught on the field of battle, with no sound of country's victory to cheer the dying struggle and rob it of its pain. Alas! no; but bruised and maimed to death by a wild beast, the after-death of which could never soften the bitter pang of a brave and gallant man's loss.

I took his body home and buried it in the old churchyard there, and from that day to this I have never seen, or for one moment wished to see, another lion. Its very name, as I write it, even makes me shudder. God keep me and mine from ever again joining in a lion-hunt.

HONOR and justice, reason and equity, go a great way in procuring prosperity to those who use them; and, in case of failure, they secure the best retreat and the most honorable consolation.

XUM

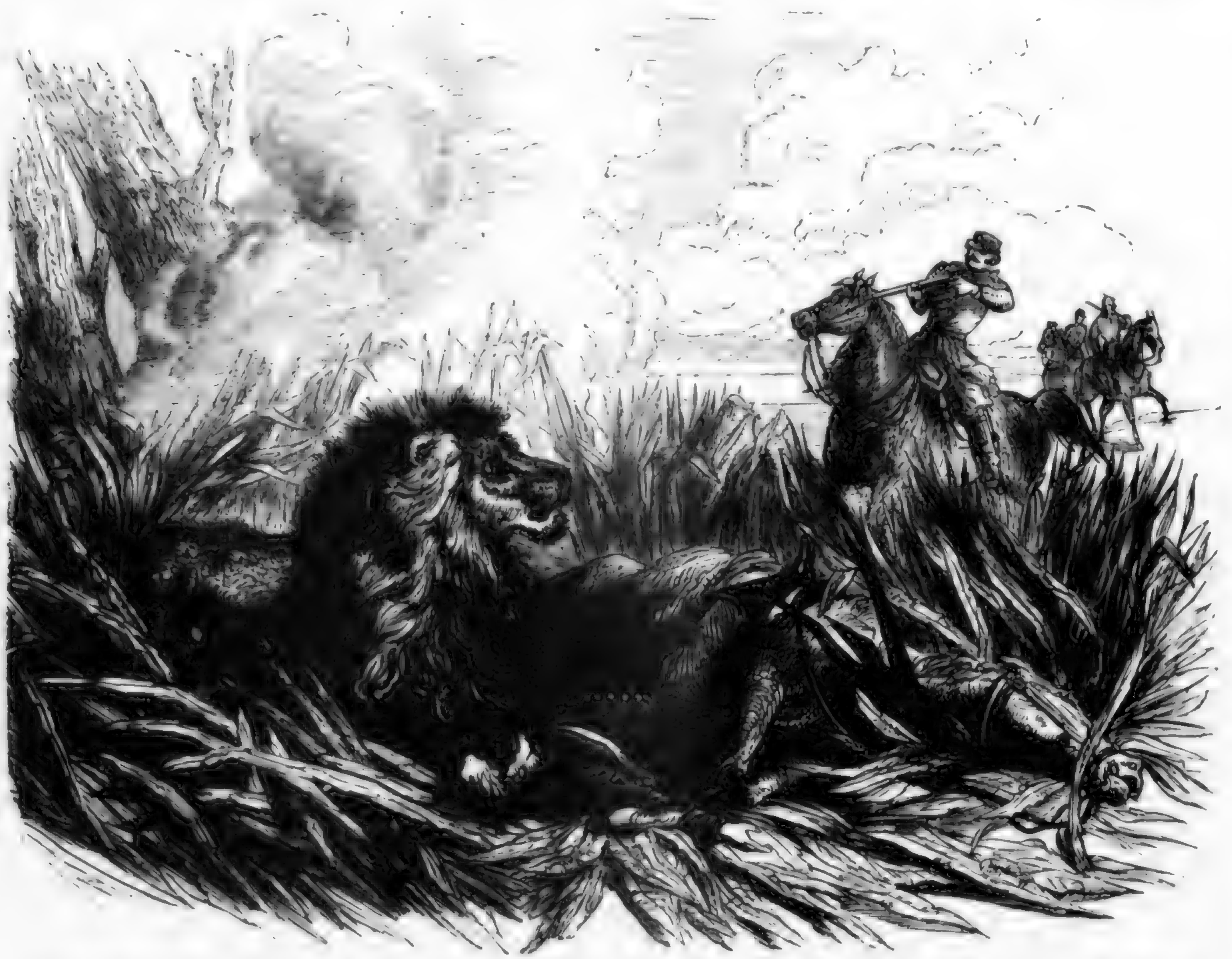
THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

The 3d of March, 1871, I entered Paris on a crowded train from Bordeaux. It was the last day of the German occupation—the galling penalty which the capital paid as the last act of the heroic five months' siege which had reduced its municipal spirit to a condition of gloom and incipient anarchy.

The city was dull and lifeless. The few people whom I met in the streets of Paris, as I walked to the Hotel Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, were of the poorer classes, and from their dark and lowering faces I could read half-starvation and discontent. The universal dejection was marked by silence and distrustful glances from countenances made pallid and angular from months of enforced dieting on the miserable black bread which had been the staple article of food. The cab horses had been eaten up during the German environment, and the only sign of animation were a few decrepid quadrupeds, whose owners had taken early advantage of the capitulation to drive sharp bargains with the curious tourist.

The Champs Elysées was alone active, for along its broad road-bed marched out the last division of the German Army, greeted here and there with the maledictions of indignant Parisians. And thus it was that Paris was surrendered to herself—to confront her own humiliation; the prey to ignorant and revolutionary factions—a morbid city, without a healthy or vigorous drop of blood in her exhausted veins. What an auspicious moment for the anarchist, the pamphleteer, the irrepressible demagogue, and the *barricadeur!* And it was an opportunity not wasted.



A LION HUNT IN AFRICA.—"CHICHESTER RAISED HIS RIFLE, TOOK ONE INSTANT'S SIGHT AND FIRED. IT WAS TOO LATE; BEFORE THE BALL REACHED ITS OBJECT, THE UPLIFTED JAW HAD FALLEN."—SEE PAGE 414.

Slowly the germs of disorder crystallized into form. Rochefort, with his *Mot d'Ordre*, wrote seditious thoughts, which he could not utter in the Assembly at Bordeaux; the hungry crowd of scribblers who nightly sit at their absinthe, in front of the Café de Madrid, were feeble echoes of his caustic periods.

Thirty thousand of the National Guard, under D'Aurelle de Palladines, and a few regiments of the line, under General Vinoy, were left the sole custodians of the public peace; and it must be said they had no heart for repression. What inspiration was left for order? Their war for the Empire and for glory had been a humiliating defeat—a disgraceful dynastic alternative; and yet an Assembly at Bordeaux was plotting a monarchial restoration. At this moment, M. Thiers displayed a deplorable weakness. He had been chosen Chief-of-Power, which was in effect conferring upon him a limited dictatorship, so that he was not embarrassed for authority.

The National Guards of Paris, during the two weeks that supervened, organized a central committee; proceeded to address their comrades, and portrayed the danger of the return of France to monarchical rule. The Jacobin Clubs again let loose their revolutionary pronunciamientos. It did not take a week for the capital to become awed by an organized Commune. Well-dressed people sought seclusion; nobody knew what might take place; all feared the worst.

It was during these premonitory Ides of March, when the very air seemed laden with an ominous warning, that I was grossly saluted in the Place Vendome—*"A bas l'aristocrat, à bas l'aristocrat!"*

And now over the dismal aspect of the city floated the red flag at the topmost point of the Bastile; the discipline of the National Guards daily loosened, and a self-constituted committee of numerous battalions called itself "The Central Committee of the National Guards." Its chairman was Jules Bergeret. Its decrees were published on the walls of Paris. Although treated with general contempt at first, it gradually grew in influence. Beyond a few feeble and silly acts by the Government, no vigor was displayed—several newspapers alone being suppressed.

From day to day, the turbulence of the masses increased, until the morning of the eventful 18th of March arrived. This was the natal day of one of the bloodiest and boldest episodes of history. Days previously, the refractory National Guards had captured the cannon of Palladines's command, and carried away powerful batteries, and planted them on the summit of their stronghold, Montmartre—the citadel of Red Republicanism in France. Barricades were speedily erected on this lofty perch. All of the approaches were gradually strengthed before the Government became aware of the fast-approaching crisis.

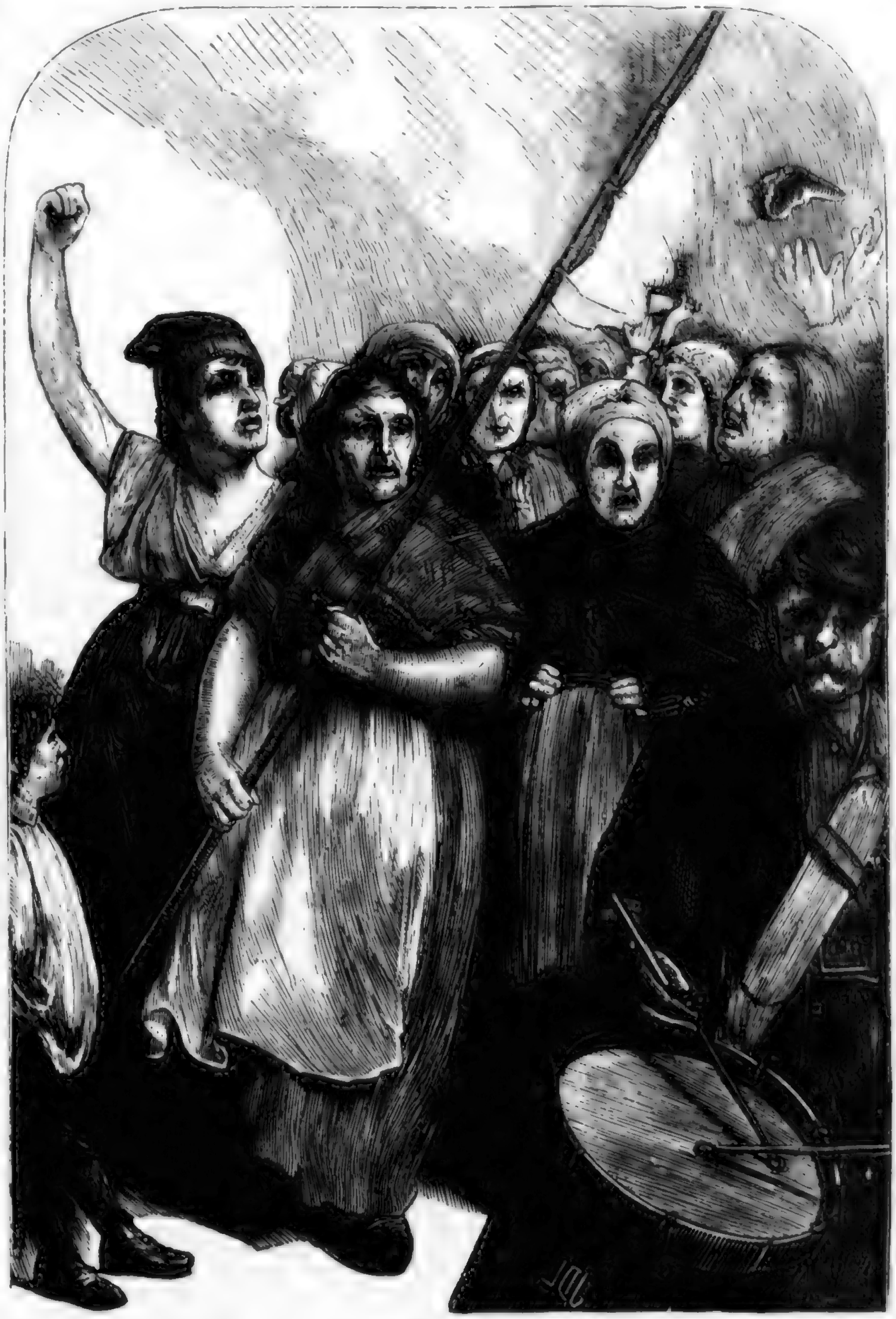
During these preparatory days, I often visited the summit of Montmartre, and the *cafés* and places of resort of the most violent communists. While they were not often inflamed by wine, I occasionally met those who were irresponsible from drink, but on the whole it must be said that the honest sentiment at that moment was a deep-seated feeling of discontent produced by long years of oppression and wrongs which might have been averted by beneficent government.

The morning of March 18th, General Palladines determined to attack the National Guards and resume possession of the captured cannon in the hands of the Central Committee, who declared that they held them to enforce a Republican Government in the capital, and municipal independence in Paris. General Vinoy was detailed to perform the service; and, with several regiments of the line, marched to the Place Pigalle, near the foot of Montmartre, and began an aggressive movement toward the summit.

The National Guards were met and rapidly repelled, when the troops of the line gave way, and large bodies of them fraternized with the National Guards. The struggle was brief; the troops of the line fell back, and gradually the insurrection spread.

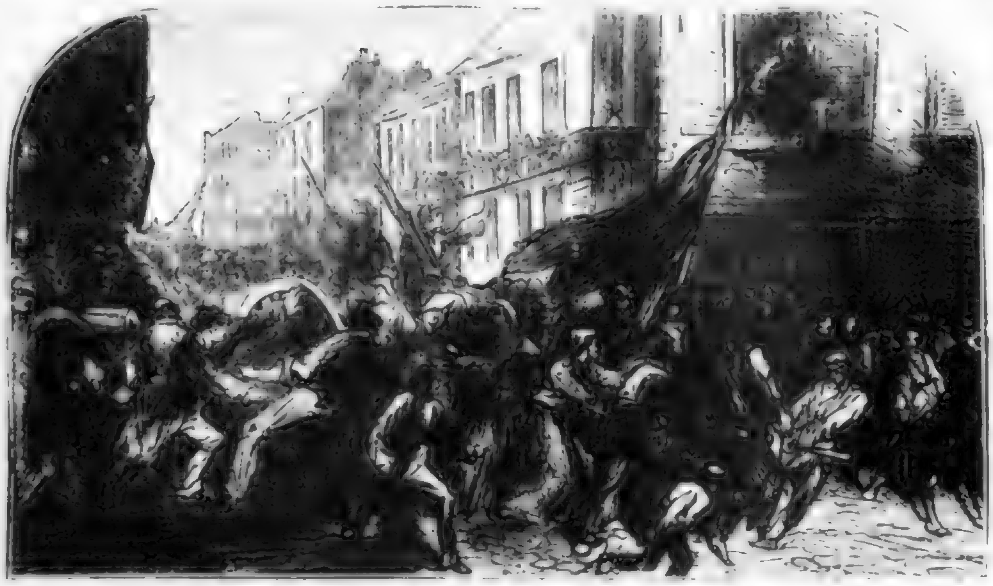
The 18th of March proved a day of intense agitation throughout Paris. The shops were all closed; every species of business was discontinued, and dense crowds moved toward the theatre of turmoil. It was scarcely daylight when a trusty informant brought me intelligence of the events that were transpiring on Montmartre. I hastily attired myself, and hurried away with my attendant. At every step it became necessary to exercise the extremest caution, and in excited throngs there was but one safety—to be one of the mob—talking with them, smiling with them, agreeing with them. Dense masses of people thronged every approach to the scene of slaughter, and by noon half of Paris had visited the confines of the Communist camp.

Late in the afternoon the intelligence spread that two

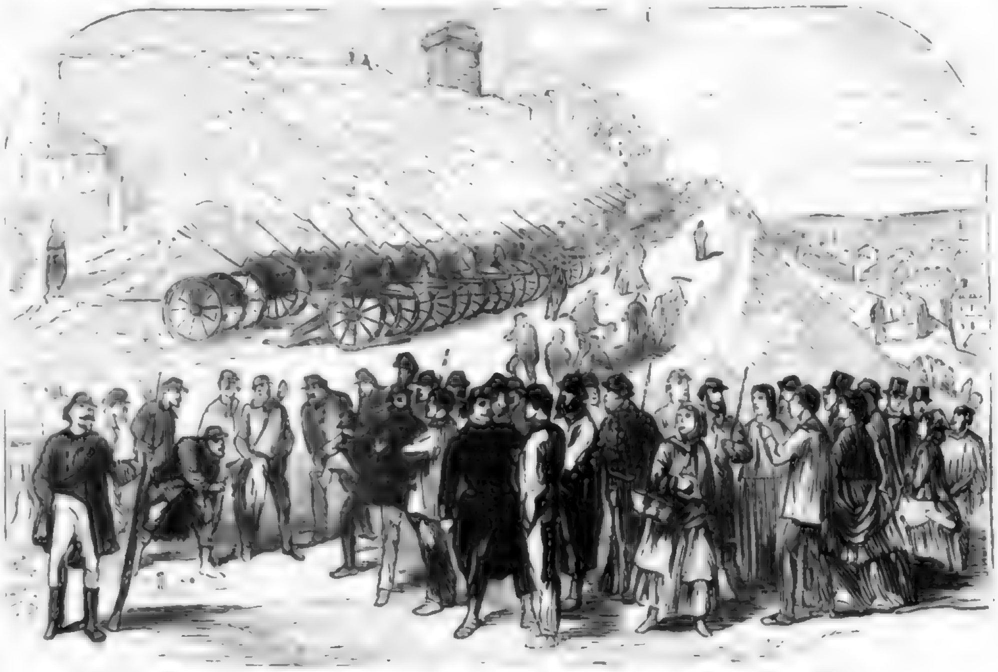


A PROCESSION OF VENGERESSES.

XUM



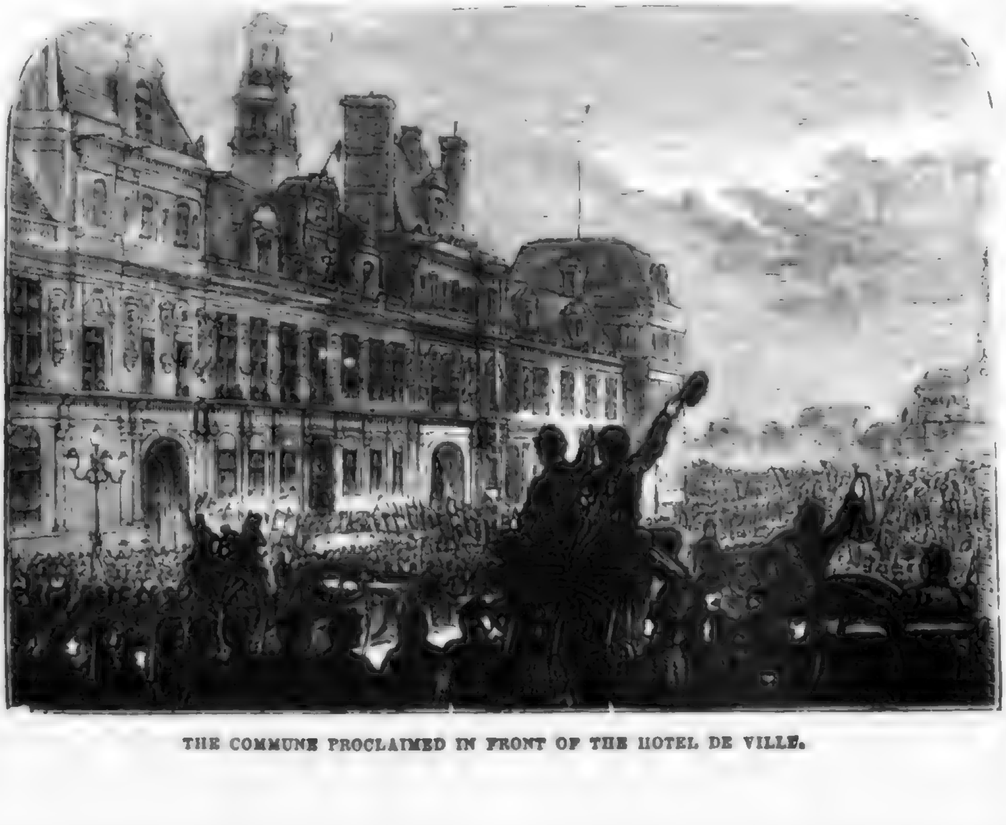
CITIZENS DRAGGING OFF CANNON BEFORE THE GERMAN ENTRY.



COMMUNISTS' CANNON AT MONTMARTRE POINTED TO SWEEP THE CITY.

general officers of the line had been shot; and, later in the day, it was made certain that Generals Thomas and Le Compte had been detected within the Communist camp on the summit, and after a summary inquiry, had been shot to death, plans of the Communists' position having been found on their persons. This unnecessary act of cruelty created intense indignation among all the orderly classes of the city. It became known on the morning of the 19th, that the Hotel de Ville was in possession of the National Guards, and that all of Paris had been abandoned to the mob; General Palladines retiring with his command to Versailles.

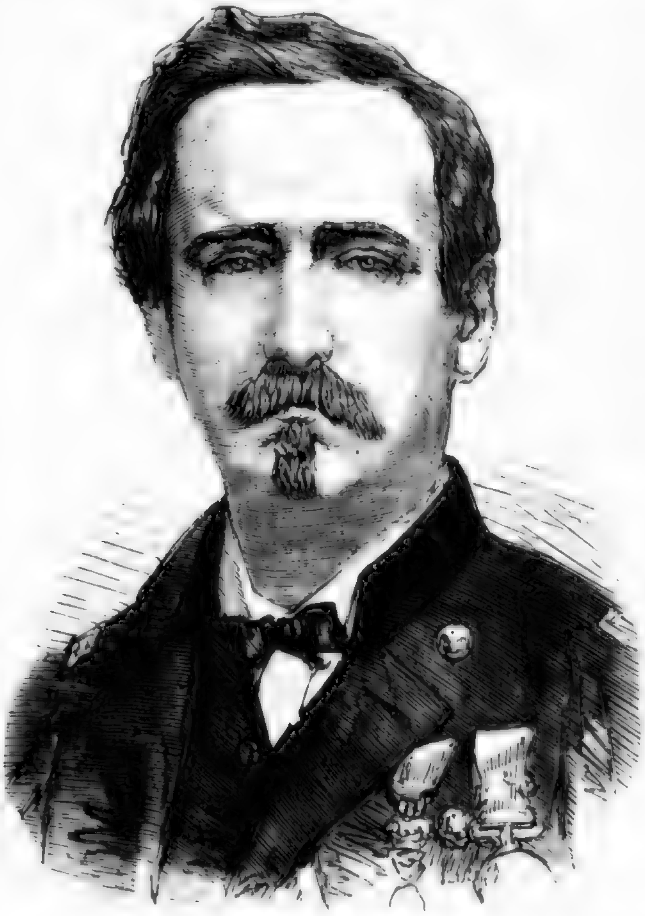
Still, Bergeret and his followers were irresolute. As yet, no Frenchman of mark had joined the insurgents. Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Victor Hugo, indeed, all of the orators who had long been recognized as among the fearless champions of the Paris people, were not of the movement; nor could a name of prominence be found among those who rose from the slums of the city to posts of position and authority. It is very doubtful if there was at any time in the history of the Commune, a single man connected with its fortunes possessed of one thousand dollars' worth of property. Those of family name and reputable antecedents who joined the movement were actuated by the same ambition which guided Bonaparte to obey the Convention, and, during the first revolution, turn his artillery on the people.



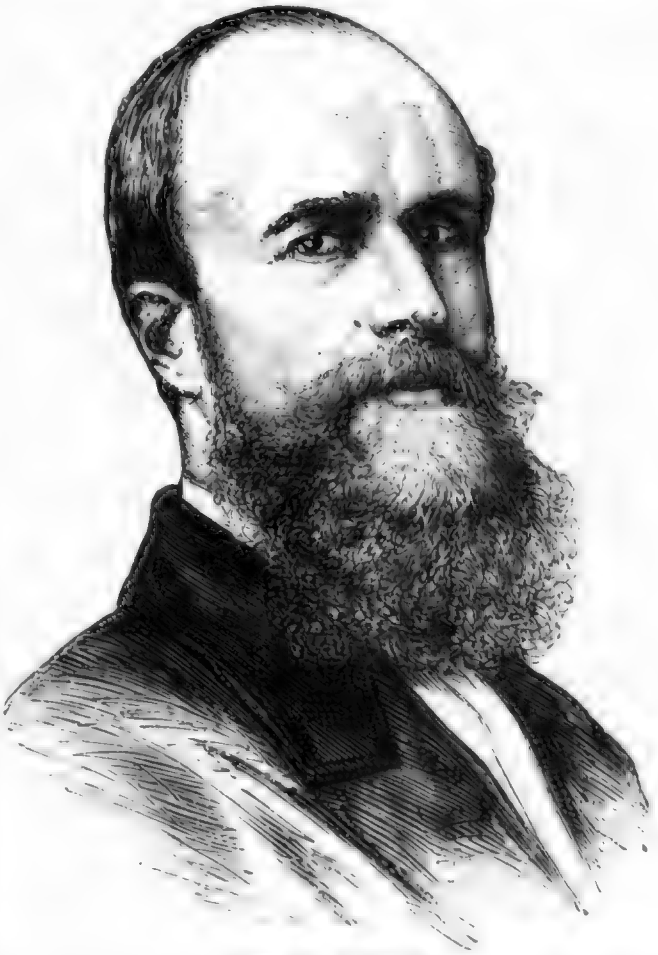
THE COMMUNE PROCLAIMED IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

No other thought or purpose actuated Bergeret, Cluseret, Grousset, Rossel, or Dombrowski, as I have it from the lips of nearly all of them. It was a fine opportunity for adventurers to speculate on the ruins of France. The Frenchman who saluted me on the top of a lofty building in the Rue Scribe, on the morning after the firing of the Tuileries (as he heard my foreign accent), with this fierce greeting, was not so much to be blamed, after all—"It is you strangers who have led these miserables to do this ruin, and I would shoot every one of you dead, as destroyers of Paris."

"Yes," said a foreigner, who stood by, "if we are its destroyers



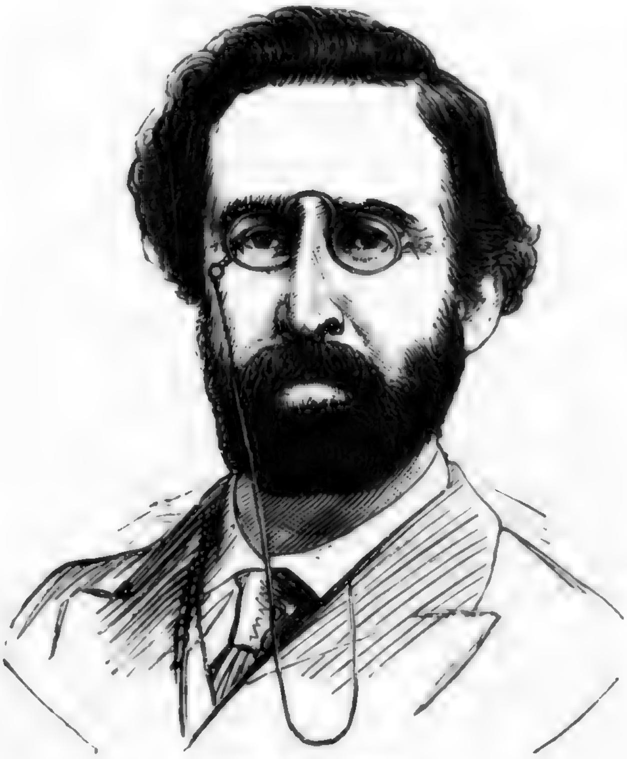
GENERAL CLUSERET.



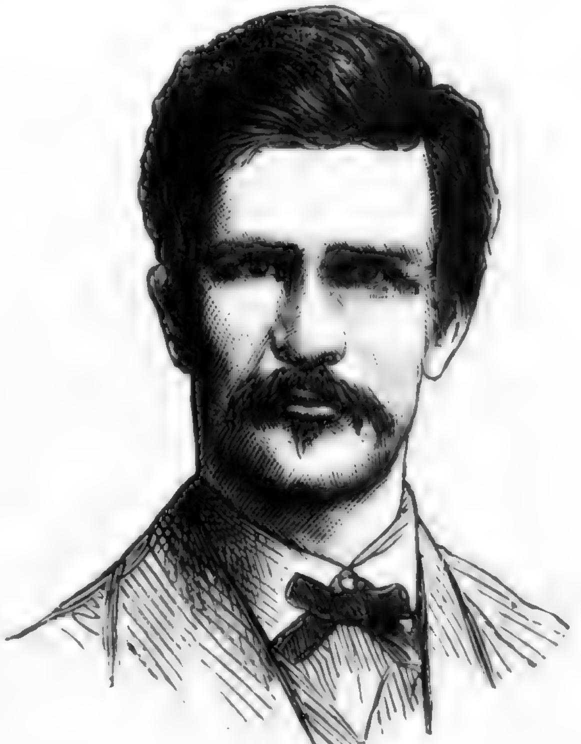
GUSTAVE FLOURENS.

remember, we are its makers, too." But the irate Frenchman was right; seven-eighths of the leaders were of foreign birth.

Jules Bergeret was a typical man of the Commune. I do not remember ever to have met, in many wanderings, a more revolutionary character; yet Bergeret was not a selfish, reckless demagogue, whose political notions grew out of hourly libations of absinthe, and whose moral code was produced by intimate association with the easy-going vices of the capital. His nature was that of a man who was at once cunning and severe, but who always knew when he had exhausted the measure of his power. Born and bred in the lower walks of life, and married to a woman who heartily entered into his schemes for the betterment of himself and "*La Republic Universelle,*" he had a household entirely suited to himself; and I doubt if there are

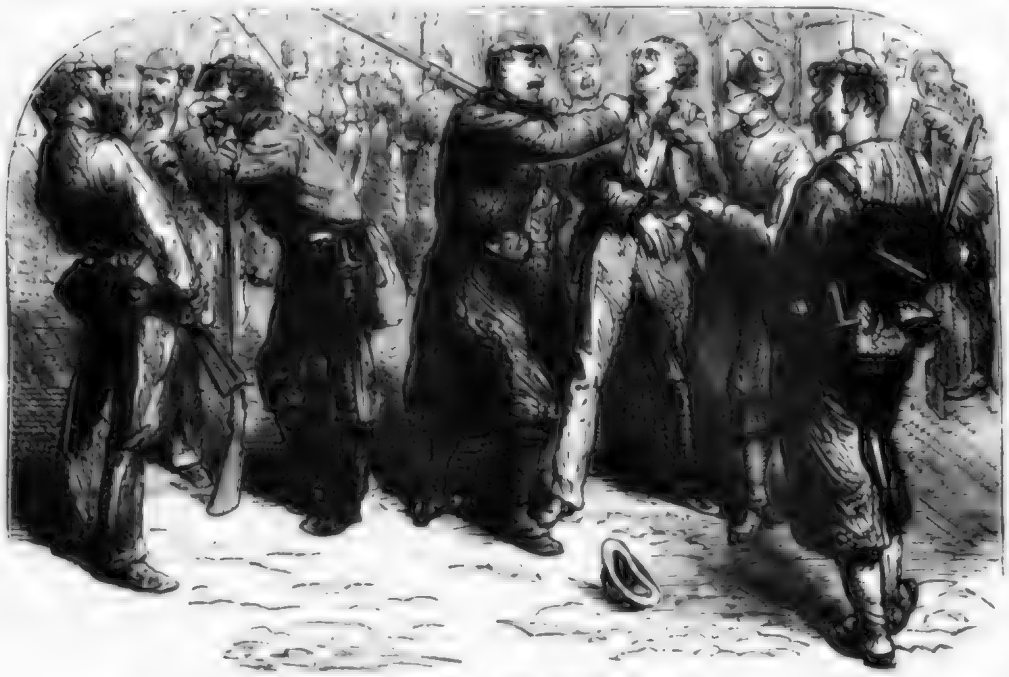


THEOPHILE FERRÉ.

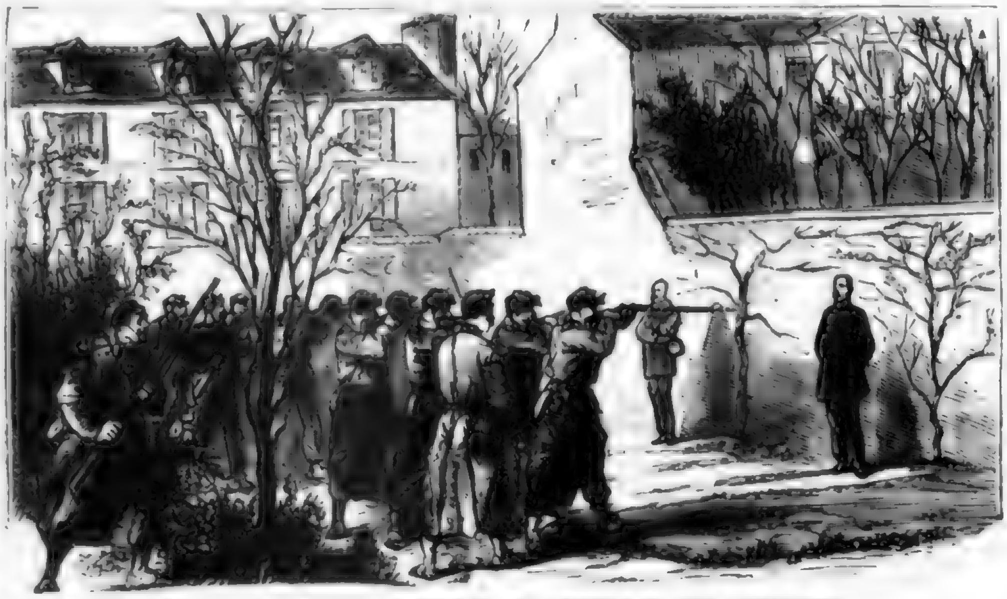


LOUIS NATHANIEL ROSSEL.

XUM



PRESSING MEN FOR THE COMMUNIST ARMY.



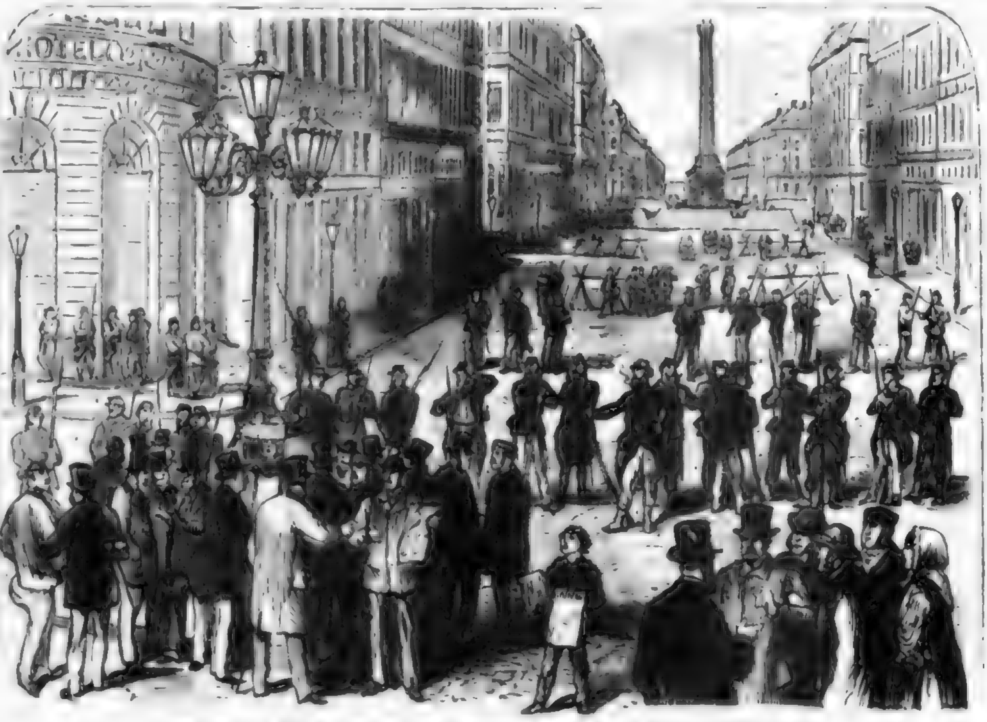
EXECUTION OF GENERALS THOMAS AND LECOMTE BY THE COMMUNISTS.

many families wherein there has existed greater concord than in that of this citizen revolutionist.

A journeyman printer, his leisure hours were spent in participating in the noisy debates at the Republican clubs, where he never went so far in the days of the Empire that there was cause for his arrest, nor was so chary of his utterance that his auditors did not greet him as one of the chosen few who represented the cause of the wronged.

But Bergeret, like many of a well-meaning class of European agitators, had little intellectual ballast. A few incidents will suffice to exhibit his unbalanced mind, and yet, perhaps, that cautious instinct of self-preservation, both of which seemed to be ever present in his nature. He invited me to breakfast with him one morning, in company with a friend, in the Corps Legislatif, which building he occupied both as a home and headquarters. At the table I met his wife, niece and several gentlemen who gathered about the noon-day feast. That day betokened disaster for his cause; yet his wife seemed light-hearted and cheerful. Bergeret himself joined in many of the passing jests which are inseparable from a French table. It was about one o'clock when I bade the ladies good-by, Bergeret accompanying me to my hotel. As we rode along the left bank of the Seine, and through the court of the Louvre, Bergeret told me seriously that the Communal cause was sinking into irretrievable disaster; but that, should ultimate defeat come with any attending cruelties, *ces palais seront sautés au ciel*—these palaces will be blown sky high—pointing to the Louvre and Tuileries.

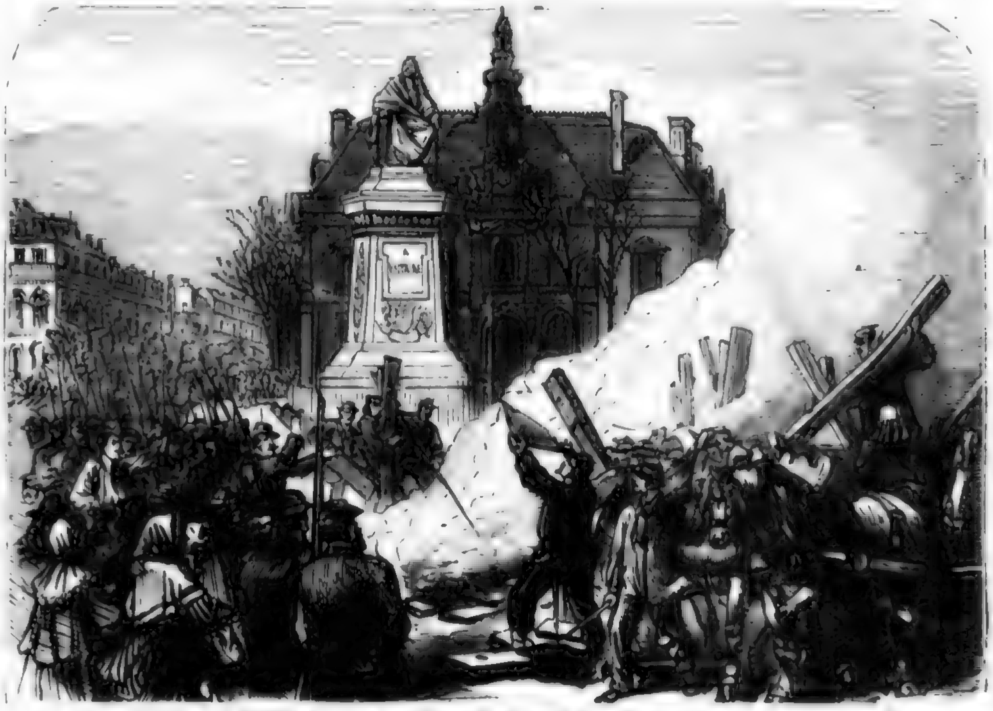
A few mornings afterward, Bergeret breakfasted with me at the Hotel du Helder, and during several hours we discussed the Communal cause. Free libations of champagne quickened the naturally rapid utterance which he had acquired in the Jacobin clubs. He said he was against despotism, human or Divine, and that, should he go to heaven and find a tyrannical God, he would erect barricades on the celestial pavements, and direct his batteries against the Eternal Throne.



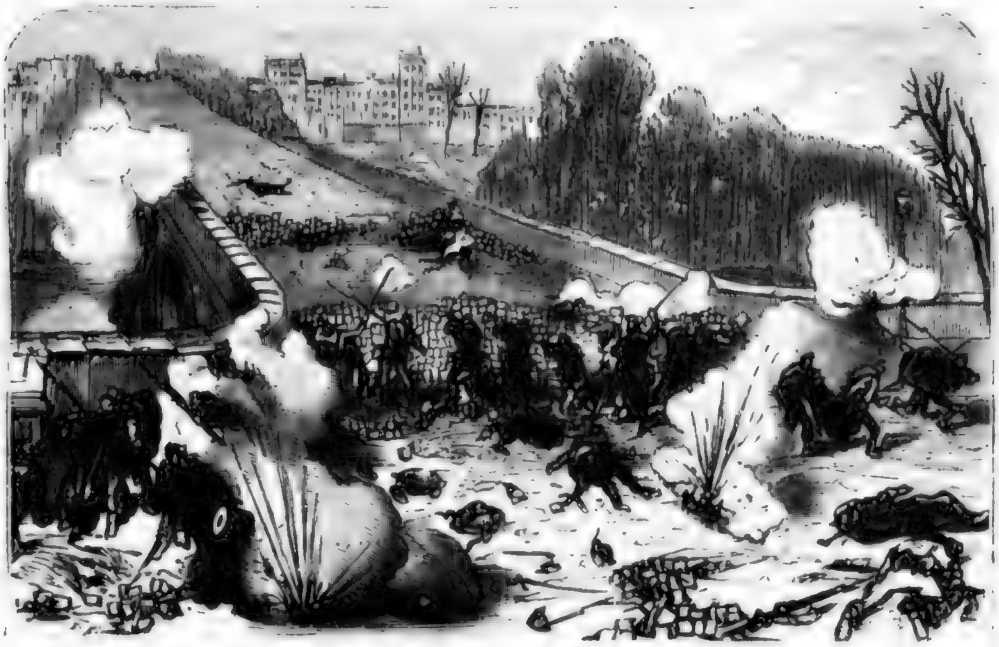
RUE DE LA PAIX AND PLACE VENDOME HELD BY THE COMMUNISTS.

I remonstrated with him that such was not republicanism as we understood it in the Western World. "Then," said he, "you are not truly republican!"

I quoted to him Blackstone's recipe for civil government—that it must abide with three sources of power conspiring to make a compact trinity — that derived from the goodness of the people, the intelligence of the gentry and aristocracy, and the sovereign will of the king, whose interests are those of his subjects. But no! Was he not a man, fashioned and made like a king and an aristocrat?



BURNING THE GUILLOTINE IN THE PLACE VOLTAIRE.

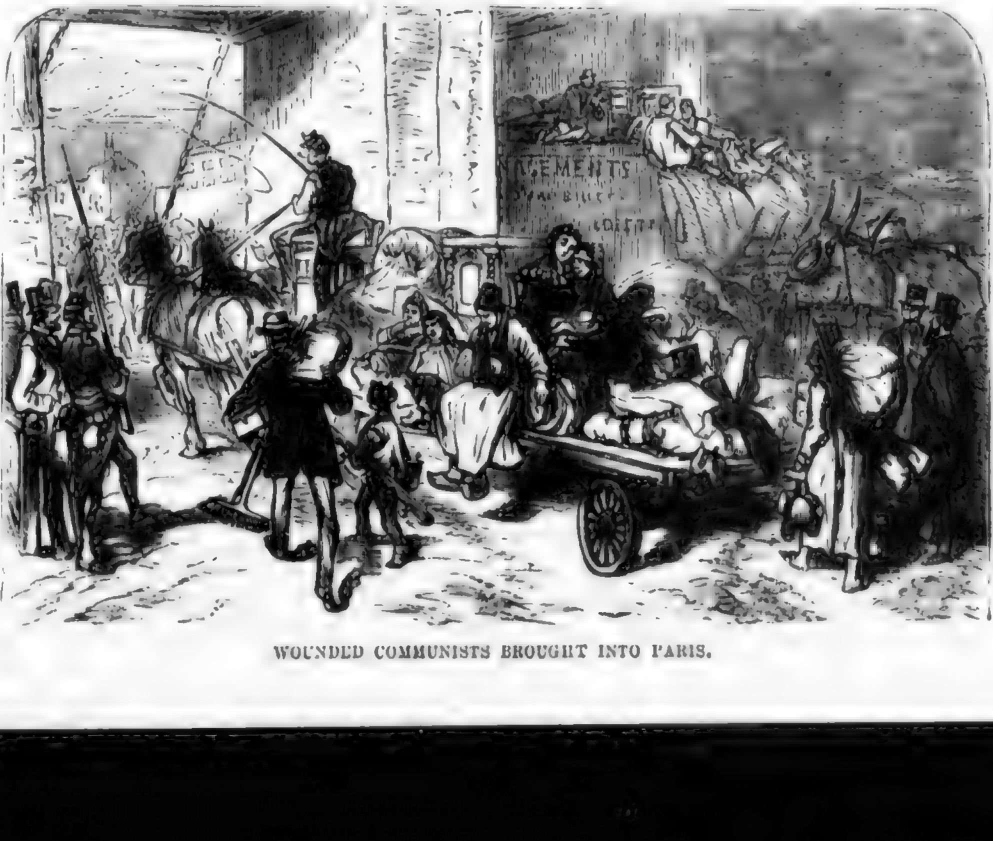


ACTION WITH THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS AT COURBEVOIE.

I must confess that I felt slightly uneasy when I afterward rode along the crowded Boulevards with Bergeret, who wore across his breast a wide, scarlet silk band, attracting the attention of the populace on all sides. Bergeret's most constant declaration was, that all he sought for was "a page in history"! Perhaps he is entitled to one for an act of heroism for which all mankind are his debtors. He remained in high favor with his comrades to the end; and when the batteries of MacMahon's army were established at the Triumphal Arch at the head of the Champs Elysées, Bergeret commanded the Tuileries and Louvre, and returned the fire of the regular troops throughout Monday and Tuesday until midnight, when the Palace, which had survived many revolutions and dynasties, which had stood unharmed during the terrorism of Marat, Danton and Robespierre, which had been respected by foreign foes, and contained historic works of priceless value, was given to the flames. The Louvre, which, in fact, was but a portion of the Tuileries, soon after midnight was also fired. At this moment Bergeret appeared in the body of the palace, where smoke was already issuing from the ignited combustibles, and demanded that the fires should be immediately extinguished.

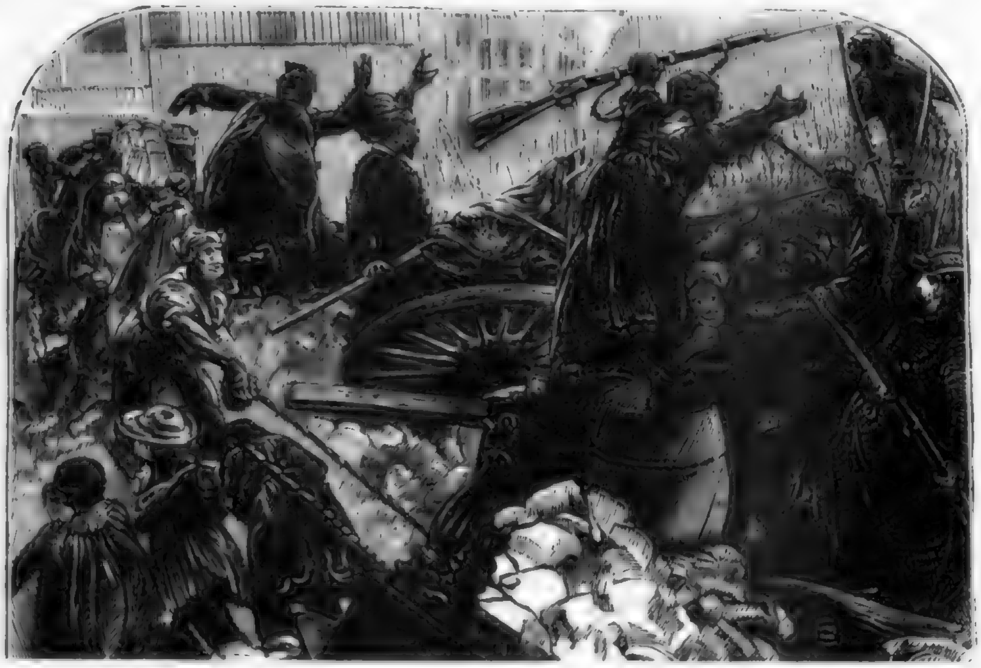
"But we have authority," said the leader of the incendiaries.

Bergeret replied, "I do not care for your authority. For what did we establish the Commune? To protect the laborer! The men who painted these

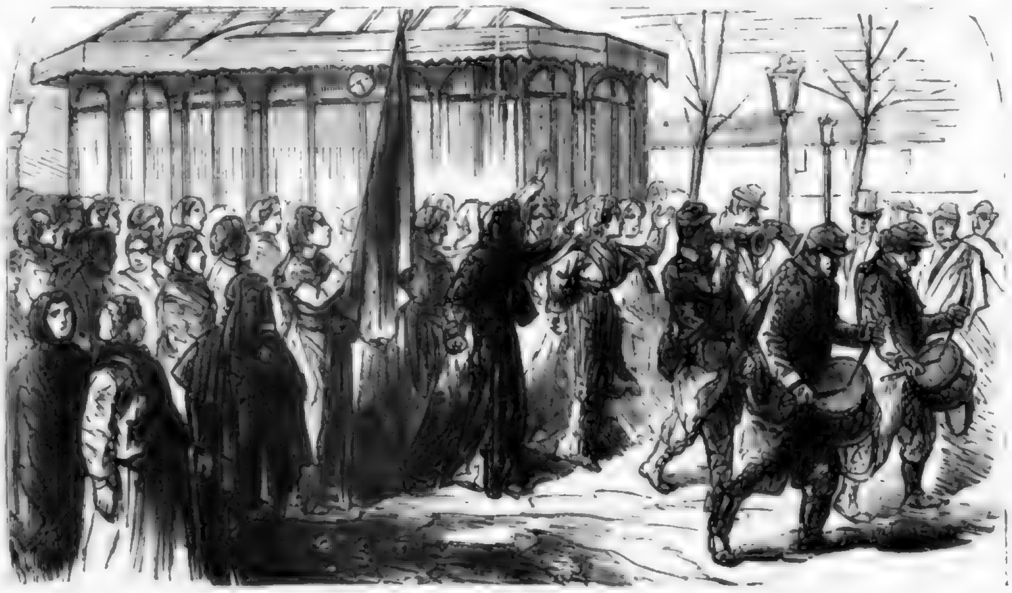


WOUNDED COMMUNISTS BROUGHT INTO PARIS.

XUM



SCENE AT A BARRICADE.

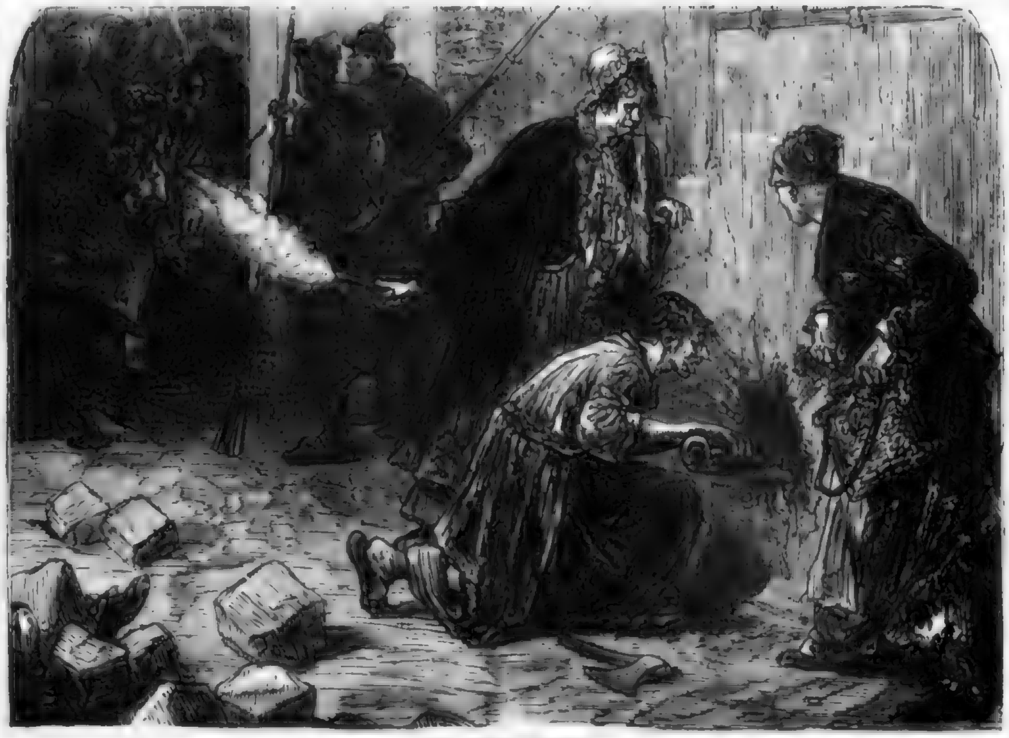


DEMONSTRATION OF FEMALES.

pictures and sculptured these marbles were workingmen like ourselves. In destroying their immortal works of glory you extinguish every living evidence of their toilsome and weary efforts to achieve fame. No! Save this ancient palace, which has been the palace of the workingman and the people, and not the palace of kings!"

This speech spared the Louvre; and, in the end, the result was that Bergeret's life was spared also. When the final hours came, Bergeret succeeded in obtaining a disguise, and secreted himself near the Bourse. He made known to his friends his whereabouts a few days thereafter. When they though, it prudent to communicate with him, he could not be found. It seems that he had sought refuge in the corner of a dark closet in a deserted apartment, and remained there for three days, suffering from hunger and thirst. His repose was disturbed finally by the noise of a troop of soldiers, who were searching the rooms, and who suddenly opened the door of his retreat. The officers exclaimed, "Bergeret, surrender!"

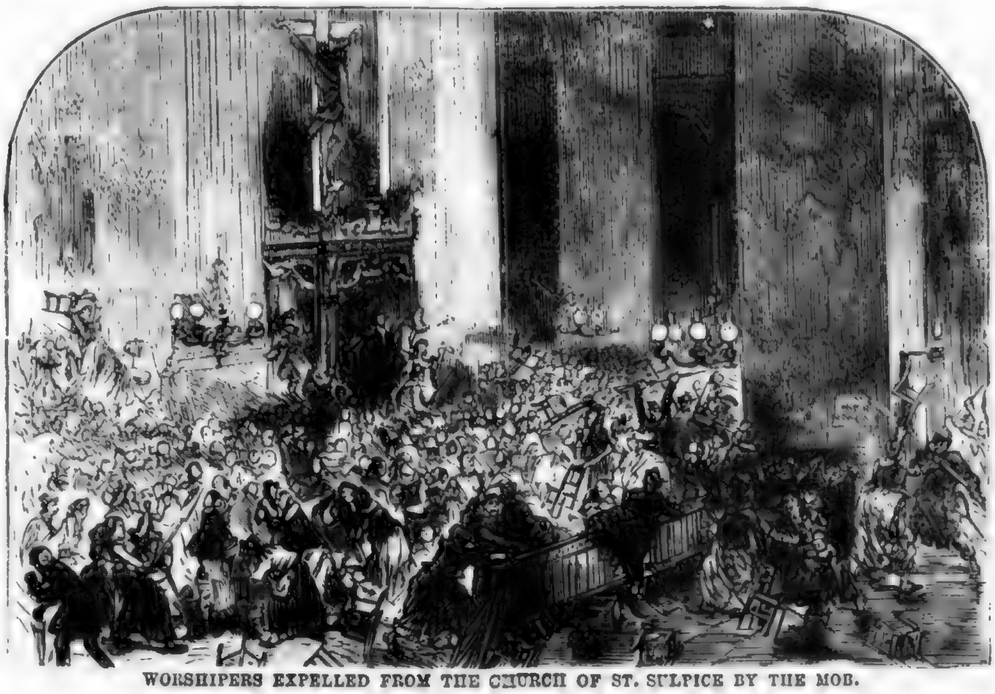
Bergeret, who is a very small man, had crouched into the smallest possible space in the darkest corner, toward which the officer at last approached, brandishing his sword, and striking a match against the wall. It was a lucky moment for Bergeret—the match, the last one the officer had, would not ignite, and the troops departed, the officers exclaiming, "Well, the miserable is not here!"



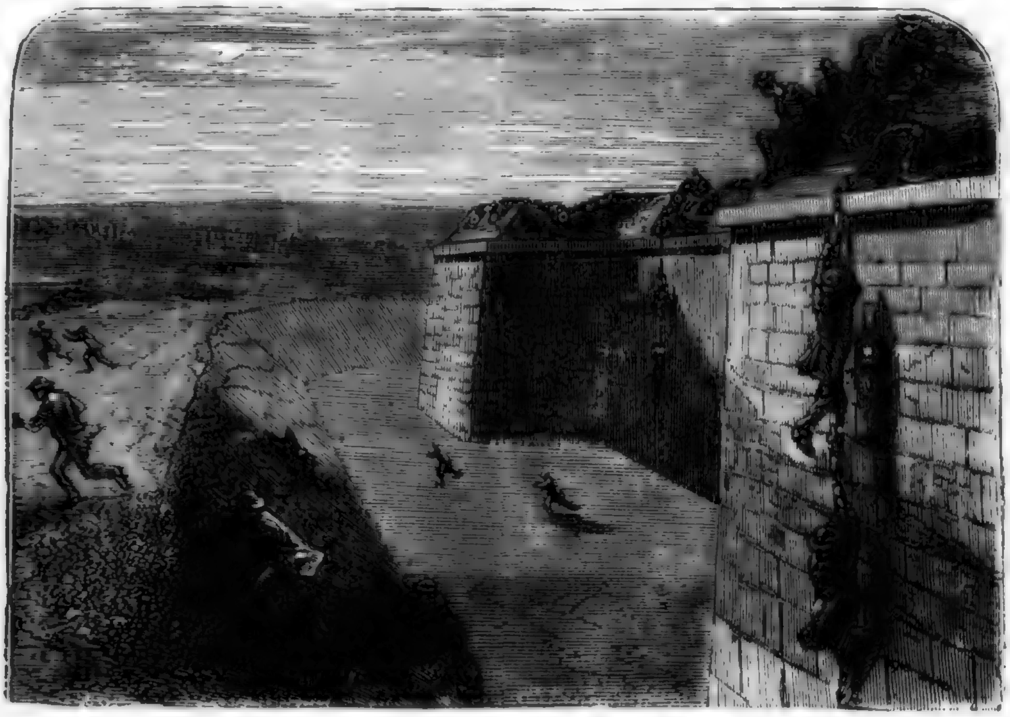
THE PETROLEUSES.

The terrified fugitive followed their dying footsteps, and seizing a favorable moment, escaped from the house. In this manner he changed his hiding-place six times. His services in saving the Louvre were soon made known to M. Thiers, who caused a member of the Assembly to conduct Bergeret to the Belgian frontier in disguise. He subsequently, with his family, took up his residence in the Island of Jersey; and was the only original active promoter, and leading participant from first to last, who escaped with his life.

Probably the most powerful moral engine of the Commune was the Communal press. Rochefort, without counseling atrocity or cruelty, daily put forth in large type in his *Mot d'Ordre* an article that was eagerly devoured by the people. One of them in particular, in which he deftly pictured the Saviour as born on a pallet of straw in contrast to the birth of a Bourbon prince in the Tuileries, had no soothing effect on the revolutionary populace. It was more by innuendo, and by keeping alive a mob-like hatred of kings that he held an acknowledged sway among the people. Felix Pyat pursued quite a different course. His paper, the *Vengeur*, was coarse, vulgar, and directly incendiary. Proscriptions, assassinations, the demolition of palaces and monuments, were advocated in each issue. The morals of the nobility were denounced. This editor went so far as to publish diagrams of private houses by name to prove incestuous intercourse among the distinguished inmates.

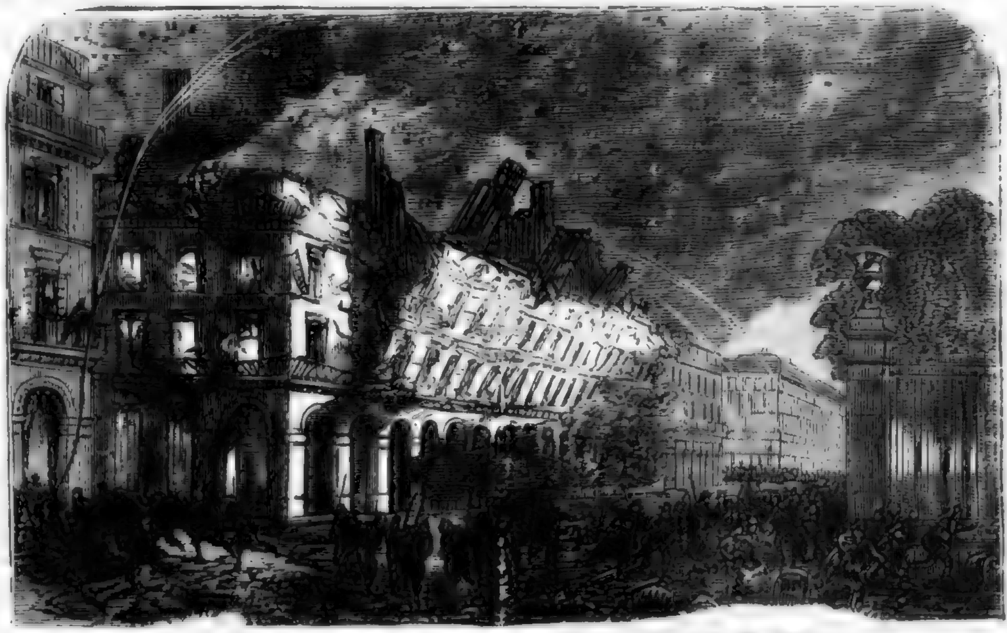


WORSHIPERS EXPELLED FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE BY THE MOB.



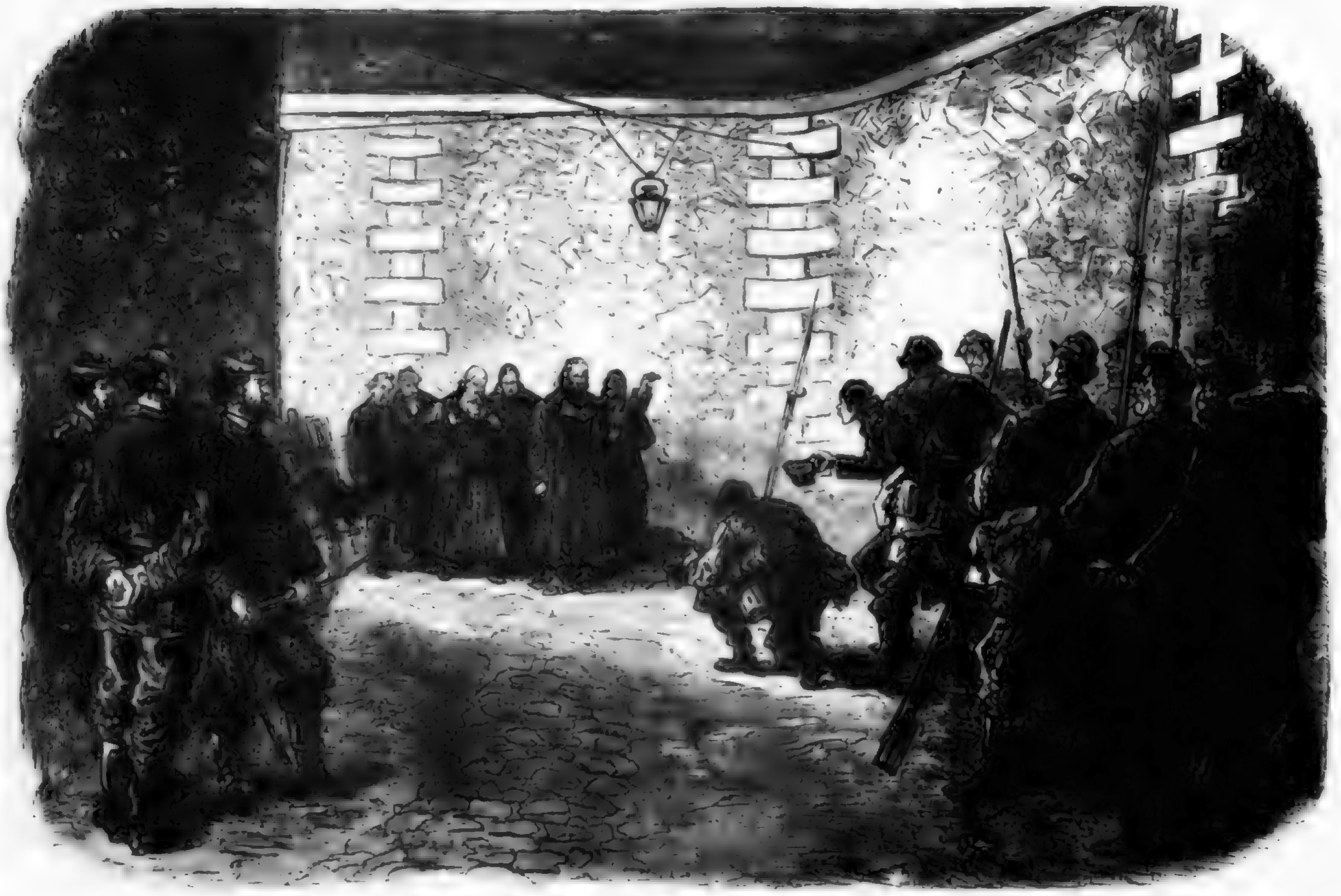
PEOPLE ESCAPING BY NIGHT OVER THE WALLS.

But it remained for the *Père Duchesne* to exceed all of its contemporaries in grossness and inflammatory appeals. No art of the imagination was ignored in the attempt to publish diabolical inventions at the expense of every one who would not join the Council of Honor. Daily bulletins were published announcing the discovery of the remains of young girls in the vaults of the churches, whither they had been inveigled by the priests directly from the confessional, to be outraged and then murdered. These alleged discoveries were republished in other journals, and a widespread indignation was aroused against the clergy. Private letters, reports of the Imperial inquisitorial police, were found in the Tuileries among the private papers of the Emperor, and these documents, comprising many volumes, were from time to time printed in sensational type, and as the stamp of authority was unmistakable, their truth could not be denied. Finally Citizen Doe and Citizen Roe came in for daily denunciation; those who were thrust into power were denounced as traitors to the red flag; recriminations became the order of the day, and it was not



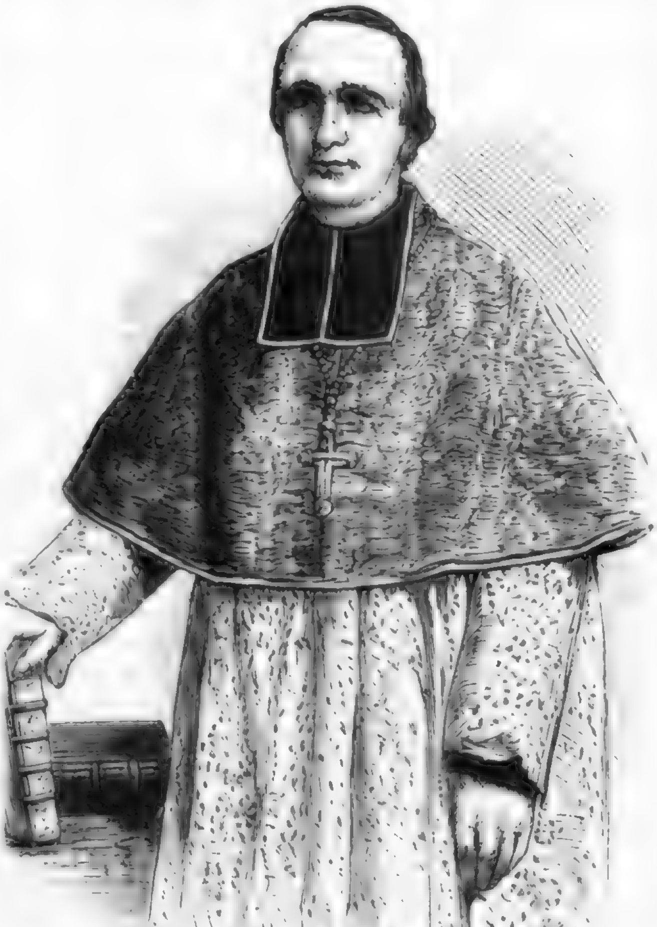
FALL OF THE FRONT OF THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, RUE DE RIVOLI.

XUM



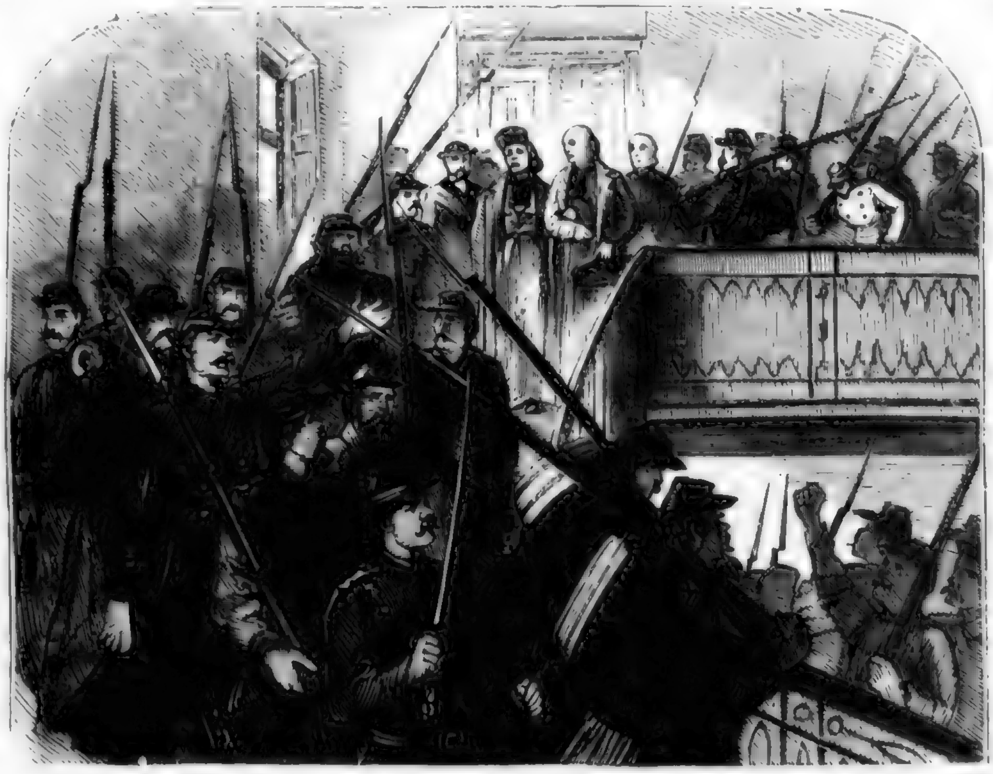
EXECUTION OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY AND OTHER HOSTAGES.

certain in the morning who would command the insurrection at night.



ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

Save Rossel, Dombrowski was the only military leader who gave vitality to the revolt. Frequently meeting him at his headquarters in the Place Vendome, and in the camp at Neuilly and the Château de la Muette, it was easy for me to conclude that if the Red Republicans set any considerable store by his Communistic sympathies their reckoning was sadly at fault. Dombrowski was simply a Pole first, and a professional revolutionist afterward. I know little of his personal history previous to his sudden appearance as the military chieftain of the Paris desperadoes. But I remember well a declaration he made during the fading fortunes of his command, when he stated that his most powerful incentive in forming an alliance with the discordant elements in the capital was hatred of Napoleon III. It seemed that he had sought and had been granted an interview with the Emperor touching the liberation of the Poles, at a time when Napoleon was at the zenith of his career. Dombrowski pleaded in vain for moral support in default of practical intervention, even going so far as reminding the Emperor of his former connection with the *Carbonari* secret society, founded for the destruction of monarchies. Thus foiled and embittered, he took advantage of the civil strife to deal some effective blows at the regular army, as it slowly but surely tightened its coils about the insurgents. Dombrowski really despised the men of his force. He soon discovered that the magic spell which held them a compact body was fifty sous a day given them from the municipal treasury, and such immunity from civil restraint as artisans and laborers, whose banner was inscribed with "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," will ever assert and compel. It is fair, however, to state that the abnormal condition of Paris during the ten weeks of the Commune was not such as to inspire the stranger with terror, provided he abstained from any active interest in the public affairs. Indeed, up to the hour when the army of MacMahon entered the city by the Porte Maillot on the 22d of May, I suffered but few personal



ARREST OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY BY THE COMMUNISTS.

indignities or inconveniences, although mingling with the soldiery and all classes of the population. For Americans especially there was little danger of personal outrage. With that blind ignorance of our institutions which characterizes all of their ideas of civil government and civil rights, the members of the Jacobin clubs and the writers of the Jacobin press were not slow in pointing out the republic of Washington as one over which the red flag floated in triumph.

No inconsiderable part of the education of Frenchmen is due to their own national folly and conceit. I think I am not transcending literal facts when I assert that the text-books used in their institutions of learning take little account of countries or civilizations beyond the borders of France. An American gentleman who had resided in France during the twenty-five years previously, assured me during the Commune that he had sent his son to school in Tours, and that taking occasion to examine his son's text-books, he found in his geography the following, which contained the only allusion to North America: "America is a republic between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, founded by a military chieftain named George Washington." The son was sent to his American home to be educated.

My personal adventures during the ten weeks' civil strife were as varied as the most reckless observer could well wish.

After the Commune had been fairly established, I removed my quarters to the Hotel du Helder, in a more central part of the city, where I could steadily observe any movements betokening active operations. Three days after, Bergeret and his Central Committee had occupied the Place Vendome—the quarter always held by the military commandant of Paris—I heard a great commotion in the street. Soon reaching the Boulevard, I beheld a long procession of citizens, evidently of the better classes, proceeding toward the Place Vendome. They were "The Men of Order," wearing blue ribbons in their buttonholes, marching four abreast, preceded by a gigantic negro, bearing the tri-color.

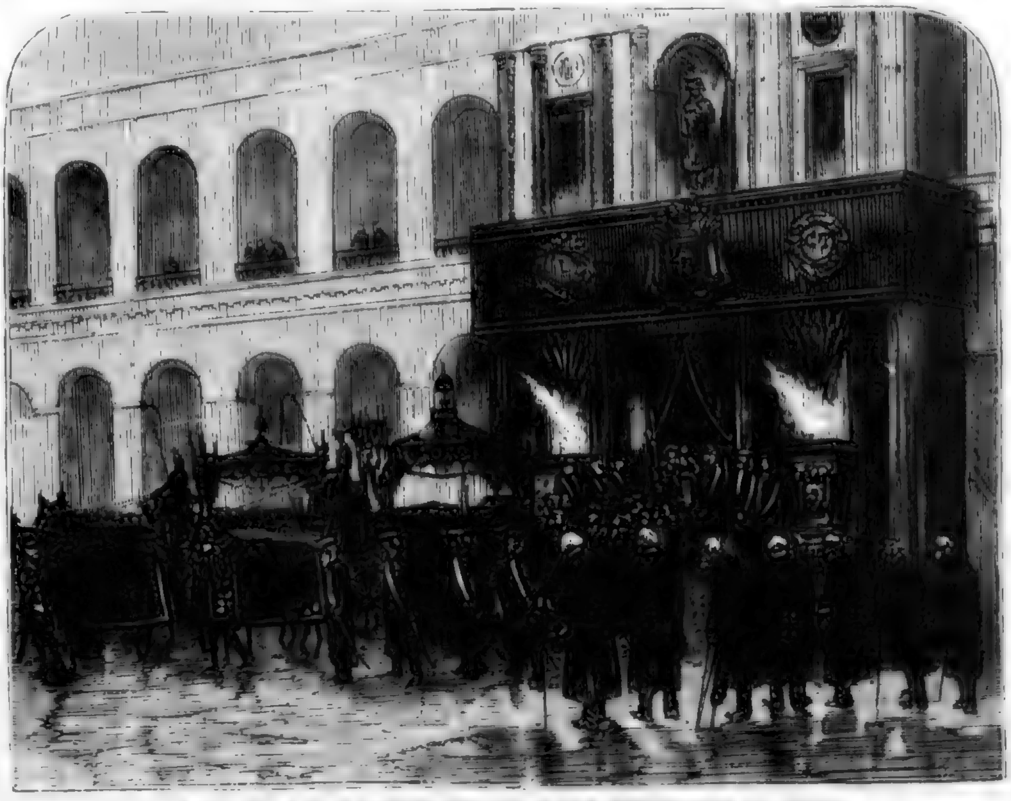
I joined the procession, which was fast augmenting in numbers; my right hand neighbor I soon found to be Edmund About. From him I learned that the demonstration included the solid men of Paris. They were to deman of the Central Committee that they remit their powers to the Government and seek a peaceable solution of all differences.

As we halted in the Place Vendome, a loud, continued cheer was given—"*Vive la France! Vive la République!*"

Bergeret appeared at the window—the little, insignificant, sallow Jacobin, with retreating forehead and deep, sunken eyes. There was a momentary lull. He brandished his sword, saying:

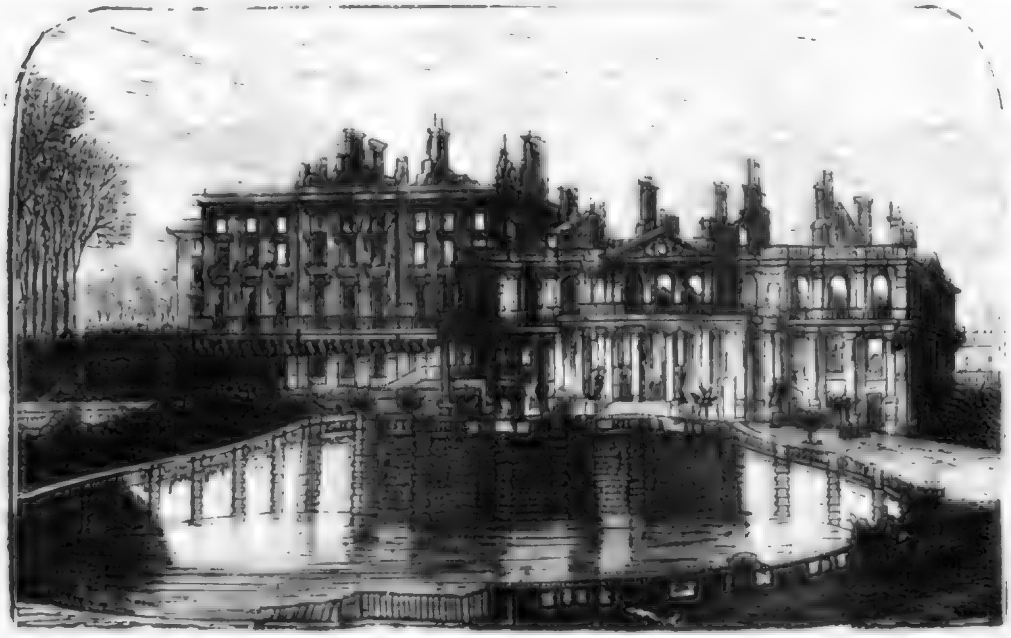
"Citizens, we demand liberty, equality, fraternity, and the Republic. That is all. Good-day."

The chieftain of Paris then retired from the window, and a hundred voices promised to return on the morrow. It was finally agreed that the citizens should



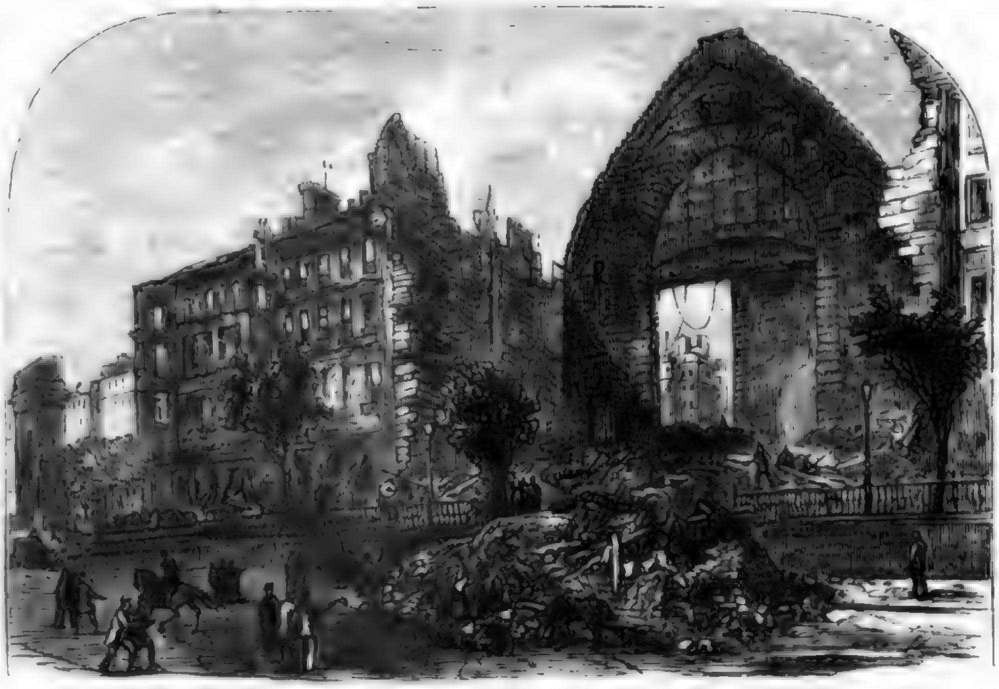
FUNERAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP, AFTER THE RESTORATION OF ORDER.

XUM



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

assemble on the next morning at 10 o'clock, and renew the demonstration. The news spread through the city, and when the hour of ten arrived, on the 22d of March, the boulevards were thronged with the solid men of Paris. The day was bright and warm, and a general feeling of confidence was restored. But the "Men of Order" little knew the material with which they had to deal. The Communists had fortified the Place Vendome during the night with strong and double lines of barricades. Platoons of the National Guards were stationed in a commanding position to sweep the Rue de la Paix. The "Men of Order" advanced up the Rue de la Paix toward the Vendome Column to the very edge of the barricades.



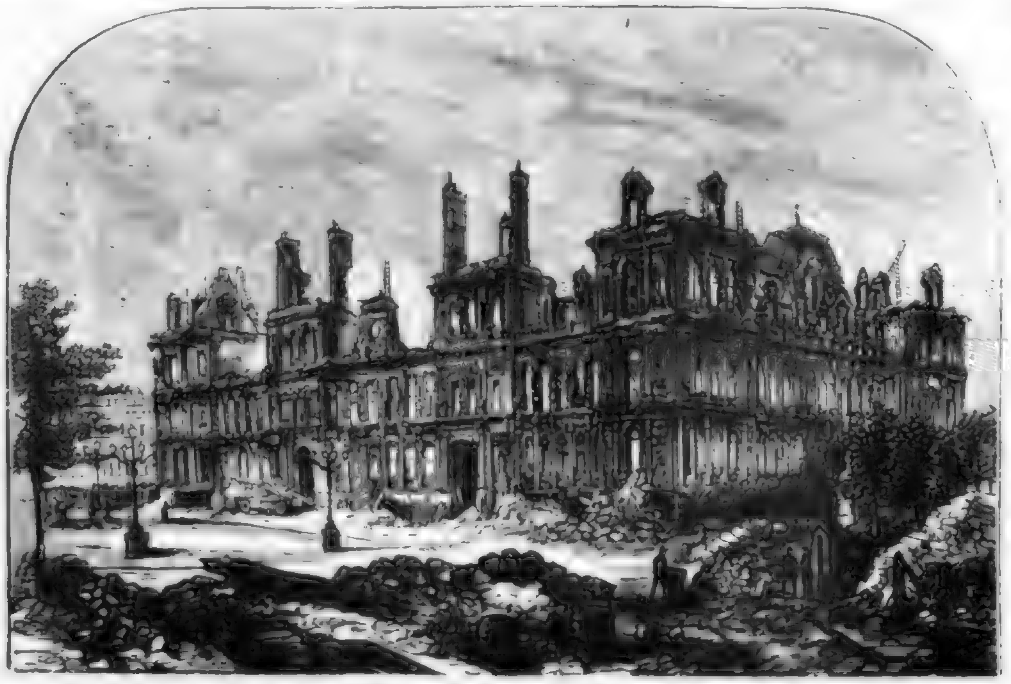
RUINS OF PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE.

At this moment, I was at the rooms of General Phil. Sheridan, in the Westminster Hotel, which commanded a fine view of the movements below. I saw the tri-color waved in the face of the National Guards, and suddenly, some one among the "Men of Order" discharged a pistol. This act inflamed the National Guards, who, by simultaneous command, discharged a volley in the air! The "Men of Order" took to their heels, and, in some respects, a more ludicrous panic I never saw. Hats, canes, and umbrellas were left strewn on the pavement; a wild rush was made down the side streets, and while these scenes were enacting the National Guards fired into the retreating "Men of Order," killing twenty-two.

After this disastrous attempt to pacify the National Guards, it was evident no further negotiations could be undertaken. Day after day the Communal strength increased, notwithstanding a further futile effort to organize resistance in the Grand Hotel, under the lead of Admiral Saisset.

The municipal elections were held on April 30th, and the Communal representatives of popular suffrage were elected from the different arrondissements. Less than 200,000 ballots were cast, and of course there was no fair opportunity for well-meaning citizens to vote.

Early in April it became apparent to Bergeret Flourens



RUINS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

(one of the most genteel of the agitators) and their *confrères*, that they should immediately occupy Mont-Valerien, directly commanding Paris, the strongest inland fortress in the world. Forty thousand men, the main column under Bergeret, advanced by the Porte Maillot, Bergeret leading the van, seated in a carriage. Without warning, the fortress opened fire, and the general's conveyance was shattered to atoms. The National Guards, cut to pieces, beat a hasty retreat; Flourens was killed; Bergeret was compelled to relinquish his office.

Of the other commanders who successively held the position of Minister of War, little in praise can be said. I know that there are those who claim that Cluseret and Rossel were examples of military genius. I think such a belief a mere sentiment founded on their quasi-respectability. At one time or another they had over 150,000 National Guards who had seen military service, to whom they paid, out of the French treasury, 2½ francs a day. These men were all schooled to the barricade, occupied the strongest forts about Paris, and held the whole line of the interior fortifications. The capital was daily supplied with food by the Northern Railroad to Boulogne, which never ceased running its trains during the second siege. There was no lack of ammunition and guns of the largest calibre. For money they had only to call on the Bank of France, the Rothschilds, or the great railway corporations, which supplied them at the point of the bayonet.

It must, therefore, be the judgment of any one accustomed to military operations that the Commune of Paris could have held out almost indefinitely under any other administration than one thoroughly weak and imbecile.

During the entire supremacy of the Commune, I daily rode on horseback along the Communal lines, from Asnieres to Neuilly, frequently suffering arrest, and as frequently the hospitalities of the National Guards, often witnessing deeds of heroism, and as often deeds of cowardice and brutality. From day to day the spectator could, from the very walls of Paris, behold any amount of bloodshed his morbid spirit might crave, and almost nightly, fires produced by the bombardment kept the heavens aglow with burning cinders borne on every breeze. Each day was not without its distinct sensation. The cartridge manufactory in the Avenue Rapp blown up, sacrificing thousands of lives; the burning of the guillotine; the massacre of Communist prisoners at Clamort; the abolition of spelling by the Commune; the tyrannical decrees of the Committee of Safety; the arrest of the last Minister of War and his incarceration in the prison of Mazas La Roquette; the taking of priests and bishops as hostages; the abandonment of another fort; the arrest of Rochefort—these were told in the *Moniteur Officiel*, as among the interesting occurrences of every fresh twenty-four hours of history.

Any account of the Commune from the interior of Paris is imperfect, without due mention is made of the terrible destruction made by the Versailles troops. Scarcely a monument or noted building was left unspared by their shot and shell. The Triumphal Arch, the Pont du Jour, the Tuileries, the Madeleine, and the Ministry of Finance were all riddled and defaced by their well-directed fire. Nor did they neglect to select the Père la Chaise, the final battlefield of the Commune, for promiscuous bombardment, casting shot and shell among the tombstones and monuments, chief among which was the memorial which covers the remains of Abelard and Heloise, whose loves and vicissitudes Lamartine has enshrined in the hearts of Frenchmen.

The pulling down of the Column Vendome occurred on the 16th of May. Marshal MacMahon took advantage of the event to issue a stirring proclamation to his troops, recalling the glorious deeds of the French soldiery in foreign lands, and reminding them of their duty to France, to punish the destroyers of the monument to the victories of their fathers.

Elaborate preparations were made by the Commune to render the spectacle one of the events of its iconoclastic reign. A scaffolding was erected above the pedestal, surrounding the shaft, in order to permit the workmen to remove the composition shell, manufactured from the cannon captured at Austerlitz, on which was graven a winding scroll of the great deeds of the "Little Corporal." This performed, a deep, wedge-like cut was made in the soft Paris stone forming the stable part of the shaft, and heavy tackle were attached to the statue of Napoleon, which surmounted the shaft. Couchet, the celebrated painter, who, like many of his class, was a fierce Communist, superintended the operations.

At the appointed hour—four o'clock in the afternoon, and in the presence of a large crowd of people, among whom were many Prussian officers, in disguise, the men manned the tackle; the column slowly yielded to the down-pulling force, and the finest monument to military prowess erected since the feats of arms of ancient Rome was suddenly prostrate in a cloud of dust which hovered over broken metal plates and the dishonored image of Napoleon, while a solitary veteran from Austerlitz watered the statue with his tears.

A singular paper, with a broad black border, was sold along the boulevards, in which the writer, with poetry and prose, apostrophized the new era—that day inaugurated—the era of peace. It is proper to say here that not one in ten of even the most sanguinary leaders approved of this piece of vandalism. Nor do I think that the demolition of the mansion of M. Thiers, or the subsequent atrocities which were committed by the Communists, would have been permitted by the people had it not been for the inexcusable cruelty with which the Versailles troops treated all prisoners falling into their hands. It is, moreover, not to be doubted that the Versailles authorities were secretly delighted with the excesses of the deluded Communists, for they furnished a pretext for wholesale reprisals and perquisitions.

In order to keep alive the agitation, the Communist journalists resorted to every phase of diabolical ingenuity. I gave careful investigation to some of their foulest inventions, and among them the charge that dead bodies and skeletons of young women, who had become victims of their confessors' lust, were found in the vaults of the churches. In order to propagate this belief, the vaults were actually opened, and bones covered with putrifying flesh were exhibited to the ribald crowds. I made a descent into these musty caverns of the dead, but could find no stronger incentive for the ruthless violation of the sacred ashes of departed communicants than plunder. Many valuable ornaments, vessels, and jewels, were removed from the cathedrals, and, it is said, a large diamond, of great value, was stolen from the hilt of the sword of Napoleon I., preserved in the cathedral of Notre Dame, which was replaced by an imitation stone.

Sunday evening, the 21st of May, was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever enjoyed in Paris. The air was soft and balmy, the *cafés* were full of pleasure-seekers, the boulevards thronged with pedestrians. I retired at midnight, little dreaming of the events that would render the morrow memorable. I was awakened early by Ernestine, my faithful domestic, who exclaimed:

"The Versailles troops have entered!"

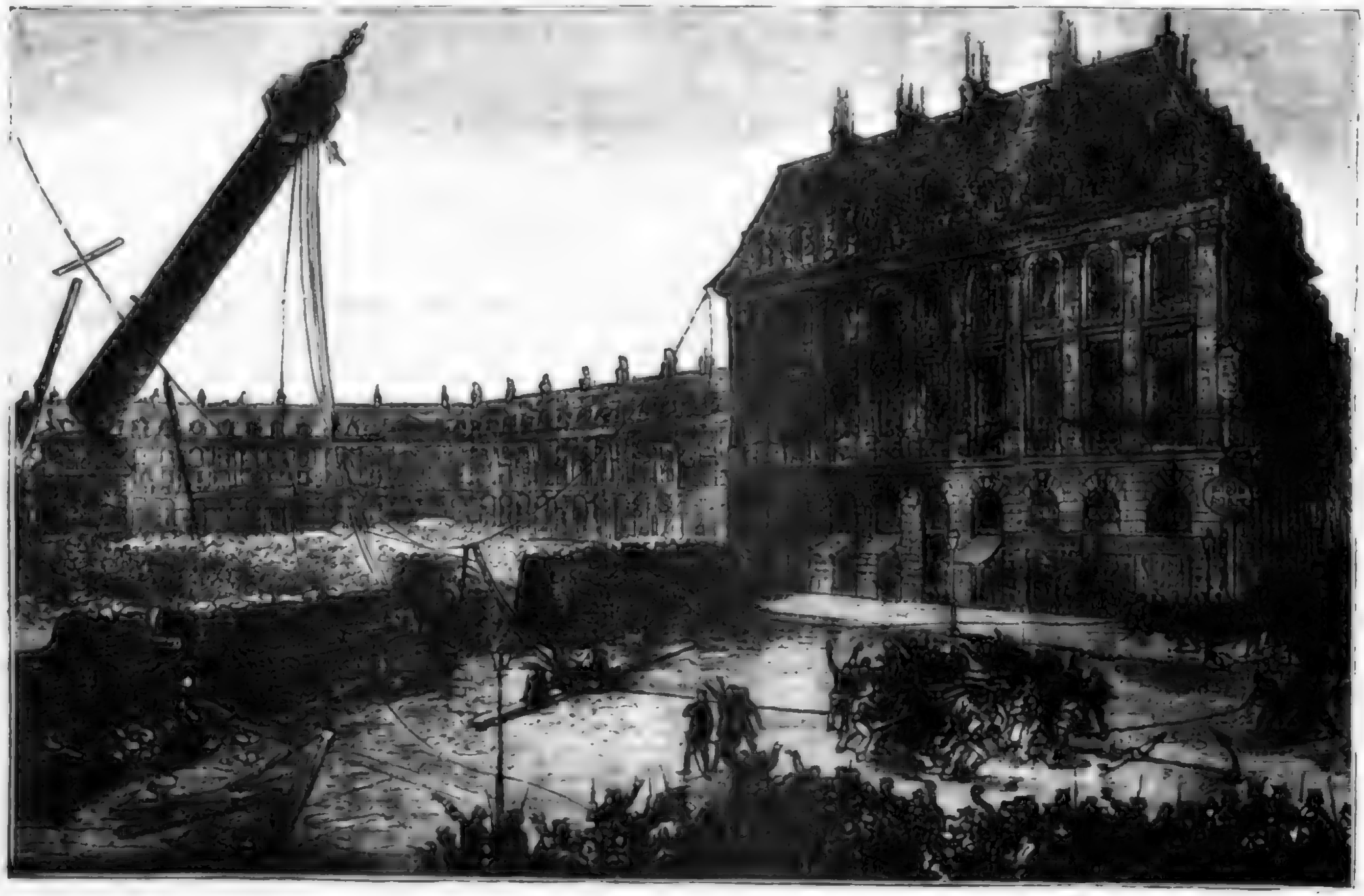
Sure enough, they had. Heavy firing was going on in the streets not far from my room; and while I was performing a hasty toilet, a piece of shell, larger than my hand, came crashing through the window. I soon learned that the Porte Maillot had been betrayed by a citizen, named

XUM

Duchatel; that nearly one-half of Paris had been captured; and the Communists were not being taken prisoners; they were being shot on sight.

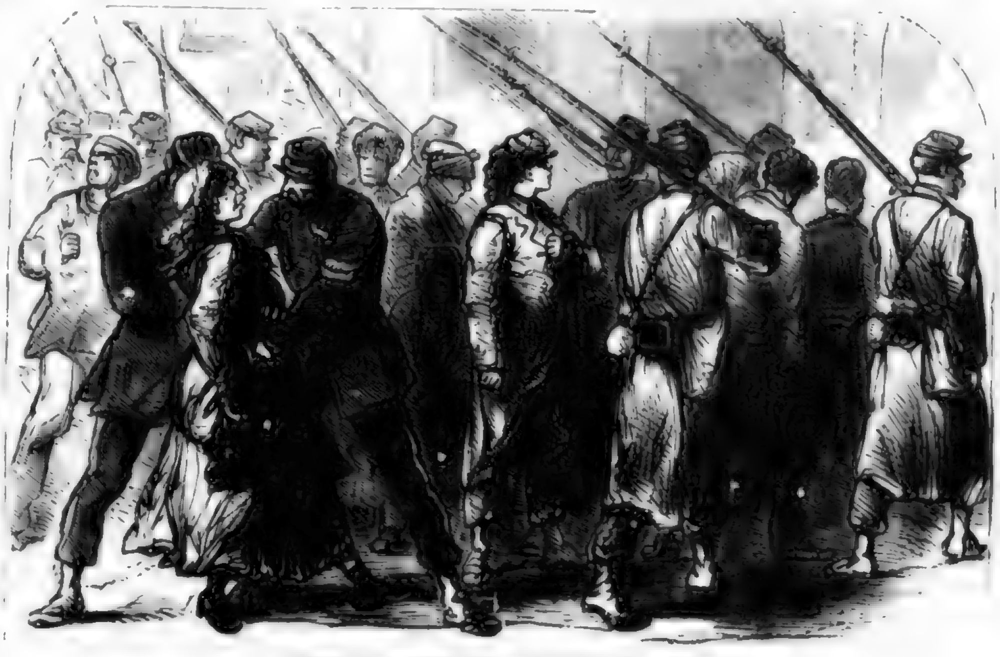
But the end was not yet. Seven days of hard fighting supervened. Barricades were thrown up in every street; the sky was mottled with flying shells; days and nights were made hideous with crashing sounds; bullets whizzing about your ears, entering your apartments, laying low some beloved friend, were among the constant episodes in the very heart of "the Capital of Civilization."

Paris, I know, has been described to death. It is not my intention to picture the splendors of her winding boulevards or the magnificence of her public buildings, nor to recall the soft and balmy atmosphere which moves under her sky of almost perpetual blue from March to December, and of that busy, frugal, light-hearted population, thronging her great thoroughfares and dwelling within her whited walls. That despair and dismal butchery should ever visit this spoiled child among the capitals of the world, is a fate you would little imagine as you contemplate the splendid monuments and signs of living prosperity built up about that aggregation of 2,000,000 of pleasure-loving people. The very aspect of Paris the Sunday evening before was peace. Her parks and public places suggested *abandon*, her streets life security; her repose at nightfall a community without fear. In the midst of such a condition of apathy the dying hours of the Commune were ushered in. Then succeeded a week of the most terrible anarchy and bloodshed, during which the French army reduced Paris to submission and its own reputation for valor to still more ignominious captivity. "Gutters running with blood," I repeat, was no longer the property of the phrase fancier. The bright skies became dull and black with the dense clouds of stationary smoke; the imposing monuments were fractured or destroyed by opposing artillery, and citizens and soldiers were massacred in the streets and boulevards. What a metamorphosis was this for a city which more than once has called itself "the Capital of Civilization"! I have sought in vain for a parallel to those seven days of the final chapter of the Commune. I have seen an army of 130,000 men, in the depths of Winter, and after a desperate struggle of three days, shattered and all but annihilated; I have witnessed a mutiny at sea, and a vessel in the perils of shipwreck; I have been on board of a man-of-war when a fire broke out adjoining the magazine; I have seen hundreds of people fall daily victims to a relentless epidemic; yet all the impressions made by these and other disastrous episodes fade before the bloody glare of that final week of the Commune.

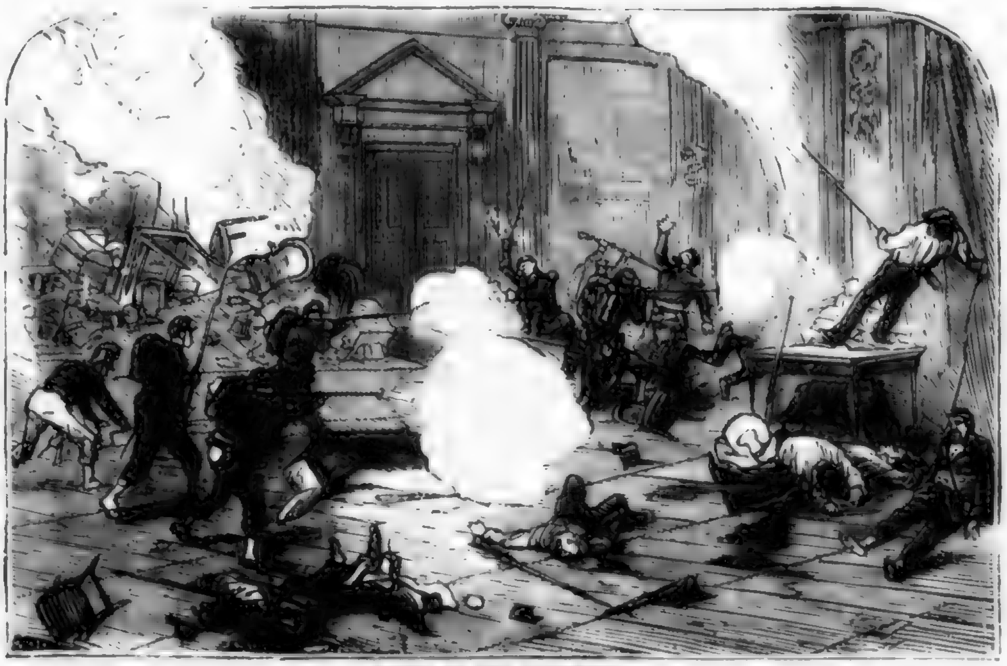


FALL OF THE COLUMN VENDOME.

On Tuesday evening broke out that last despairing series of acts which will ever stand out as a hideous blot on whatever was just or excusable in the republican demonstration in the French capital—the firing of Paris. A hundred escapes from death on that eventful Tuesday from early morn till four o'clock in the afternoon; forced on the barricades and made to pile up the paving-stones to resist the fast approaching and bloodthirsty invaders; ordered here and ordered there by the wild and reckless blue-blouses and enraged Communists, who often saluted me between their grinding teeth as "Aristocrat! aristocrat!" for my attire was of the newest fabrics and most fashionable cut; weary and sick of the terrible destruction of life and property that was proceeding before my eyes, I at last sought refuge in the court of a friend's house in the Rue de la Paix, which had not yet fallen into the hands of MacMahon's army. Scarcely had I closed the gate before I saw an excited citizen, with gun in hand, clambering down the garden-wall, having issued from the neighboring house. I greeted him in a bold manner, asking him, "Are you a fool?" He turned on me with an angry glare, which I repaid with a sneer, when he poised his gun to fire at me, but there was no danger in that man, for almost suddenly he raised up his arms, dropping his rifle, and fell trembling a corpse at my feet, pierced by a ball from the Versailles troops in the street below. Throughout the afternoon scenes like these were enacting throughout this attractive and imposing part of Paris. And yet even during these bloody hours the non-combatants were cool and placid. No greater mistake has ever taken place in the popular apprehension than that civil strife, however sanguinary, in Paris, is not enjoyed by the mercurial populace. A carnival of horrors will as readily excite the keenest wit and most boisterous mirth as the funniest extravaganza at the *Vaudeville* or the best *bon mots* of Charivari. I saw a group of three citizens standing in front of the new Opera House on the Thursday following, when a shell from the direction of Montmartre disemboweled the mirthful group, the members of which, at the very moment they were shattered to atoms, were passing witicisms on a headless body lying in the gutter.



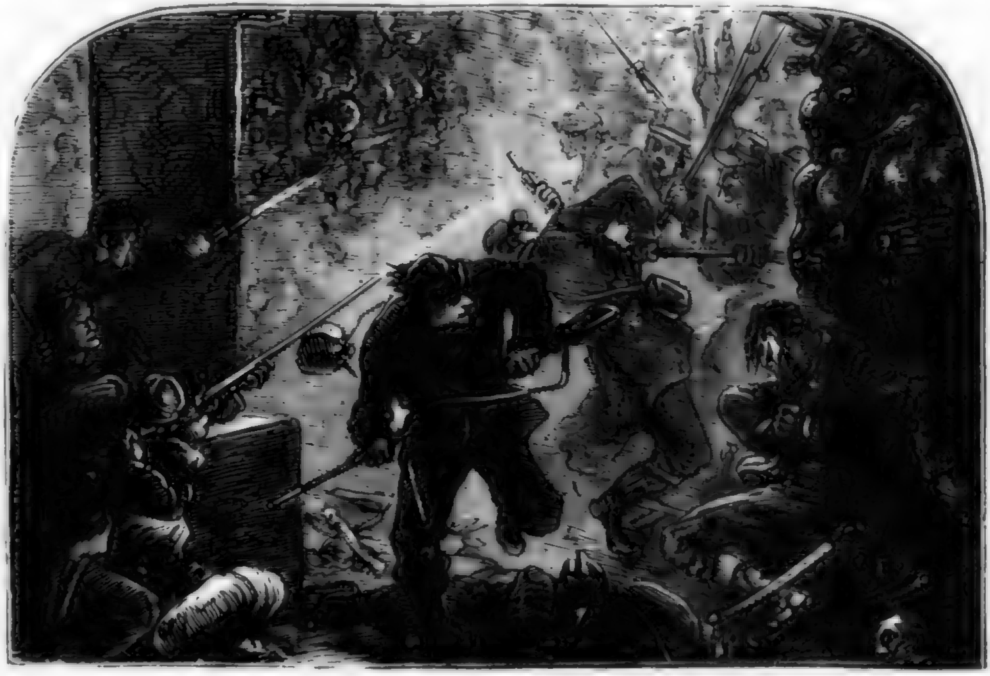
WOMEN ARRESTED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



FIGHT OF THE PANTHEON.

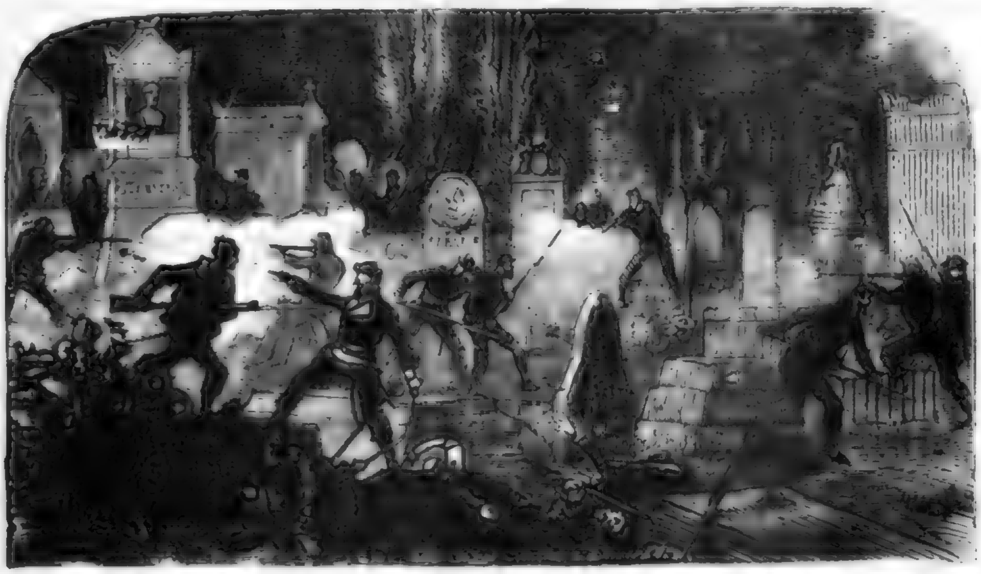
During the first two days of this struggle, I occupied apartments in the Maison Giroux, situated at the convergence of five streets on the Boulevard des Capucines. These apartments formed the residence of three American ladies who found themselves in Paris without protection, and to whom I felt it a pleasure and a duty to extend such courtesies as were in my power. For over forty-eight hours these rooms were riddled with chassepot and mitrailleuse balls. The mirrors, chandeliers, furniture and ceilings received the uninterrupted fire of four barricades; and finally their large "Saratogas," in which they had stored laces and other choice articles but recently purchased, were almost totally destroyed. Such a theatre of destruction was seldom, if ever, witnessed. Even the American flag, put out from their window, was a curious cobweb of tatters.

The reader may well imagine that ladies subjected to perils of the magnitude described must have had their nerves stretched to the extremest tension. Yet it is pleasant to relate that they exhibited no nervousness at all. The fact was, Paris and all inhabiting it, surfeited



GOVERNMENT TROOPS PURSUING COMMUNISTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

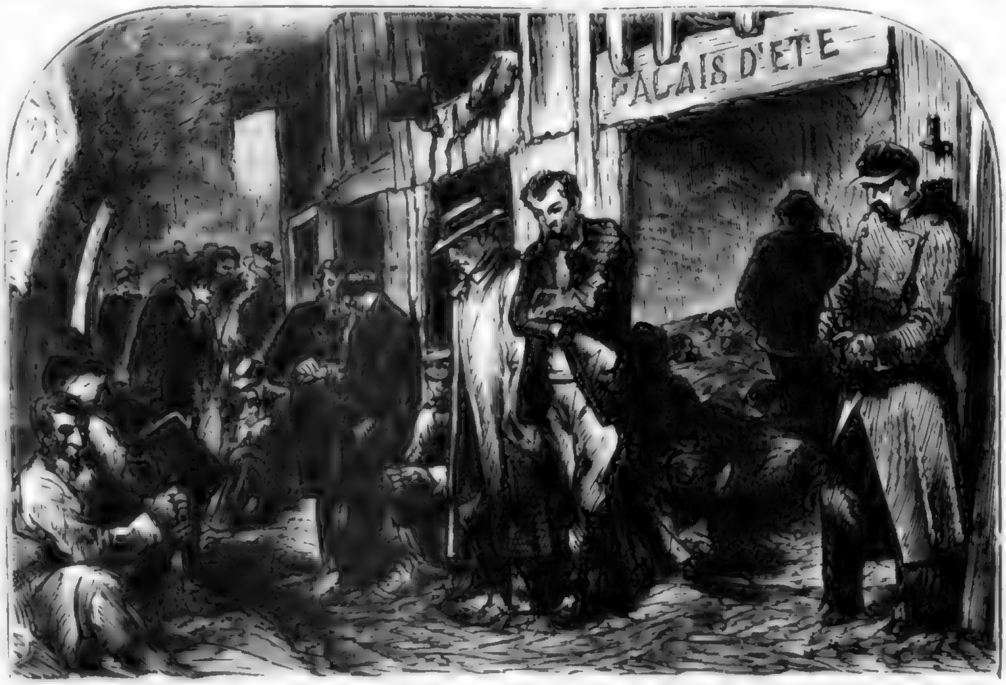
XUM



VINOY'S FORCES DRIVING COMMUNISTS FROM THEIR LAST POSITION, IN PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

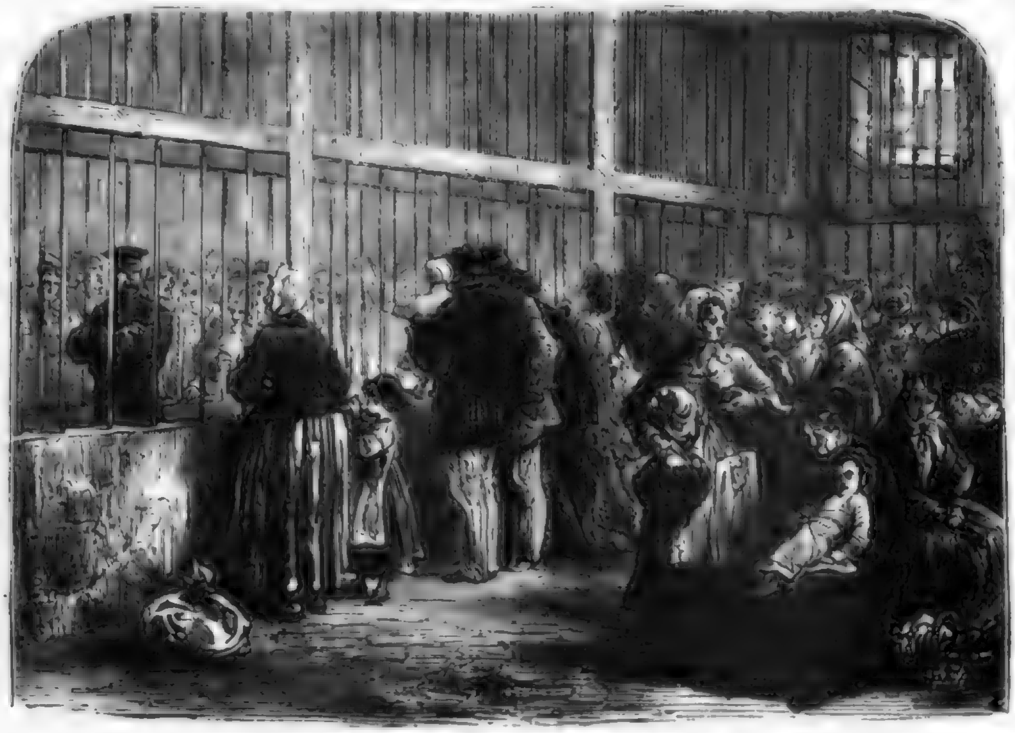
with ordinary dangers, famines, massacres and epidemics, were rather anxious to experience the longest attenuation of the horrible, the utmost refinement of the cruel.

On Wednesday evening my lady friends were called upon to undergo a bitter experience. I was escorting them, about six in the evening, to a *table d'hôte* not a thousand yards distant, when we were all suddenly arrested by a platoon of soldiers and accused of firing from the Maison Giroux on the Versailles troops. The charge was preposterous, and was made emphatically so by more than a dozen bullets which, at the very moment I was remonstrating with the officer, came whistling about our heads. The valiant troop soon dispersed at this demonstration of some concealed Communists, and we wended our way to dinner. We had scarcely finished our soup before the same band made their appearance, arrested the entire party, including a friend, and dragged us from the table, in the presence of Mr. Washburne's secretary.



COMMUNIST PRISONERS IN CELLARS AT VERSAILLES.

Under escort, we were conducted through the street, surrounded by a mob, shouting, "Chapeaux bas! chapeaux bas!" "A la mort! à la mort!" The ladies, it may be presumed, did not escape insult. As we were conducted before the Commandant of Paris, bayonets completely surrounded us, the points piercing to the very skin. The captain, to whom was delegated the duty of exercising his judgment as to whom should be put in the squad to be shot, or marched off barefooted a distance of nineteen miles to Satory, counted us in the squad to be shot. But at last, at eleven o'clock that night, Mr. Washburne appeared, and was able to state that we were other than had been represented. By fifteen minutes only had we escaped from the jaws of death!



FEMALE COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT ST. LAZARE.

English peers, ladies in delicate health, and belonging to the proudest aristocracies of the Old World, and feeble little children, were alike subjected to the grossest indignities of these wild victors in their hour of insensate delirium. What followed — the shooting down of 40,000 helpless men, women and children by the Versailles troops; the 300,000 perquisitions; the military executions at Satory—all performed by an army led by MacMahon and inspired by Thiers, could scarcely find justification in the burning of Paris, in the shooting of the hostages, at the hands of indignant revolutionists.

In regard to the burning of Paris, I wish to say here, it has been grossly exaggerated. Almost simultaneously a few of her grand buildings were fired, and many documents were destroyed; but I am not one of those who consider such destruction an irreparable one. Paris, to be beautiful, must be as periodically renewed, as France has shown that her government must be periodically renovated and replaced.

While uttering no word of defense for the ruthless acts of the incendiaries, the Tuileries and Hotel de Ville taught few lessons to the French people which they could remember with pride of feeling for their own ancestors. The Bastile itself, which was destroyed never to be rebuilt, was scarcely less suggestive of the criminality of sovereigns than was the Conciergerie, made famous by the excesses of the Reign of Terror.

Let me now turn from effects to causes. The Commune was the natural result of nineteen years of the Empire. It was an expression of the condensed furies long pent up in the most turbulent capital of Europe. With a pretext that France had lost two provinces and five milliards by the imbecilities of the Empire and the cowardice of the new Republic, the Communists became masters of the Paris population. To name it with as great accuracy as I can command, the Commune was an aggregation of green men with red ideas. It began in principle and ended in crime. It was unemployed labor and wretched poverty let loose on a despairing city. Its orators were undisciplined ranters; its writers consistent and ruthless agitators; its officials bold, ambitious adventurers, whose acknowledged aim was "a page in history!" Unlike the great revolution of '89, it did not produce a lofty character or a truly great man. Had such an one appeared on the surface, the whole of Europe would have been delivered up to a wild revolution.

I was wandering about one day, during the Commune, in the Place de la Concorde, with a distinguished English historical writer. We paused before the spot where Louis XVI. was guillotined. He exclaimed:

"What a colossal lie is French history! Some years ago I tried to prepare the story of the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes, his apprehension, trial, and death. The task was impossible; I put by my pen, for I could not reconcile black to white. The records were contradictory; the evidence of eye-witnesses at variance on the most important points; and one authority had it that the king died as a hero, while another that he perished as a coward! Now I have come to reside among the Communists, in order that I may guide my pen by my ear and my eye!"

Hence it is necessary to glance at a scrap of European history, and endeavor to measure the latent and active forces which have drawn the great masses from the degrading depths of consuming feudalism, and have compelled the European powers to adopt forms of constitutional government. The French Revolution, in process of time, changed the entire political situation of Europe. It taught the titled landowner that the cultivator of his acres was not the social zero which he had long been counted, but that he was a man capable of appreciating and asserting rights, whether in themselves inherent to him, or acquired by the sudden outburst of popular passion. The French revolution made of every man to westward of the Danube a fraction, when before he was a literal cipher. To-day, the majority of the descendants of these revolutionists are struggling to become units in the body politic. The reaction came, and for half a century it ruled Europe. Then the historic year of 1848 found all the powers again struggling against the indignant cries of oppressed peoples. The capitals and great cities were made terrible by street riots and civil wars; it was the workshop against the château, the hut against the palace, the producer against the consumer, incipient democracy against paternal despotism. Need the result be stated?—how progress advanced another chapter in the book of time; how a second reaction came, during which Hungary again succumbed to the Hapsburgs, and volcanic France passed under the government of a second empire?

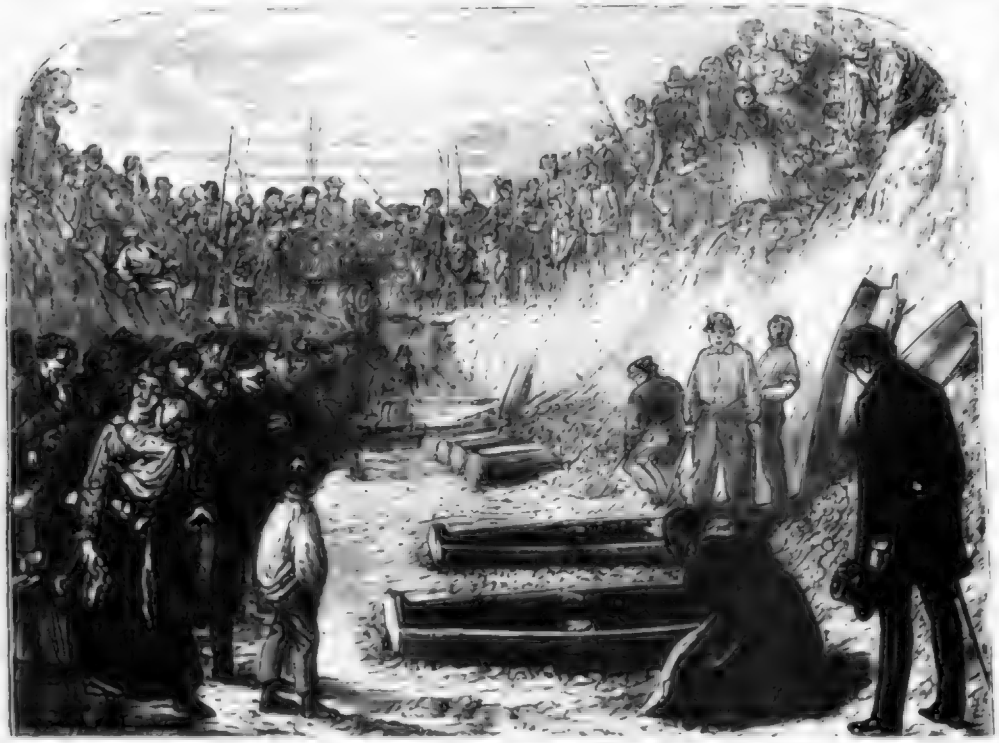
The principal defect in all the governments holding sway in France during the last hundred years, has been a want of appreciation of the turbulent elements in the great cities. All of the large centres of population are radical hot-beds, and the prevailing political forces, led by irrepressible journalists, are comprised mainly of artisans and those who have suffered whatever kind of martyrdom at the hands of rulers who little cared or knew how to deal with combustible material. A sagacious statesman, it is almost certain, could, by concessions at one time and by firmness without tyranny at another, have held these revolutionary clans in moderate subjection. But there is little elasticity in the political *doctrinaire*. The fact is, the Republican, Imperialist and Monarchist are equally strangers to tolerance, and they demand a whole loaf or no bread. In fine, France, physical and metaphysical, to write in general terms, seems to have produced a mortal whose craving is a perpetual change of sensations, whether they pertain to his pleasures, pains or political rights. He is not a stable being. Yet he is a natural republicanizer of Europe, and to him is due much of the credit that it is susceptible of mathematical demonstration that all Europe will eventually become a republic.

The children of those who were massacred in '48 inherit the advanced opinions of their ancestors, as much as the noblemen inherit their monarchical preferences; and the former, equally with the latter, have their ardent historians. Not as with Americans often, do the sons of fearless patriots, after having attained a certain social prominence, repudiate the illustrious principles of their fathers—principles which, if they had not triumphed, would have left the American youth of to-day in the pitiable plight of the wretched operatives and cultivators of Great Britain. Yet we find abroad, men living, respected and honored, not because of their eminent attainments, but because they are American citizens, identified with the prosperity of this country and the free institutions which govern it. Many of them long for a crown, and sigh for a titled aristocracy, forgetting that if they or their progenitors had been born under such institutions they would have remained among degraded peasants. Among European Republicans no such remarkable class has yet been developed. When the head of the family is a Democrat, his wife is one too, and the children are educated in the faith of the father. If he fall a victim to his advanced convictions, the son cherishes the memory of his father, and is prepared to avenge his death.

In France, the Republicans think in families, not in individualities; and as these families are much more numerous than those of the noblemen, the liberal classes are slowly acquiring a strength, independent of popular movements.

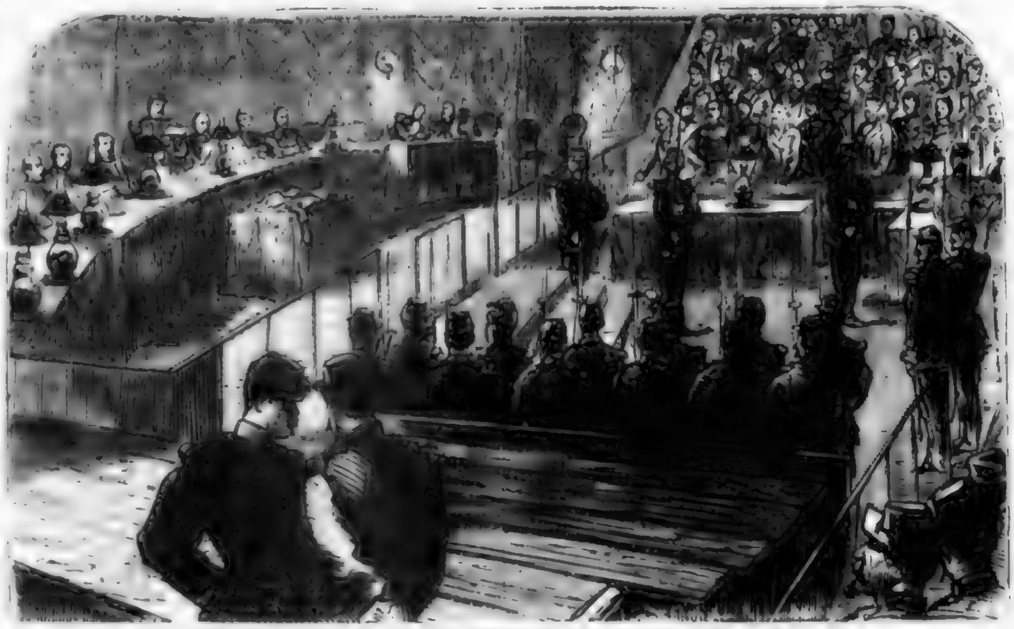
From the views presented, I must conclude, therefore, the Commune, judged in many particulars, was a happy event. As a mere local circumstance, it was deplorable. It was happy because it was in its early hours the protest of Paris against kings; the voice of men who had suffered by galling servitude demanding that the yoke shall not again be placed about their necks. If a monarchical assembly had not convened at Bordeaux, a violent Commune

XUM



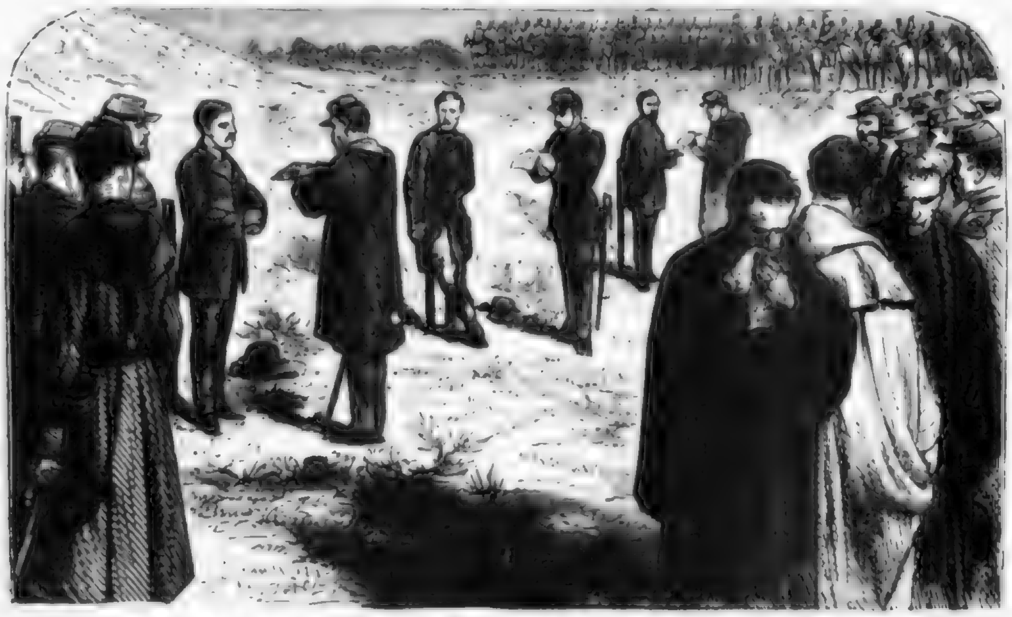
BURIAL OF COMMUNIST DEAD AT PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

would never have organized at Paris. If M. Thiers had not assured the Republican leaders of the Assembly that he would never permit a monarchy to be established, the Commune, instead of being confined to the walls of the capital, would have extended from the English Channel to the Mediterranean Sea. Therefore, if the Commune had not risen with its appalling strength at a critical period in the Presidency of M. Thiers, and stood as the sentinel of the Republic, it is beyond all doubt true that France would have been rent asunder by a general civil war. The extraordinary heroism of the capital in submitting to the privations of a five months' siege had given its republican proclivities prestige in the country, notwithstanding the fact that true principles were damned by the advocacy of bad men. It must be regarded as happy, also, that a monarchical Assembly was chosen; for if the people had selected the *guerre à outrance* representatives the whole of France would have become temporarily a German province, and the reaction would again have placed France under hopelessly monarchical institutions. Conservative influences prevailed, and a wise statesman succeeded in calming the passions of all parties and in uniting Frenchmen to one purpose, the restoration of *la belle France* to its position in the family of nations.



THE COMMUNIST TRIALS AT VERSAILLES—READING THE SENTENCE.

We hear it often asserted, "Oh, France is not fit for a republic!" The wisdom of this remark seems plausible to many, therefore let us ask, if France is not fit for a republic, what is she fit for?" Erect a monarch, and the monarch is either beheaded or driven into exile; establish an empire or paternal government, and you find such final chapters as Waterloo and Sédan; but we have yet to learn that a republic has ever been overthrown; it has always been betrayed. "A republic," says M. Thiers, "is the government that divides us least, hence it is the best."



EXECUTION OF ROSSEL, FERRÉ AND BOURGEOIS, COMMUNIST LEADERS, AT SATORY.

Revolutionists destroy crowns, usurpers crush republics; to which class is our century most indebted for the progress that we now enjoy?

AN OLD-FASHIONED HERO.

By Etta W. Pierce.

He has been dust and ashes for a hundred years. I have never seen his name in any record of his adopted State, nor heard it classed with the heroes of the old perilous days. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the story of Dave Thompson, the Scotch emigrant of St. George, is worthy of remembrance.

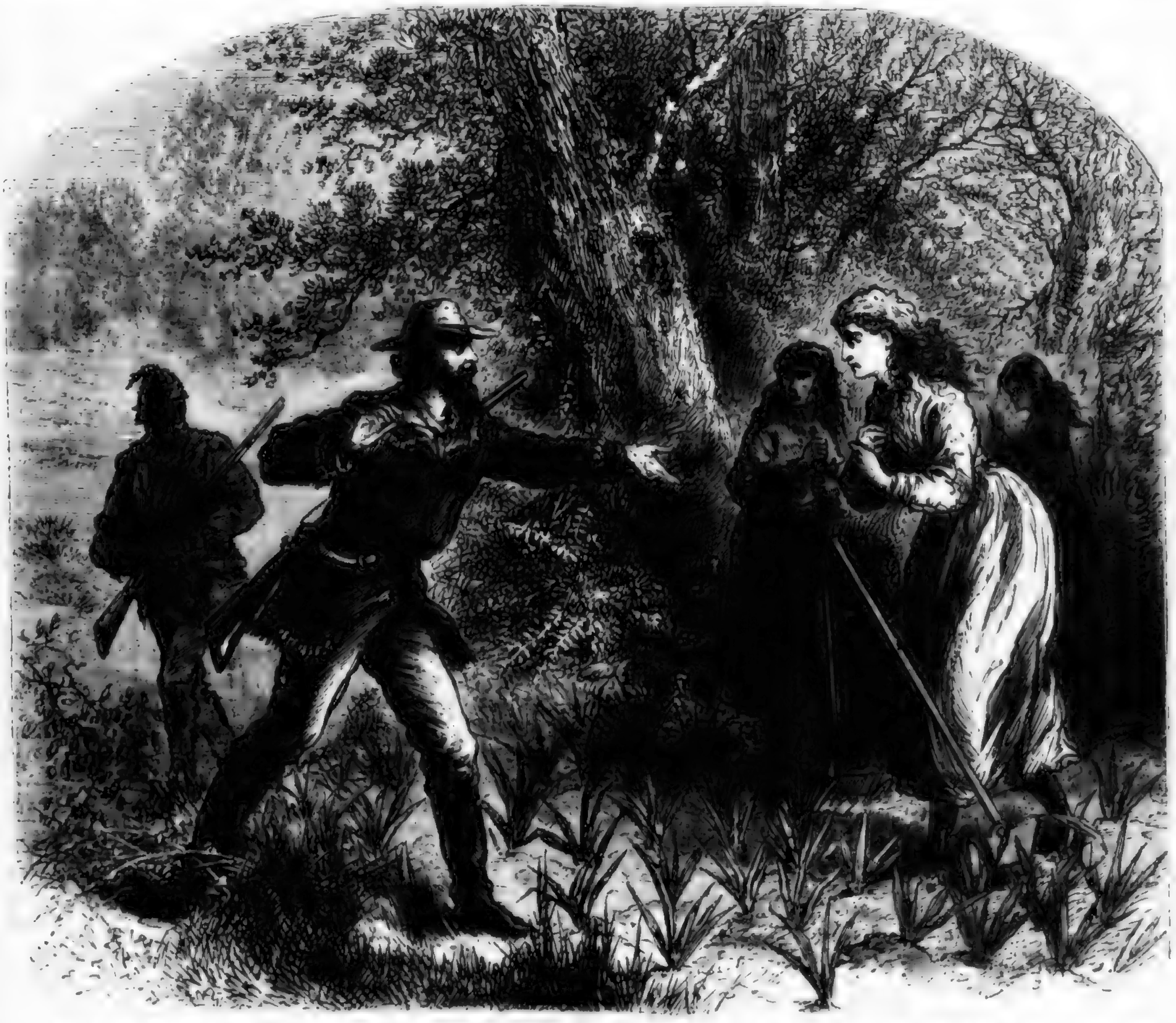
He came to the settlement about the year 1750. He soon became skilled in woodcraft and Indian fighting, and during the French war entered the service of Eli James, a well-to-do settler, who had a farm and saw-mill on the river, and also a young daughter called Hannah—the prettiest creature to be found in all Maine. She numbered among her lovers every marriageable man in the settlement—Dave Thompson among the rest; but, though she had smiles in plenty for all the others, for him she had nothing but frowns. He was a brawny, loutish fellow, with a shock of red hair, and a square, reticent face, bashful among women, and bold among men. Ill fared his suit with pretty, willful Hannah.

"You are as gloomy as an owl, Dave," she would scoff, gayly, "and as dull as ditch-water. One might as well set up the tongs in the chimney-corner for company. But Reuben Kidd and the young men at the garrison—*they* never tire one—*they* never sit and glower at a body, without speaking, the whole evening through."

Dave colored to the roots of his red hair.

"Aweel, they maun e'en act out their ain sels, Hannah, and I maun do the same. I canna talk to ye as to ithers—my heart swells up big into my throat, and chokes the words back. They be braw callants down to the garrison—Rube Kidd among the rest; but hoot! lassie, is there one of them a' whose soul yearns over ye like to mine?"

Hannah did not find such silent devotion to her liking, so she merely tossed her yellow hair, and went on with her knitting.



AN OLD-FASHIONED HERO.—"THOMPSON, FOLLOWED BY THE TRADER, WALKED ALONG THE FIELD, UNDER COVER OF A THICKET, AND PEERED OUT UPON THE CAPTIVE. SHE STOOD, BAREHEADED IN THE SUN, HOEING SOME CORN WITH INDIAN WOMEN. 'HANNAH!' HE SCREAMED, LEAPING FORWARD TO EMBRACE HER."

But troublous times had come upon the settlement. No work could be done in the fields except under a strong guard. Frightened by constantly increasing outrages, the settlers began to abandon their homes, and fly to the forts and block-houses. One of the last to leave was Eli James. He clung to his own hearth with great tenacity. He was old and stricken with palsy, and sorely troubled in spirit about Hannah.

"It's time for ye to choose a husband, my girl," he said to her one night, when they were all sitting about the fire. "What's to become of ye, left all alone in times like these, when I die? Here's Reuben, and here's Dave—I've not a straw to choose betwixt them. Ye need a husband and

XUM

they've both asked ye to marry, so take one or the other, lass, and make an end of it."

Hannah hung her pretty head lower over her knitting, and grew red and pale by turns. On one side of her sat Reuben Kidd, a fine, handsome fellow, with the warm breath of the cattle-house still clinging about him, and on the other was Dave Thompson, his loaded rifle leaning against the wall beside him, the firelight playing on his square, plain face.

"Would to heaven you'd listen to that, Hannah," said Reuben. "Why not to-night as well as any other time. If Dave is willing to abide by your choice, so also am I."

"I'm willing and mair," Dave answered, slowly. "Hoot, lassie, take me now, or leave me. It's the fearing and waiting that kills."

He rose to his feet, Reuben did likewise, and Hannah pushed back her stool also, and stood between them, rapidly changing color, and looking from one to the other like a startled fawn.

"Ye needn't fear to speak out," said the old father; "they are good lads both, and too fond of each other to be parted by a little chit like you. Follow your own heart, girl—follow your own heart."

With a little sob, Hannah ran up to handsome Reuben, and dropped her rosy face against his shoulder.

"I choose *you*," she stammered, then struggled out of his rapturous embrace to look back at poor Dave. "I'm sorry," she said; "I didn't mean to hurt you. I *like* you—I *love* Reuben—I hope you'll forgive me."

He looked a shade paler and graver, but that was all.

"There's naught to forgive, lassie. Don't ye mind me. I ken love don't come or gae wi' the asking. God be wi' ye both. I think I'll gae out and take a turn across the clearing. None o' ye need sit up for me."

He shook hands with Kidd, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and departed, and was seen no more that night.

Down on the river's bank, in a clump of bushes, he lay till daydawn. The loons dipped with unearthly screams around him, the wind sighed, the stealthy Indian crept near, intent on midnight massacre; but poor Dave, dead to everything save the cry of his own heart, lay motionless and quite unheeding, with his face in the dust.

The next day the Indians burned James's saw-mill on the river, and killed two settlers at work near it. A retreat to the garrison was now imperative. Dave Thompson carried the palsied old man thither on his back, and Hannah and Reuben followed with the household gods. All that night they heard the redskins outside the stockade mocking the watch, and the barking of the dogs.

At the fort, Hannah, yielding to the importunities of father and lover, began to prepare for her marriage. From a fleece of Dave Thompson's shearing, she wove her wedding-gown with her own hand, and one Summer night the old Scotch parson got out his bible and text-book, and the harassed, anxious garrison made ready for a festival.

It had been a day of great peace and quiet. No Indians had been seen or heard anywhere about the fort. Twilight drew on. The loons began their unearthly cries, and the frogs their croaking in the lowlands.

The canny Scotch folks, on first settling down in the wilderness, were greatly terrified at these noises, and used to pray fervently to be delivered from "witches and warlocks, and the *things that cried 'Boo' in the meadows!*"

Those were practical days. The men had not yet returned from the fields, and although it lacked but an hour or two to the wedding, Hannah took her pail with the other women, and went out to milk the cows in a green lane just outside the stockade. They were hard at work, their laughter and chatter filling the air, when one of the women, named Margaret Patterson, became alarmed by a sudden movement in a clump of bushes bordering the lane.

"What is that?" she called to Hannah James, who was milking nearest of all to the suspicious point.

"I see nothing," answered Hannah.

"It's Rube, maybe, creeping up to scare us," said another.

Hannah finished her task, then rose from the milking-stool and went toward the bushes.

"Come, Rube," she laughed—"come, now, and take the pails." Then, peering shyly over the wall, she saw, lying beneath it in his blanket, a plumed and painted Indian, with a gun cocked in his hand.

The eyes of the savage and those of the girl met. The next instant, a screech—a war-whoop, as if all the fiends of the lower regions had broken loose, rang through the lane. The redskins leaped out of their ambush along the wall, firing on both women and cattle. Margaret Patterson fell dead. The others, closely pursued by the foe, turned and fled for dear life toward the fort. One woman, named Gamble, ran the whole length of the lane, leaped a pair of bars, and got safely inside the gate, never spilling a drop from her brimming pail, or even knowing that she had it in her hand, till all was over.

With all speed the gate of the garrison was closed, and a gun fired to alarm the men in the field. After that, it was discovered that out of the band of milkers two were missing—Margaret Patterson, who had been shot in the lane, and Hannah James, whom nobody remembered to have seen after the first alarm.

Up came the men from the river-bank without encountering any Indians. On hearing the news, they sallied out in a body to search the lane. There they found the cows, and the mutilated body of the Patterson woman, but no Hannah—no trace of Hannah, nor yet of the Indians. Knowing, however, the treachery of the foe, and fearful of ambush, or an attack on the fort, the men drove the cows inside the stockade, and retreated after them, thus virtually abandoning the missing girl to her fate.

There was no wedding at the garrison that night. Reuben Kidd sat with his sorrowful head bowed in his hands, and wept and groaned, and would not be comforted. In the midst of his grief, some one drew near and put a hand on his shoulder. He looked up, and saw the grave face of Dave Thompson.

"I ken how it is, mon," he said, slowly. "They will take her to the French in Canada, or they will e'en kill her on the way. In either case, ye maun be up and doing."

"I!" said Reuben. "What can one man do against a thousand? They are miles away by this time, and there's no force on the river large enough to pursue them. This is hard luck, God knows, and all things ready for my marriage this same night."

Dave did not answer at once. He stood and looked at Reuben, not with angry, but only grave and thoughtful, eyes.

"Ye've thought o' no way, then, to help her?"

"Way! There is no way. One might think you'd been long enough in the wilderness to understand that. But you're a dull fellow, Dave—a very dull fellow. I'll never see her face again, and my heart's broken."

Dave went away, and left him sobbing and groaning; but at daybreak the next morning he appeared again before the disappointed bridegroom. He was armed and equipped, as if for a journey.

"Ye ken, Rube," he began, "that I loved her, too. Aweel, I canna eat and sleep like ither men, and think o' her with them red deils, suffering God only knows what. I'm e'en going to seek her, mon—to bring her back to ye safe and sound again—God willing. There be some traps and other skins here o' mine. If ye dinna see me nor hear o' me ere a year's gone, ye may e'en take them for your own, Rube—and now, good-by. Just say to the ither folk that I've gone on a little tramp all by mysel, and no mair."

With that he walked out of the fort in the early morning, crossed the green lane, and plunged into the forest. He carried his rifle, his knife, his ammunition, a scanty stock of provisions, and, in a leathern pouch about his body, fifty hard dollars—all the money he had in the world. Thus, taking his life in his hand, Dave Thompson set forth in search of Hannah.

About twenty miles from St. George, he struck the trail of her captors. He followed it all that day without overtaking them, until he came to a spot where the party seemed to have divided. Here he found one trail extending northward and another westward. He took the northward track, and pursued it tirelessly through miles upon miles of unbroken wilderness. He came up with the Indians one dark, stormy night, when they had been drinking too freely of the settlers' fire-water. They had made their camp in a lonely glade, at the head of a woodland stream. Dave found them, one and all, fast asleep. Cautiously he crept up to their dying fire. They were lying stretched around it—twenty Tarratines, in feathers and war-paint, but no Hannah! Thompson looked and looked again, but in vain. She was not there—he had followed the wrong trail. There was nothing for him to do but retrace the weary way he had come, and pursue that other party who had gone westward.

Nothing daunted, he turned about, and with great difficulty returned to the spot where the two trails had baffled him; but, alas! storm and rain had now quite obliterated the one leading westward.

Thompson found himself in the predicament of a mariner without chart or compass. Quite undismayed, however, he plunged into the unbroken forest, and, with the sun and stars for his guide, set his face resolutely toward Canada.

The adventures that befell him on his long, perilous journey would fill a volume. Game was singularly scarce. He was often without other food than roots and berries for days together. On one occasion he came to a deserted Indian camp, and, worn out with famine and weariness, built a fire on the bed of ashes left by his foes, and flung himself down beside it to slumber. He had lain there but a few moments when an unearthly cry broke from the flames. This was repeated again and again. Greatly alarmed, Thompson started up.

"God save us!" he cried. "It's the Foul Fiend himsel'!"

The cries continued. He seized his rifle and cocked it. As he did so, the ashes scattered, and out of their depth in which his bed had been made, crawled a gigantic, half-baked tortoise—a supper fit for a king. Thompson killed him in haste, made an excellent meal, and lay down again, and slept undisturbed till morning light.

Another time, when goaded with hunger, he devoured some poisonous berries, and lay for days after, more dead than alive, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his eyes set, his sufferings incredible.

Once, discovering a party of Tarratines near at hand, he took refuge in a hollow tree, and found there, for company, a she-bear, curled up asleep, with two young cubs. The animal had been feasting freely on wild honey, and was in a semi-torpid state. Our hero did not disturb her; but the moment he attempted to depart, she started out of her stupor, and seemed nowise inclined to part with him. A close struggle ensued, in which Thompson was desperately scratched and hugged. He dispatched the brute at last with his knife, and also the cubs, and smoked enough of the flesh to last him for several days on his journey.

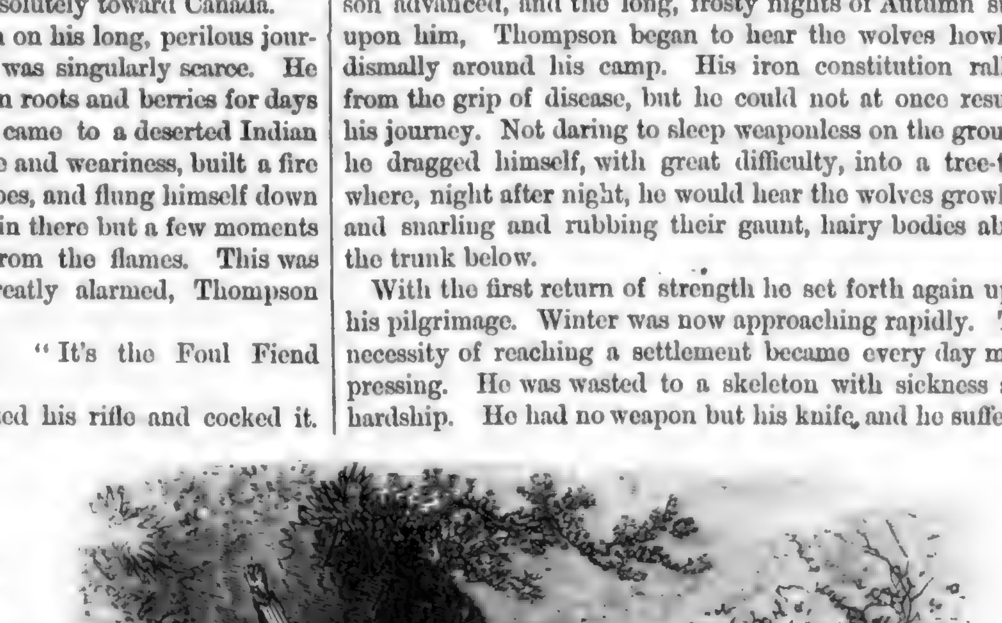
But another foe lurked in the wilderness, which was neither the Indian nor the wild beast. One night, after weary miles of solitary travel, Thompson lay down to rest, sick, aching, and sore. When morning came, he could not lift his head. The frightful disease which all that year had wasted the Indian tribes, now developed itself rapidly. He was stricken with smallpox.

The rude camp he had made was on the borders of a stream. His sufferings soon became terrible. He would have perished from starvation but for the few scraps of dried meat left still in the pouch at his belt. He would have died from thirst but for the close proximity of the water, to which, in his delirium, he dragged himself, and lay panting on its brink, filling the forest with incoherent ravings.

In this extremity a party of Indians, on a visit to their French allies, came upon his camp. They recognized the disease, and fled again in great terror, taking with them the unfortunate man's rifle. Thompson saw the dusky faces bending over him for a moment, and the next they were gone, like some fantasy of his poor crazed brain. One old squaw, however, prompted by some merciful impulse, crept back after the departure of the others, and threw him a crust of maize bread and a little parched corn. Then she, too, disappeared, and left him to die alone.

The loss of his rifle was a terrible misfortune. The season advanced, and the long, frosty nights of Autumn stole upon him. Thompson began to hear the wolves howling dismally around his camp. His iron constitution rallied from the grip of disease, but he could not at once resume his journey. Not daring to sleep weaponless on the ground, he dragged himself, with great difficulty, into a tree-top, where, night after night, he would hear the wolves growling and snarling and rubbing their gaunt, hairy bodies about the trunk below.

With the first return of strength he set forth again upon his pilgrimage. Winter was now approaching rapidly. The necessity of reaching a settlement became every day more pressing. He was wasted to a skeleton with sickness and hardship. He had no weapon but his knife, and he suffered



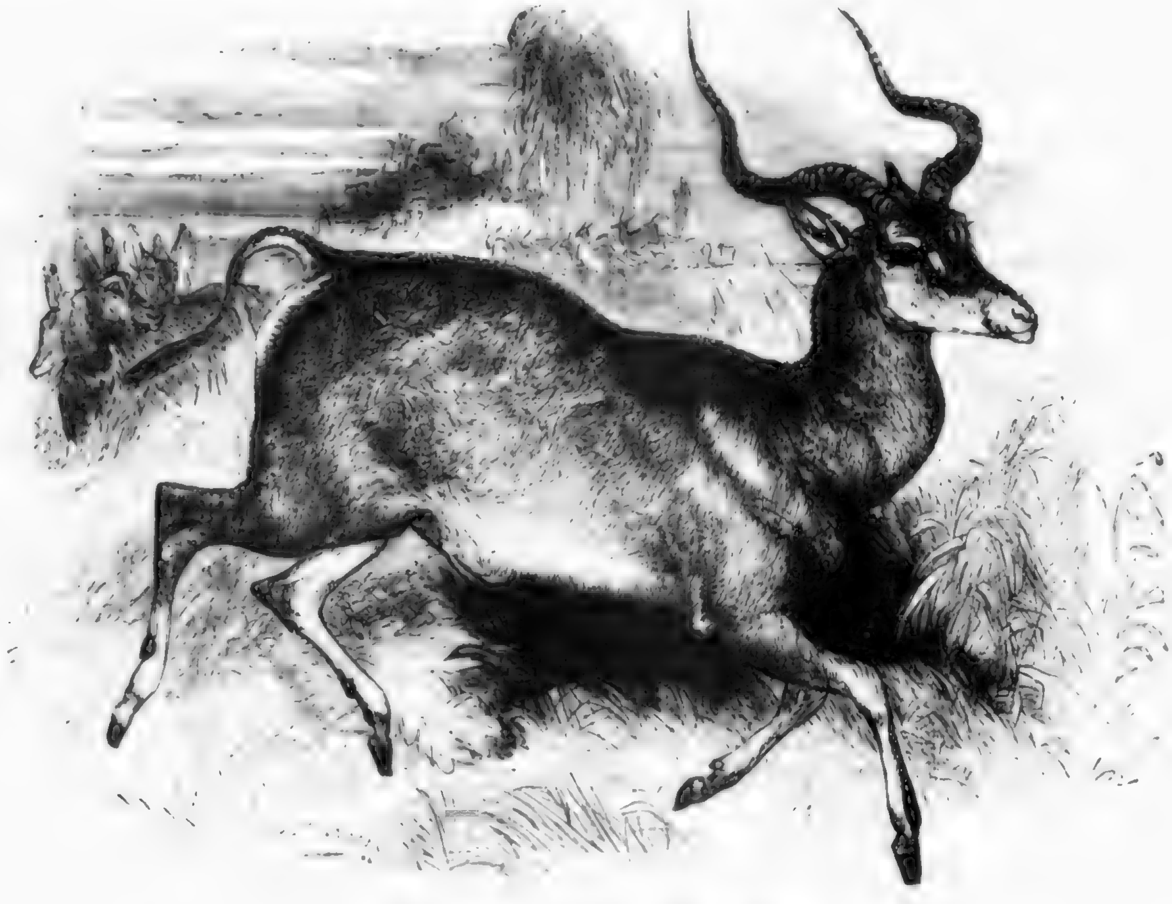
"HE WOULD HAVE DIED FROM THIRST BUT FOR THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF WATER, TO WHICH, IN HIS DELIRIUM, HE DRAGGED HIMSELF."

untold torments from hunger, often living for days together upon roots and herbs.

At last, one dreary night, drenched with rain and staggering from weakness, Thompson sank in his tracks upon the wet, sodden, forest earth. He believed his last hour had come. A great numbness seized upon his limbs; consciousness forsook him; he lay in that dreary wilderness as senseless as the dead. When life returned again, he found himself soaked with wet, and chilled to the bone. As he lay confused and bewildered, and too weak to rise, a singular sound near at hand fell on his ear. He listened. It was neither bird nor beast, nor any ordinary voice of the forest. Again and again he heard it—a long-drawn pitiable moan of some human creature in distress.

Thompson reeled to his feet.

"Who's there?" he called aloud.



THE PALLAH ANTELOPE.—SEE PAGE 438.

Faint and full of anguish, a voice answered, with one word, "Help!"

At this appeal, Thompson gathered his remaining strength and started in the direction of the cry. He had gone but a few rods when he stumbled upon a camp. There, in sore extremity, on a pile of skins, lay a French trader, sick of the same malady from which Thompson had just recovered.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried the Frenchman, as our hero drew near to him in the dark, "who is this?"

"Hoot, mon," answered Thompson, in his broad Scotch, "jist a puir body that's lost in the wilderness, and starved for a bite and a sup. What's amiss wi' ye?"

"Monsieur, I am ill—frightfully ill—all have deserted me—all left me to die alone. Take this tinder-box at my head, and strike a light. You see my disease. Ah, in the name of God, do not leave me! I have many skins—I have money—all shall be yours, if you will stay! I have suffered such torments here alone as I can never tell, monsieur! You are lost? Here is my camp. You are starved? It is full of food and drink. Take what you will, but, for the love of God and His blessed saints, do not leave me to die like a dog!"

To the Frenchman's surprise and relief, Thompson seem in nowise moved at the nature of his illness.

"Dinna fash yoursel' aboot that, mon," said he. "I'm nay so anxious to leave as ye suppose. I care naught for the disorder. I'll bide by ye—never fear."

He lighted a fire, and ministered to the trader as his needs required. He found the camp supplied with provisions, brandy, arms and ammunition. The Frenchman regarded him with wild joy. Thompson, on his part, knew that but for this haven of timely succor and shelter, he himself must have perished.

In his gratitude, he set himself down to nurse the sick Frenchman. This he did with such skill and patience, that the latter soon began to mend. As he grew stronger the two talked much together. Thompson told his own story, and discovered in turn that his companion had long been a trader among the Indians, and possessed great influence with some of the southerly tribes.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said, "I owe you much, monsieur—I will repay you. You shall go with me to Canada. I will help you to find your Hannah. I know of a tribe on the St. Lawrence who bought a white girl two months ago for a jug of whisky. The red rascals will not always give up their captives to us. Some they reserve for higher prices. We will go and seek the one of whom I have spoken."

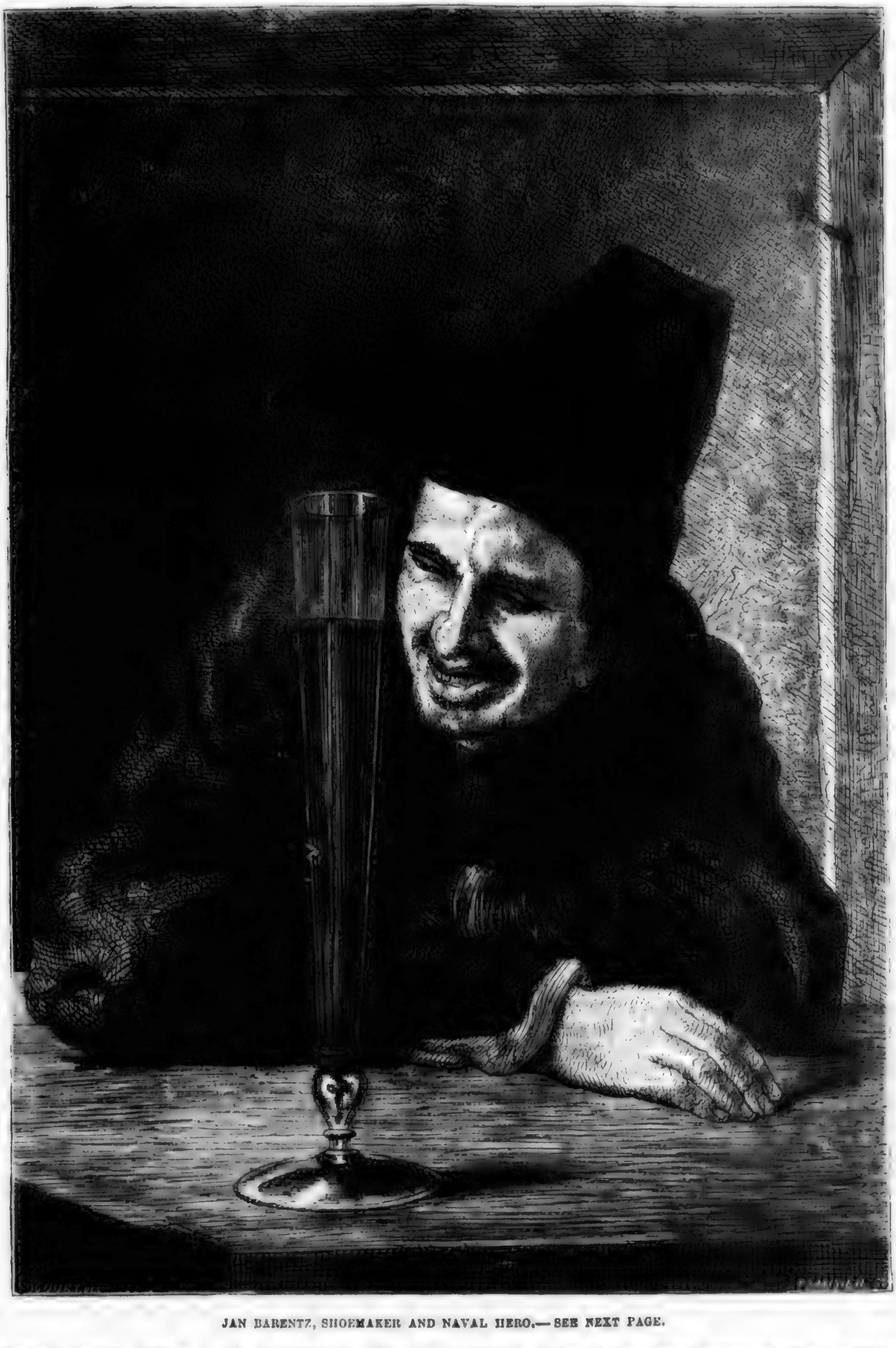
As soon as the Frenchman could travel, and just as the first snow was sharpening the air, the two broke camp, and passed over into Canada. With all speed they journeyed

XUM

together to the tribe who had bought the girl for a jug of of whisky. Alas! the captive proved to be not Hannah, but a strapping *fraulein* from the New York settlements, whose broken Dutch neither could understand. Thompson's disappointment was so great, that he withdrew from his friend, and, sheltering himself behind a tree, wept bitterly.

Quite unshaken in courage, however, he began his search anew. The cold, inclement Winter overtook him, and forced him to abandon it for a season, and work for his own shelter and sustenance. The money in his belt he still kept untouched, reserved for any emergency that might occur regarding Hannah.

Many hopes and disappointments assailed him during that tedious Winter. Many white captives were brought in.



JAN BARENTZ, SHOEMAKER AND NAVAL HERO.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

and, aided by his faithful friend the trader, poor Thompson searched among them tirelessly, but found no Hannah. Spring came. His heart began to fail him. Fears of her death, either by hardships or the tomahawks of her captors, weighed heavily upon him. The forest was putting forth the leaf, and the young maize shooting through the brown soil, when the trader one day came to Thompson with the following news. A tribe upon the Ottawa River had a captive white woman, bought of a party of Tarratines. She was reported to be young and beautiful. It was more than probable that it was Hannah.

Thompson shouldered his rifle and started for the Ottawa, taking the trader as interpreter. They arrived at the Indian village one sunny June day, and made known their errand to the chief. The price he had paid for his captive was a horn of powder and twenty beaver-skins. He pointed from the door of his lodge to a field hard-by, where she was then at work. With a pale face, and lips set tight together, Thompson, followed by the trader, crept along the edge of the field, and, under cover of a thicket, peered out upon the captive.

She stood, bare-headed in the sun, hoeing corn with some Indian women. She was thin and wan with long suffering. Her yellow hair hung down about her sad, sweet face, darkened now by wind and weather. She was weeping silently as she worked.

"Hannah!" screamed Thompson, and leaped into the field, all gaunt, wild and hairy, and caught the captive in his arms, and sobbed over her like some mother over her recovered young.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried poor Hannah; "is it you, Dave? How came *you* here?"

"I came seeking ye, lass," he answered. "I've been seeking ye, far and wide, since the night ye were lost."

"And where is Rube?"

"I left him ten months ago at St. George."

She looked up in his working face, and it all seemed to flash upon her at once.

"Oh, Dave!" she cried—"oh, Dave!" and flung her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

Dave Thompson bought the captive of her Indian owners with the fifty dollars in his belt—his earthly all. He returned with her, safe and sound, to St. George, bringing, also, many costly gifts from his friend the trader.

Reuben Kidd did not appear to claim Hannah. In fact, she found him wedded to another sweetheart, and settled upon a few acres outside the garrison. He had, long before, given up both his friend and his betrothed for dead.

"It's better so," laughed Hannah; "for, had he waited for me, Dave, he would have lived and died unmarried."

And directly after their return Dave Thompson wedded the woman for whom he had dared so much, and at the close of the war the two returned to the James Farm on the river, where their posterity may be found this day.

THE PALLAH ANTELOPE.

The Pallah, or Rooye-bok, is an inhabitant of Southern Africa, where it is seen in large herds. It is a remarkably fine animal, measuring three feet in height at the shoulder, and being gifted with elegantly shaped horns and a beautifully tinted coat. The general color of the pallah is bay, fading into white on the abdomen, the lower part of the tail, and the peculiar disk of lighter-colored hairs which surrounds the root of the tail in so many antelopes. There is a black semilunar mark on the croup. The horns of this animal are of considerable length, often attaining to twenty inches. The food of the pallah consists chiefly of tender herbage and the young twigs of the underwood among which it generally takes up its abode.

JAN BARENTZ, SHOEMAKER AND NAVAL HERO.

This shoemaker of Haarlem, in Holland, the Heer Jan Barentz, while adhering to his trade, was always ready to mount the quarterdeck when Holland was at war; and in that day Holland had her hands full, for her fleets met those of England, France and Sweden in more than one bloody fight.

His friend and boon companion, Frans Hals, painted on one of the shutters of his house, in Klein Hout Straat—where, in fact, the descendants of the stout shoemaker still live—the painting we copy. He is leaning out of his shop-window, looking, laughingly, through his tall glass. And such a glass few painters have surpassed Frans Hals in depicting. There is something behind the laugh which tells you that power is there—that the head with the jaunty felt hat can form, and the muscular hand carry out, plans of magnitude. In fact, this laughing shoemaker was the trusted lieutenant of Van Tromp, who would call him from his bench whenever the fleet was to sail out on real business, for, if there was no fighting to do, Barentz preferred shoemaking. When war was declared, he was always at his post, and the sailors knew him well, and were as prompt in obeying him as though he never lowered his dignity by going ashore and shutting himself in a shop.

It seems a queer combination, and in all our stories of Van Tromp and his battles—defying even England's proud navy, which he boasted he would sweep from the seas—few have ever known that his trusted lieutenant was a cobbler, or would recognize in our copy of Frans Hal's painting a gallant naval officer.

WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

Those who are interested in the study of electricity have heard of the Abbé Chappe d'Auteroche, one of the early fathers of the science of the last century.

One evening at ten minutes past five, on the 28th of May, 1757, and in the town of Bitche in Lorraine, the electric bell sounded with great rapidity. The abbé had forbidden any one to approach the conductor, for the atmospheric electricity appeared to be this evening more powerful than he had ever before known it. But a soldier who was generally employed to turn the machine, when experiments were made in artificial electricity, wished to elicit a spark by means of the Leyden jar. The concussion which he produced was tremendous. He was dashed to the ground, and a superstitious terror communicated itself to many present. In those days electricity seemed to those to whom the marvel was not as yet lessened by use, to be far more like Promethean fire than it does to us of the present day.

On the 11th of June, 1761, at Tobolsk, in Siberia, the sky was clear, and yet everything announced a storm. It was difficult to breathe, although the thermometer was only eighteen degrees Reaumur. A dark cloud appeared in the horizon, followed by a strong wind. Thunder and lightning succeeded. At thirty-five minutes past twelve, M., the electricity had become incredibly powerful. The abbé no longer dared touch the bar; with a piece of tin attached to a glass rod, sparks were drawn from it at a distance of four inches. The thunder and lightning increased, the electricity became so powerful as to produce a sensible hissing. The experimenter and his assistants were obliged to retire to the extremity of the apartment. Flames danced on the ends of the bars, and from them radiated sparks. At forty-eight minutes two seconds past noon, a strange phenomenon took place. The bar and the whole part of the observatory where it hung were suddenly wrapped in flames, and an explosion as of thunder caused all to retreat so rapidly as to cause them to fall headlong over each other.

At the observatory of Paris, August 6th, 1767, about half past ten in the evening, electricity manifested itself in rising up a mast which was isolated and elevated on the terrace of the observatory. This phenomenon, witnessed by the abbé and by a son of Cassini, was one of the earliest proofs that lightning sometimes rises from the ground.

"I perceived very distinctly," said the abbé, "that there was a slight interval between the noise and the moment when the lightning appeared at the lower part of the mast, so that it rose without noise, rendering the departure of the lightning and thunder simultaneous. I infer from this that thunder is only a consequence of lightning when there is an explosion, and that there may be, in consequence, frequent lightning without thunder, as has often been observed."

There is in Styria a lofty mountain, called Mount St. Ursula, on the top of which a church has been built. When Dr. Johann Baptist Werloschning visited this church, May 1st, 1700, he saw thick and black clouds form a heavy storm about half way down the mountain. On the summit the heavens continued clear and the sun shone. Every one in the church felt safe—and yet the lightning, darting upward, killed seven persons by the side of Dr. Werloschning.

THE NURSE'S STORY

MRS. HARRISON!"

The matron answered the call, and stood in the office of the K—— County Hospital, waiting the doctor's orders.

"I want a nurse for an operation, in No. 27."

"Yes, sir. I will send one immediately."

"Stay a moment. Which is the coolest head and steadiest nerve in the corps of nurses, in your opinion?"

"Mrs. Colton."

"The one they call the nurse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be very sure, Mrs. Harrison. This will be a very difficult and dangerous operation. A nurse who breaks down now may cost a life."

"You can depend upon Mrs. Colton, sir. She never breaks down."

"Send her to No. 27, then, in about five minutes."

Mrs. Harrison went in search of the nurse, inwardly wondering what made Dr. Kerrigan so very particular about this especial case, when difficult and dangerous operations were such common events in the hospital.

Dr. Kerrigan, selecting a case of instruments, lint, bandages and vials, crossed a long corridor, and softly opened the door of No. 27.

It was a large, airy room, cool and pleasant on this hot July day, the windows opening upon the hospital grounds, and the furniture handsome and convenient—one of the rooms reserved for paying patients.

Upon the bed was extended a tall, stalwart figure, the handsome face, heavily bearded, now pallid and damp with agony, the form lying in a death-like stillness, that was worse to witness than the most violent writhings of pain.

As the door opened, the closed eyelids of the sufferer were raised, and he turned his head upon the pillow, and looked at the doctor. Not a finger was lifted; only the head moved; but the pale lips parted in a smile as he whispered:

"How fortunate I was to be thrown near here, Guy!"

Half an hour before, in full vigor, he had nodded gayly to the doctor as he rode past the hospital upon his spirited horse. A few minutes later, the sudden firing of a sportsman's gun had startled the animal, who had plunged forward, and leaped with his rider down the sides of an open stone quarry.

The laborers had lifted the horse from the body it was crushing, and had carried the insensible figure to the hospital, where the doctor was wondering if his friend would stop to see him as he rode homeward.

Only that little half hour, and the vigorous, manly rider now lay powerless upon the bed, awaiting a difficult, dangerous operation that was his only hope for life.

Dr. Kerrigan put his hand upon the damp, cold brow of his friend, as he answered:

"I am glad you were so near, since this was to happen, Egbert."

"How soon will the surgeon come, Guy?"

"In a few moments. Patience; we shall soon patch you up."

He tried to speak the last words lightly, but his lip quivered in spite of all his efforts, for this man, whose life might depend upon his coolness and skill, was dear to him as an only brother.

"This operation is my only chance, Guy?" said the injured man, presently.

"The only hope."

"I do not suffer much now."

"Better if you did!"

And again the doctor's lip twitched, as he thought of the terrible suffering to come.

"I trust all to you," the patient said, presently. "I have made my will, Guy."

"Hush, old friend. God grant it may be years before it is opened."

The doctor ceased speaking, for the door opened softly, and a tall old gentleman, the distinguished surgeon of K—— County, entered the room, followed by a slight woman in deep mourning.

The surgeon, after speaking to the patient, looked at the table spread by Dr. Kerrigan, and said:

"Ether?"

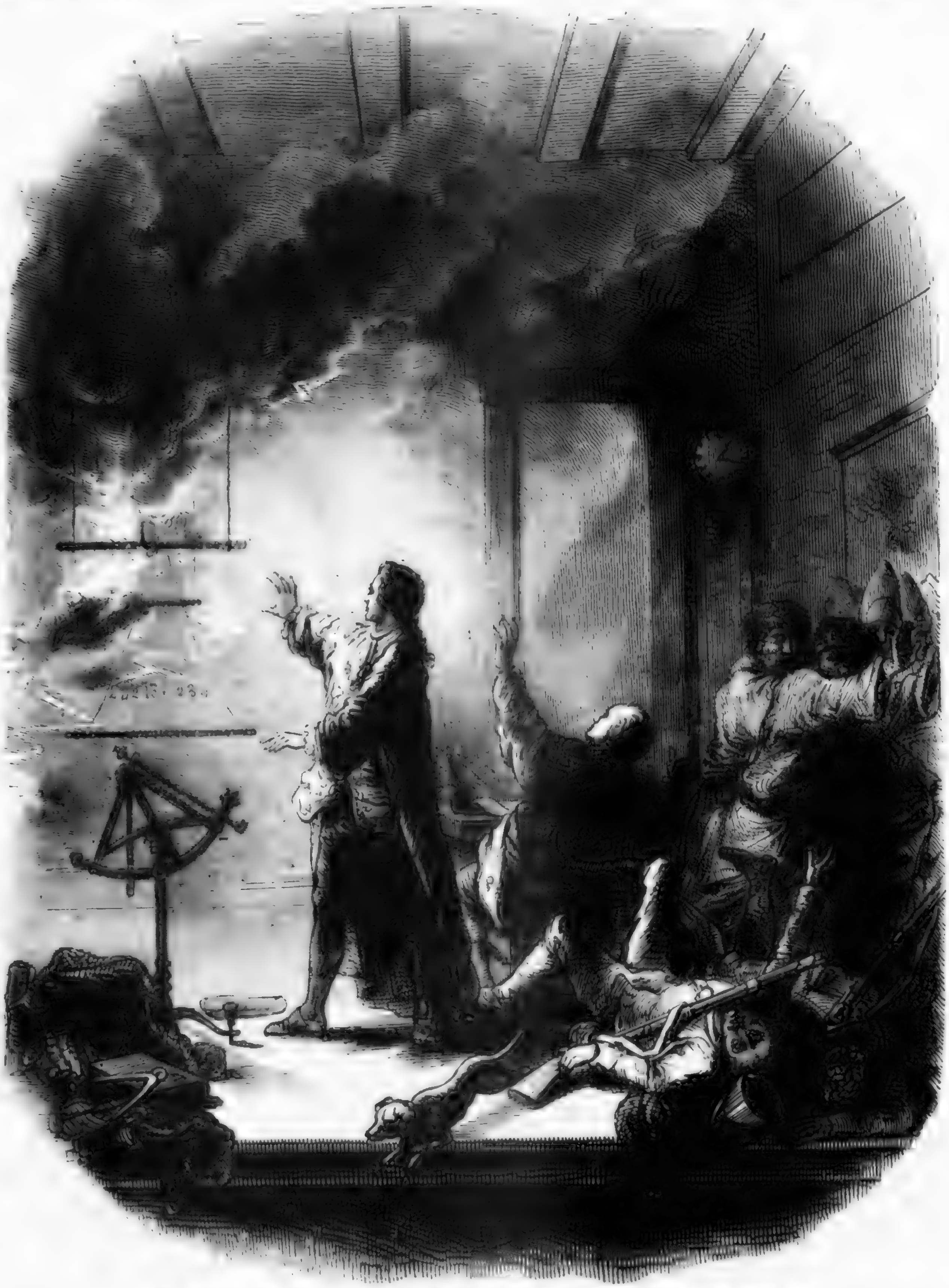
"Heart disease," was the brief response; and turning to the nurse, Dr. Kerrigan gave her rapid but clear instructions.

She looked little fitted to carry them out, as she listened, she was so very slight, so deadly pale, and her little hands seemed so frail and white; but her large, dark eyes were steady, and her lips, firmly closed, threatened no fainting-fits or hysterics.

She listened respectfully, then took the place assigned to her at the patient's head, her back to the two doctors. It was well for her position as model nurse, that her face was not turned to the heads of the hospital for the next few moments. Paler she could not be, but as her eyes fell upon the face upon the pillow, a startled look crossed them, the firm lips parted in a quick, gasping breath, and the little hands were convulsively clinched.

The doctor's voice, "Now, Mrs. Colton," roused her, and her composure was perfect, as she prepared to administer a stimulant, watch the pulse, and otherwise assist the patient as she had been directed.

Well for her that only the torture-drawn face was for her



THE WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY—EXPERIMENT OF THE ABBE D'AUTEROCHE.—SEE PAGE 439.

eyes. Well for her that she was not required to watch the gleaming steel that was so "cruel only to be kind." Every moan of exquisite agony found its echo in her heart, as she wiped the damp dew of pain from the white forehead, and dropped the stimulant upon the writhing lips.

The hour spent as the sun sunk upon that July day will never fade from the memory of Guy Kerrigan, crushing his own mental pain to offer skillful assistance to the operating surgeon; it will never be forgotten by Egbert Staunton, wakened from the death-threatening torpor to agonies words fail to describe or imagination to portray; but more deeply branded than in either mind will it rest for life upon the heart of Lois Colton, bravely fighting down every pang and word of sympathy to give ready obedience to the surgeon, and womanly comfort to the sufferer. She had borne bodily and mental torture for years, but in that one hour was crowded a life of agony.

The operation itself was of short duration, but it seemed as if years had passed to these three, as the unsightly bandages, basins and instruments were removed, and the nurse received her final instructions.

"I will see you again in an hour," Dr. Kerrigan said, pressing his friend's hand, "and I leave you in the best of care."

Punctually he returned, and the nurse met him at the door.

"He is sleeping quietly," she said, in a low, sweet voice, that could never irritate as whispered words will.

"And you?" the doctor said, looking into her face. "You are not going to faint now, after bearing up so bravely?"

"I never faint," was the reply. "The blessing of unconsciousness has never been granted to me."

"But you need rest now," he said, kindly. "We tax you too heavily."

"Let me watch to-night," she pleaded. "Will he live, Dr. Kerrigan?"

"Good nursing will do a great deal," was the evasive answer.

"He shall have it."

"If you mean to nurse him," was the reply, "you must take some care of yourself. He will sleep now for several hours. Come to the office, and I will give you a stimulant."

He turned and walked down the long corridor as he spoke, and the nurse, after silently closing the door of No. 27, followed him, her soft, clinging garments and gentle footstep making no rustle or sound as she moved.

As she entered the office, the doctor moved a large chair toward her, saying, as he did so:

"Rest for a few moments, nurse, while I mix you a stimulant. You will never be able to watch to-night without it."

"I am tired," she sighed.

"You are tasking your strength too heavily."

"Perhaps so."

"I never saw you look as you do to-day. You are trembling, too! Come, give up the watch to-night. Our patient will sleep. Let some other nurse watch him while you rest."

"But he may die!" she said; and in her voice was a wail of pain.

"Well?" he said, wonderingly.

"Die!"—her self-control was gone, utterly—"Egbert die, and I not beside him!"

"You know him! You know Egbert Staunton?" Dr. Kerrigan asked.

"Do not betray me!" she said, piteously.

"How can I betray what I cannot even guess?"

"I must be changed, indeed!" she said. "Look in my face again, and see if you do not know who I am."

"Have I not seen your face every day for nearly a year?" he asked. "Surely I never saw it outside of this hospital."

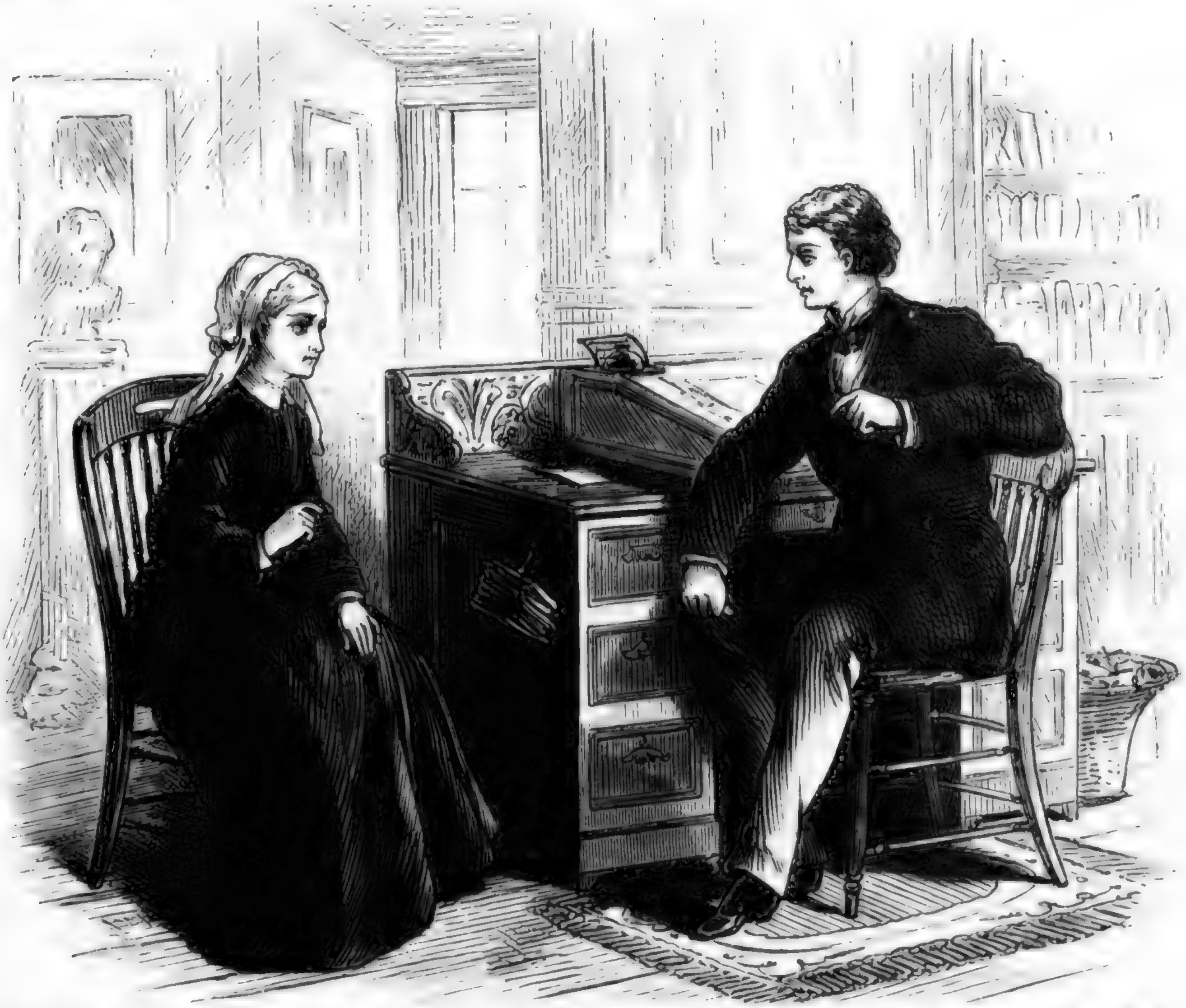
"You have seen it before," she said, sadly; "have seen it and loved it. Eight years ago you held my hand in yours, and said to me, "May God ever bless you, Lois, though Egbert's happiness is my pain."

"Great heaven!" the doctor cried, then. "Lois Cameron! It is impossible!"

"Keep my secret," she pleaded again, "and let me watch and nurse him."

"But how came you here?"

"Not now, kind friend. I cannot tell you now."



THE NURSE'S STORY.—" 'I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK AS YOU DO TO-DAY,' SAID DOCTOR KERRIGAN. 'YOU ARE TREMBLING, TOO! COME, GIVE UP THE WATCH TO-NIGHT. LET SOME OTHER NURSE WATCH HIM WHILE YOU REST.' "—SEE PAGE 439.

XUM

"True. You need all your composure."

"Let me return now to my post."

She was standing before him as she spoke, her pale face quivering, her hands clasped tightly together, and a world of pleading in her great, dark eyes, raised to meet his own. He had believed hard and bitter things of her for many long years—had loved her, had put friendship in love's place for Egbert's sake, and again, for the same loyal friendship, had given this woman hatred and contempt. Yet, as he looked now upon her pleading, upturned face, he could find no harsh word in his heart.

"Drink this," he said, gently, "and tell me only what you wish. I will faithfully keep your secret, if secret it must be."

"You are very kind," she said, "believing what you do of me. I will tell you all soon, but now, let me only say I was never false to Egbert."

She left the office as she spoke, and with quick, light steps, regained the room where her patient still lay, wrapped in profound sleep, the death-like slumber of a powerful narcotic. The room was dimly lighted, the gas being carefully shaded, and there was a profound stillness, the door being constructed to shut out all sound in the corridor.

In the stillness and twilight the woman looked ghostly as she moved noiselessly about, arranging the room for the night-watch. Her pallor was so set and deep as to be noticeable at all times, and under her thin muslin cap her hair was folded away in smooth bands, white as snow. Her features, that in health might have been delicate and refined, were pinched and wasted, and her thin lips were almost colorless. She was attenuated till her naturally slender figure was like a shadow. The effect of her strange, wan face was heightened by her heavy, clinging dress of deepest mourning.

As she moved softly about the sick-room, Dr. Kerrigan sat in a sort of stunned amazement in his office, trying to reconcile her parting words with his memories of eight years before. He recalled his first meeting with Egbert, when they were put into the same room at a large boarding-school, forlorn, homesick boys of ten years old. He thought of the long friendship that knew no break, until it burst upon them both that upon one fair face each had rested his hope of happy love. There was no quarrel then. Egbert Staunton had won the answering love, and Guy, bidding him farewell, had gone to Europe to try to bury his heartache, and forget the woman whose love his friend had won.

A year later, Egbert joined him in Paris.

"Never speak to me again," he said, "of the fair, false face that laughed at your love and mine. Upon our wedding-day, when I was hastening to her side, Lois Cameron eloped."

"With whom?"

"I never knew. She wrote me a brief note, bidding me farewell, as she found her heart was another's, and spared us both the misery of marriage without perfect mutual love. Let her name be forgotten, Guy, if you love me."

That was all he knew. The name was buried in silence, and the fair face stamped false in each heart.

Guy Kerrigan thought of the fresh, bright beauty he had worshiped, the clustering curls of rich brown hair, the soft, creamy complexion, and exquisitely tinted color on the round, smooth cheeks, the dancing brown eyes, and the graceful figure. He recalled the carefully chosen dresses of the young beauty, whose wealth permitted the exercise of every capricious taste—the varied jewels, the costly silks and laces. He remembered Egbert's story, and then he realized the white, still face, the mourning dress, the evident poverty of the woman who had said to him, "I never was false to Egbert."

Not false—to leave him upon the very wedding-day? And, now, was she not Mrs. Colton?

The doctor was still musing on all this, when the surgeon who had performed the operation in the afternoon, the visiting surgeon of the hospital, and the operator in all critical cases, came in. After making inquiry about several cases, he paid a short visit to such patients as required it, and again returned to the office.

Dr. Kerrigan, during his absence, recalled the fact that Mrs. Colton had been installed by the visiting surgeon, and determined to see if his knowledge of the pale-faced nurse would assist him in clearing up his speculations.

"Mrs. Colton!" said the surgeon, in answer to his question. "Yes! yes! She is the widow of a patient of mine! Odd case. He was known as a man of intellect and education, yet, at the time I was called in, he was in the lowest depths of drunken degradation. I tended him for six months, after a fall. He was fatally injured at the first, but it was a lingering case—intense suffering! His wife struck me from the first as a woman eminently fitted for nursing. She was gentle, careful, and attentive, yet she seemed to have no feeling whatever. She was just as cool and collected when he was writhing in agony, or raving in delirium, as you saw her to-day. She never seemed afraid of his violence, or moved by his suffering, yet she was faithful to every direction, and certainly prolonged his life by her patient, tender nursing. When he died, she told me she was absolutely penniless, and asked me to assist her in procuring employment. I at once offered her her present position, and have never had occasion to regret it. She looks like a galvanized corpse, I admit, but she is the best nurse I ever saw. Most female nurses, if they have no feeling, are indifferent and careless, if they are not positively neglectful or cruel; if they are tender and sympathetic, their feeling is sometimes dreadfully inconvenient."

"I thought you liked female nurses."

"So I do! Men are out of place nursing. Still, perfect nurses are difficult to find. Mrs. Colton is a perfect nurse.

"Colton is her real name?"

"Certainly. Her husband was a leading lawyer here some fifteen years ago. I had not heard of him for years when I was called in, as I have told you."

There was certainly no light thrown upon the mystery Guy Kerrigan wished to solve, by this recital. The three stories would not fit well together, work them as he would. Lois had left her home on her wedding-day, Egbert said, to elope with a favored rival; the doctor testified to her having had a husband, to whom she clung when he was poor and degraded, yet Lois herself said she was never false to Egbert.

As the days wore away that were to lead Egbert Staunton to death or recovery, Dr. Kerrigan congratulated himself daily upon the chance or the Providence that had brought Lois Colton to the bedside of his friend. The most careful and tender nursing was required, and a watchfulness that was unceasing. One hour of neglect, or one awkward movement, might have dangerous, if not fatal, results.

Every hour that the nurse was spending in absolutely necessary repose, the doctor himself spent at the bedside. But the pale woman seemed to have nerves of iron, and an energy that was little less than miraculous in her slight frame. Nights of sleeplessness seemed overcome by an hour or two of rest during the day, and not a direction was forgotten, not a dose omitted, not a moment wasted.

It was the second week after the accident, and Egbert Staunton was pronounced out of danger, yet requiring, still, months of rest and nursing. So far satisfactory, yet, as the surgeon spoke the words, Guy Kerrigan and Lois watched his lips, as if more were to be said. If so, it was unspoken then, for he left the room after this encouragement for the patient.

"Guy, old fellow!" Egbert said, looking in his face, and speaking in a low, faint voice, "that is not all? I will live, but how? Crippled for life?"

The doctor's lip quivered.

"Would I could cure you, Egbert," he said.

"How bad will it be?" said the faint voice, once more. "Can I ever walk again?"

"I fear not."

"Ever rise from here?"

"Yes. You can be lifted into a sitting posture. We will carry you home when you are stronger."

"Shall I ever use my hands? Will this horrible numbness and want of power to move ever leave me?"

Dr. Kerrigan could not answer. Great tears, that he did not try to hide, fell upon the helpless hands lying white and still upon the coverlet.

But upon the face of the sick man a smile answered his friend's tears.

"Guy," he whispered, "we buried her name long years ago, but say now with me, 'Thank God, Lois was spared this.'"

A choking moan and a heavy fall proved that the nurse had heard this whisper.

"She is worn out! She has fainted," Egbert said. "Make her rest, Guy!"

Glad to escape for a moment, Guy Kerrigan lifted the slender figure of the unconscious nurse in his strong arms, and carried her to the office. The surgeon was there.

"Mrs. Colton!" he exclaimed. "I thought she never fainted!"

"This is no mere fainting fit," Dr. Kerrigan said, gravely; and he was right.

Mrs. Harrison was called. Lois was conveyed to her own room, and placed in bed, and yet there was no sign of returning life in the pale face, only the most feeble fluttering of her heart, to prove she was not dead.

But the weary life was not to end here. A long and dangerous insensibility was succeeded by hours of stupor, and days of burning fever. The model nurse lay between life and death, and surgeon and matron reproached themselves for having overtaxed the willing hands and the patient skill. Egbert Staunton missed the sweet, low voice, the tender touch, the unwearied devotion of his first weeks of suffering, and was constant in his inquiries.

Upon the day when Guy Kerrigan told him Mrs. Colton was out of danger, he sent her, by this willing messenger, a basket of choice flowers. Upon the wan, wasted face there came a flush of color as Dr. Kerrigan delivered flowers and message.

"He does not guess who I am?" she said.

"No; I have kept your secret."

"And now, kind friend," she said, "will you hear my story, and take a message to Egbert?"

"Gladly," he answered.

"You never heard of my husband, Lewis Colton?"

"Never."

"He was my cousin. The money that was left me after my own parents died, was left by my uncle, and my cousin, Lewis, considering his claim the same as my own, deeply resented the legacy. I never liked him, and when he proposed to marry me, and so share my fortune, I refused him. This was ten years ago, when I was but eighteen, before I had ever seen Egbert Staunton. You knew of that acquaintance, for you were even then his warm friend. I met him and loved him. We were to be married. On the morning of our wedding-day, my aunt left me for a short time to make some preparations for the evening ceremony, and during her absence I was summoned to the drawing-room, by a messenger, who said he had a note from Egbert. It was written from a station on the road, between our country seat and New York, saying he had been injured by an accident, was dying, and implored me to come to say farewell. The handwriting was strange, but he said he was dictating to a physician. The messenger, a country boy, said the note was given him by the conductor, as the train passed our station.

"There was a return train in half an hour! I hastily wrote a line to my aunt, dressed myself, and hurried to the station. When I reached the designated point, a carriage was waiting for me, and a gentleman, who said he was the physician, informed me that Egbert was at a farm-house, a mile distant. I did not suspect a plot, and entered the carriage.

"We were driving rapidly, when the physician tore off his wig and beard, revealing the face of my cousin Lewis, at the same time pressing upon my face a handkerchief drenched with chloroform.

"When I recovered my senses, I was lying in the stateroom of a steamer, bound for Liverpool, and already in motion, carrying me far away from friends, home, and country. Upon my wedding-day, with Egbert's love waiting for me, I was carried off, as I tell you. As I moved to rise, I saw that my cousin Lewis was standing beside me, looking into my face. Before I could collect my bewildered senses, he told me where I was, and informed me that Egbert had already received a note, purporting to come from me, informing him of my elopement with a man I loved.

"I was weak, bewildered by the chloroform, and scarcely conscious of my own movements. Before I fairly understood my own words, a clergyman on board, believing us a runaway couple, had performed the ceremony that made me Lewis Colton's wife.

"This was the hideous fact that met me after a deep sleep had fully restored my reason. Egbert believed me false! Lewis Colton was my husband!

"Guy, by the love you once gave me, pity me now!"

"Heaven is my witness, I pity you," was the reply.

"What my life was," she continued, "let my changed face, my blanched hair, tell you. I hated my husband. He married me to possess my fortune. We traveled in Europe for six years, wasting my uncle's legacy in gambling, drinking—I know not what vices. I remained alone most of the time, praying for death, seeing my husband sinking deeper and deeper in vice, with no power to save him. I did not love him, yet, for mere humanity, I tried to check this downward career, only to be taunted with the sneer that it was the money, not the man, that I was anxious to save.

"I cannot tell if it was remorse, or if, as he sometimes said, it was my cold indifference, that drove my husband to strong drink, but that final degradation came at last. We returned home, not to business or to the comforts of home life, but to move from one tenement house to another, sinking lower and lower, wasting the little that was left of the money that was my curse, till we were absolutely in want of the necessaries of life.

"It was in one of his drunken revels that my husband fell down the stone steps of a saloon, and was fatally injured. The headlong career to ruin was changed to a bed of horrible suffering, without one hour of penitence. I nursed him for months, when my kindest word from his lips was a curse, my tenderest caress from his hand was a blow. He died raving in delirium, and I was free.

"Free! and what you see me—a woman not thirty, looking sixty, wasted, altered beyond any recognition, poor and alone. The surgeon who had tended my husband gave me a place here to earn my bread, not knowing what made me

XUM

a mere machine for nursing! Will you tell Egbert all, Guy? Will you tell him if he will let me pass the rest of my blighted life beside him, he shall never need to use hands nor feet while I have mine. I will give him such devotion as I never imagined existed in our days of betrothal. Guy, will you bring me his forgiveness, if no more?"

"He has nothing to forgive, I assure you!" Guy answered, deeply moved by her pitiful story.

'He can work no more. Tell him I will work so hard that he shall never miss a comfort."

An odd smile crossed Guy's lip, as he remembered his friend's recent inheritance of large wealth, but he only said:

"I will tell him all. But you must sleep now. Your pulse does not suit me at all."

"I will sleep after you return," Lois answered, and the pleading, pitiful eyes could not be resisted.

It was well that Egbert Staunton was really recovering before the shock of this strange story came upon him. It seemed incredible at first, but as he thought again of the devoted nurse who had bent over him during the first days of suffering, a tender love grew in his heart for this shadow of his Lois.

"Tell her I never ceased to love her.'

That was the message that brought rest and sleep to Lois Colton.

It was many days yet before the long-parted lovers met again; but one morning when Guy Kerrigan entered his friend's room, there leaned upon his arm a pale but smiling lady, dressed in a soft white wrapper, who looked like a faint memory of Lois Cameron. In her deep-dark eyes there was a look of unutterable love, as she clasped Egbert's hand, and bent to press her lips upon his.

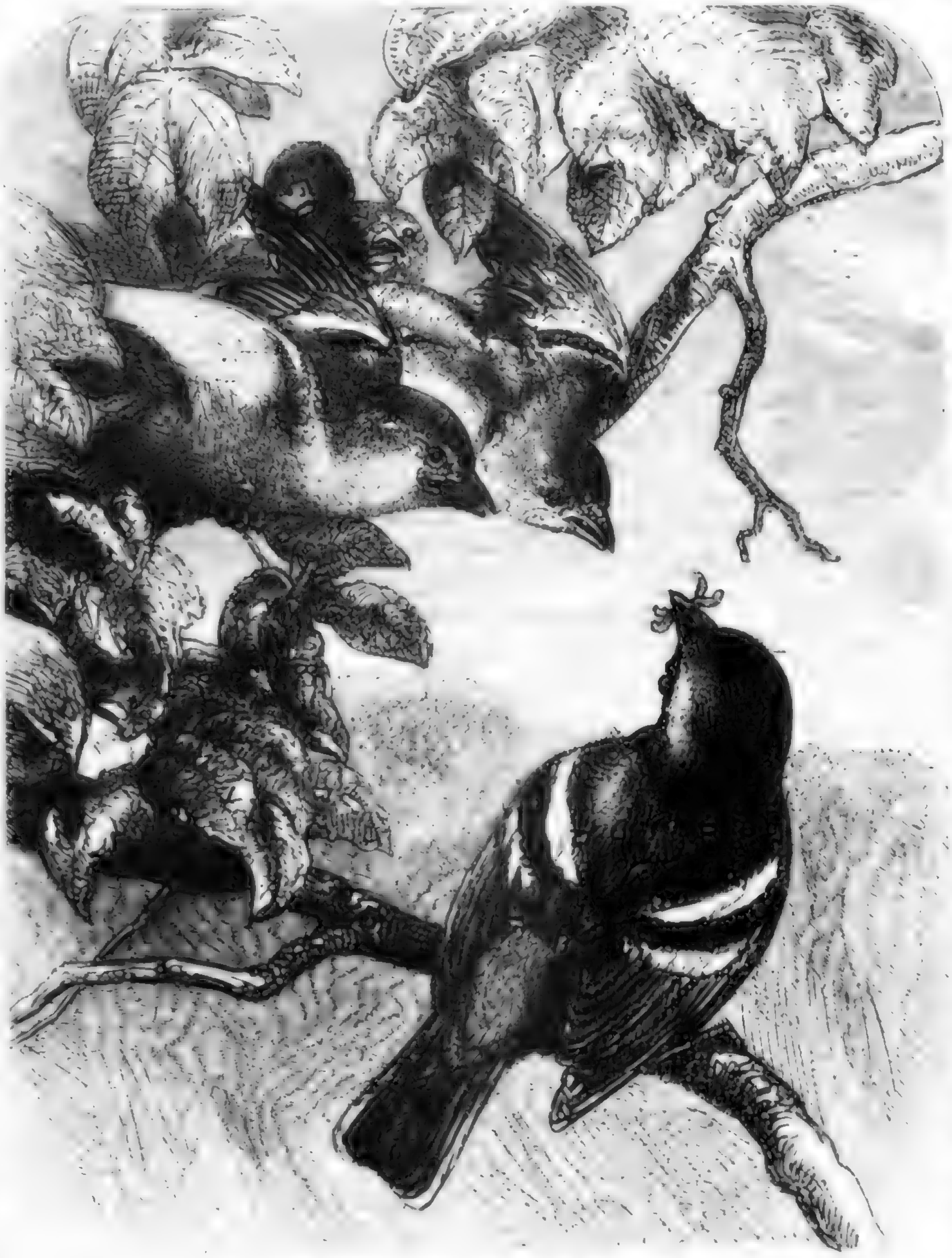
It was a wedding with but few guests that took place in the hospital an hour later, and not until Egbert Staunton was carried to his own home, weeks later, did Lois know that she was mistress again of ample wealth.

There are some who wonder how Mrs. Staunton can actually be growing younger and more lovely every year, when she keeps such devoted watch over her helpless husband, and seeks no amusement out of his presence, but Guy Kerrigan knows that perfect love and happiness are the elixirs that are beautifying the face and renewing the youth of Lois Staunton.

TEACHING CHAFFINCHES.

Harrison Weir, whose studies of birds are among the most lifelike of portraits, draws not from a single bird or a few hours' examination. He fixes upon his subjects, and from the time they begin to build their nests till they wing their way to other lands at the approach of Winter, he makes them his models, sitting day by day in his studio of the open air. Pictures of birds we have hitherto had; actual portraits of bird life Weir has been the first to give us.

The illustration in this number shows the old bird, by the attraction of food tempting the little brood to try their wings and essay a short flight. Like a mother teaching her child to walk, this feathered mother is teaching hers to fly, as anxious and as quick to save them from harm if they fail in the attempt.



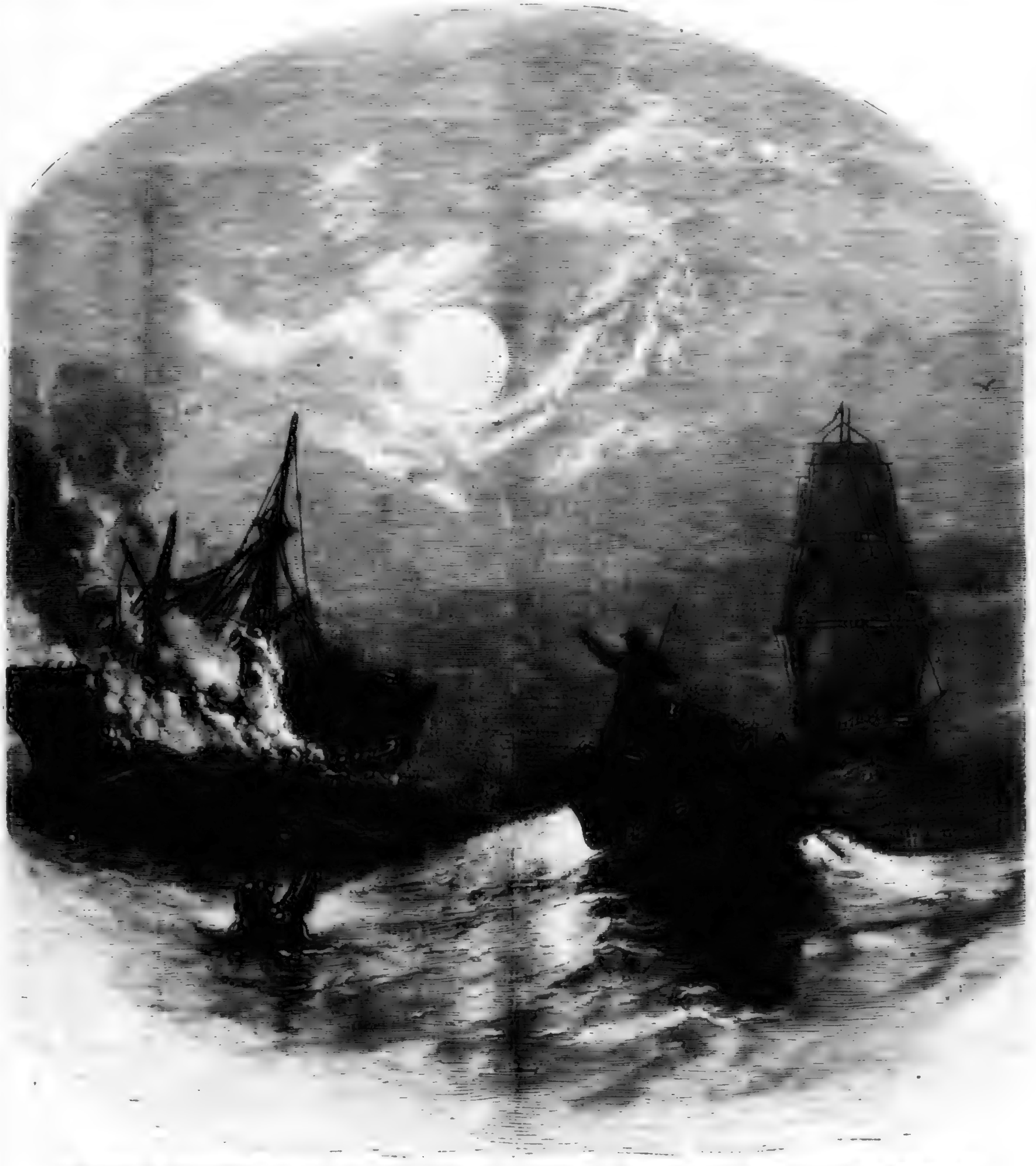
TEACHING CHAFFINCHES.—DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.

The chaffinch, like all the finches, is a singing bird, and has, at times, been the subject of a perfect mania in Germany. No less than eight distinct song and trills are recognized, and the value of the bird is enhanced by its ability to execute them. If it adds the word "fink" at the close, "no price," says the enthusiastic Bechstein, "will be taken for it."

There is one curious point about this bird which is worth remarking.

As Winter approaches the males and females separate, and the former often remain while the latter migrate, leaving their mates in loneliness, which has won the bird, among naturalists, the name of Cœlebs, and in the Spring he is, of course, "Cœlebs in search of a wife."

A MAN who has so long to fight against misfortune, wants strength to meet a sudden kindness.



THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.—"AT THAT MOMENT THERE WAS A CHEER. A BOATFUL OF NAVAL MEN—GALLANT TARS ALL OF THEM—BURST FROM THE ROLLING SMOKE, CLEAVING THE WATERS IN HER DIRECTION."

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

"MALAYS!" whispered Captain Knot to his mate—"Malay pirates!"

The captain heard a cry of affright behind him, and saw his female passenger—a beautiful lady—Mrs. Howard, wife of a colonel of English infantry, whom she was on the way to visit.

"Never mind, ma'am," continued the captain, bowing three times in succession; "we may give 'em the slip, ma'am."

There was a mist on the sea. The Malay vessels, three large proas, were beating up dead ahead. The *Watchlight*, Captain Knot's vessel, had the wind on her quarter.

Pale and almost breathless, Mrs. Howard stood listening to the orders, and watching the manœuvres of the rough skipper. He kept on until within about forty fathoms of the nearest proa, when he suddenly made a dash to leeward, soon disappearing from the view of the Malays in the fog.

For fully an hour he kept manœuvring, when he informed Mrs. Howard that he had outwitted the pirates.

XUM

"Are we entirely clear of them?" she inquired.

"Ay, ma'am, unless the wind should haul ahead soon, which I hope isn't likely."

The wind hauled ahead six hours later.

"How now, sir?" inquired Mrs. Howard, who had noticed the captain's anxious face.

"Guess we are safe, ma'am." To his mate, however, he added, in an undertone, "unless we should drift too far to leeward."

"That dog ought to be put where his yelping can't be heard," muttered the mate to the captain, when Mrs. Howard had gone below.

The dog alluded to was a large gray hunting-hound, which the lady had brought away with her at the colonel's request. Pointer, with one exception, was a favorite with all aboard, even to the captain's tortoise-shell cat.

The exception was a huge royal eagle—nobody's property—which a showman—a passenger—had brought with him. The showman had died, and Brave—the eagle's name—was put into the potato-bin aft, where his dismal screaming was often heard, as if in lamentation of his deceased master.

Pointer, naturally enough, the enemy of all birds, would often confront Brave, and, as on the present occasion, show his rage and contempt with barks and growls.

The eagle, with eyes of fire, would then endeavor to break the rope which held it, so as to get at Pointer, and teach him that he was a bird not to be trifled with.

The captain had, for some days past, meditated tying the creature with a new rope in place of the old one, which was already somewhat worn.

Had he done so, the tragedy which now followed would not have occurred.

The eagle, suddenly parting his rope, flew at the hound like a thunderbolt, and put an end to his barking for evermore, by driving his bill, after a brief combat, straight through Pointer's eye, and into his brain.

"Kill the blasted bird!" cried the captain, angrily. "We will tie it to the foretopgallantmast, and have a few shots at it."

"Capital!" cried the mate, rubbing his hands.

A rope was tied to the creature's hind-legs, and being rove through a block above, the king of birds was thus ignobly hoisted to the foretopgallantmast.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the cruel skipper, as the creature flapped its wings, and shrieked forth angry defiance—"ha! ha! see him kick!"

Soon both captain and mate had their rifles.

They were on the point of firing, when Mrs. Howard, who had heard of the death of her dog, came up.

"What are you going to do to that poor bird?" she asked of the skipper.

He told her, adding, "Because it killed your dog, ma'am."

Mrs. Howard's beautiful eyes beamed pity upon the bird. She spoiled the skipper's meditated sport by preventing his shooting the creature. He could not resist her pleading voice.

Then she vainly endeavored to check the tears that gushed at sight of poor dead Pointer.

Just then there was a diversion.

"Malays!" screamed the captain."

There they were, right ahead—three proas—bursting from a cloud of mist.

To leeward, at least a league distant, where the atmosphere had cleared, another sail was seen.

The captain clapped his glass to his eye.

"Thank God—a frigate!" he cried.

"We will be saved, then!" said Mrs. Howard.

"I will try," he answered, trembling in his anxiety, "to save all."

He kept the ship off a couple of points, squaring in the yards.

The proas now bore off his quarter. He crowded sail too much. Crack! went the maintopgallantmast, falling over.

"Bang!" went a small nine-pounder from the head proa.

The ship's jibboom flew to splinters. Her headway was thus deadened. She was still nearly a league from the frigate. Her captain hoisted a signal of distress. The proas gained; they ran alongside—their dusky crews, armed with cutlasses, boarded, yelling, screaming like wildcats.

The captain had lowered the long-boat. His men tumbled in. Some of them endeavored to help Mrs. Howard down the gangway. The boat's warp parted at that critical moment. Mrs. Howard and three men were thus left aboard.

The three men were cut down by a dozen cutlasses.

Mrs. Howard had run forward, and obeying the impulse of the moment, had mounted the fore rigging.

Up she went, higher and higher, until she found herself in the topgallant rigging, near the screaming Brave. The poor bird was still making frantic efforts to free itself from its lashings.

Some of the Malays had mounted into the fore rigging in pursuit of Mrs. Howard, when their chief ordered them down. The frigate was coming up—they must work rapidly to get off with the plunder they had come for.

The hold was ransacked. Boxes and bales were brought up.

Not more than half the valuables were transferred to the proa, however, ere the frigate was seen much less than a league from them, and the escaped men almost aboard her. The friendly vessel was beating up—the stars and stripes at her mizzen—as fast as she could against a head wind.

The Malays yelled with baffled rage. Several shots were fired at Mrs. Howard, still clinging so far aloft. Thankful was the lady that, in her girlhood, she had attended a gymnasium. Otherwise she would have fallen from sheer terror, even had she not heard the shots whizz past her head.

Some of the pirates dived into the hold. Then they all returned to their proas, making off as fast as they could go.

A hissing sound was now heard. Mrs. Howard comprehended all. *The pirates had fired the ship.*

Tongues of lurid flame came driving up from the fore hold. They spread over the whole vessel. Soon she was a towering sea of fire—almost enveloped in flames.

Red, blue, yellow, green! How they writhed, twisted, surged, crackled and roared!

Higher and higher, wilder and redder every moment they climbed. The mast upon which was Mrs. Howard tottered as if every moment about to fall. Beneath her she could not see the deck, which was hidden by the fire.

She looked for the frigate. Alas! there it was, still half a league distant.

It would not reach her in time to save her. Already the flames were licking her feet—already they scorched the wings of Brave, who rent the air with his shrieks.

Quivering, palpitating, gasping, the poor lady still clung to the mast, every moment expecting her doom. The mast would fall in a few seconds, precipitating her into the vortex of flame beneath.

She thought of her husband—yes, even in that dread moment her mind reverted to him. He would hear of her death—she could never go to him.

God help her!

The mast bent over, ready to fall lengthways into the red cauldron. Slowly, slowly, further and further it leaned over. Mrs. Howard looked wildly round her. Was there—oh, was there *no* hope?

Her glance fell upon the bird. Like lightning a thought struck her. She pulled a small pearl-handled knife from her pocket.

Roong! snap! snap! crack! went the mast as it reeled still further.

It was going now!

Mrs. Howard cut the line that held the eagle to the mast. The noble bird spread its wings. The beautiful woman clasped its body firmly with both arms as it soared outward from the mast.

Just as it did so, crash! went the huge spar, falling its full length into the flames, and sending thousands of sparks round the aerial navigators.

Clogged by the weight, the unruly bird twisted its neck to peck at the one who had saved its life—saved it from being shot.

The weight dragged the eagle down; it fell into the sea ere it had gone forty fathoms from the burning ship.

By its violent struggles to rise from the sea, it kept Mrs. Howard's head above water. She must, however, soon let go her hold—her arms were already slipping. Nerving herself, she clung to the bird five minutes longer.

"God help me, I can hold on no longer!" she moaned, as the eagle rose upright, soaring away from her for ever.

Then she slipped off into the waves.

At that moment *there was a cheer.* A boatful of naval men—gallant tars all of them—burst from the rolling smoke, cleaving the waters in her direction.

She was picked up and taken to the frigate, to be treated with kindness and courtesy.

Many months after reaching her husband, the colonel, she told the story.

"I'm afraid I should have been tempted to kill the eagle for killing Pointer," said he; "but your benevolence, my noble wife, was the means of your salvation. Although the bird had destroyed your favorite—that beautiful hound—yet your merciful heart would not permit you to have the bird shot. The bird saved your life. Such was the reward of kindness.

PREPARING FOR TRAINING-DAY.

Training-day was, formerly, in New York and other large cities, a time of much excitement. The militiamen were obliged to go through a certain amount of drill in the manual of arms each year. For days previous to the public muster the men were occupied in scouring their accoutrements, while the youngsters were besieging all their friends for money to participate in a genuine frolic. Many of our most prominent merchants and professional men will remember the dread frequently experienced of this martial exhibition. A failure to respond at roll call was an offense punishable by a fine, which went to the State. The militia fine-collector was a remarkably important personage. The faithful discharge of his duty made him anything but agreeable.

The appearance of the soldiers was grotesque in the extreme. Some assembled in full uniform, others in full civilian dress, while a third party rushed to muster in a singular assortment of both. The drill over, a parade was made, when hundreds of boys and girls preceded and followed the great army.

While these participants in Training-day attracted general attention, there was another class that struggled among the bars and staves and quarter-notes of "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other highly patriotic airs. The band was likewise important.

The fine old Training-day has passed away in the metropolis, and in its stead we have the dignified, precise Inspection-day.

In several districts the custom still prevails, and there we obtain a smack of the by-gone jollity.

We give an illustration of the agony of preparation required of the band, which will carry many a man to the recollections now a generation old.

The scene is in a grocery store, late at night. Traffic is over, and all without is quiet and dreamy. But the forced misery within is intense. The band-master is determined that the tune shall be played just so, and the members are equally determined that obedience is impossible. The leader is inexorable. It must be. He rests lightly on the counter, his hands and feet marking the time to the four "artists."

The base-drummer is convinced of a hard task, and has laid himself out for a night's work, fervently praying that both heads may burst. The small-drummer is evidently an amateur and a stranger. The eyes of the master are upon him. He eagerly awaits the signal to rattle away, and is so honest in his intentions, that the breaking of the chair would only make him more resolute. The flute is piping spasmodically, watching each companion and the master, lest he should continue beyond the bar. The violin alone appears contented. He is well balanced. He wonders at the stupidity of the base and small drum and flute. He has the time and the strain perfectly. He is watchful, and at home. The master has the agony bad. The band won't mind. The base is too loud, the flute too late, the small drum rattles without the slightest regard to the time, the violin has the wrong tune entirely. But, ambitious to steal a triumph from his friend in the next town, he is bound to keep them at it until perfect.

The picture is well drawn. Strong characters are seen, and the expressions are lifelike.

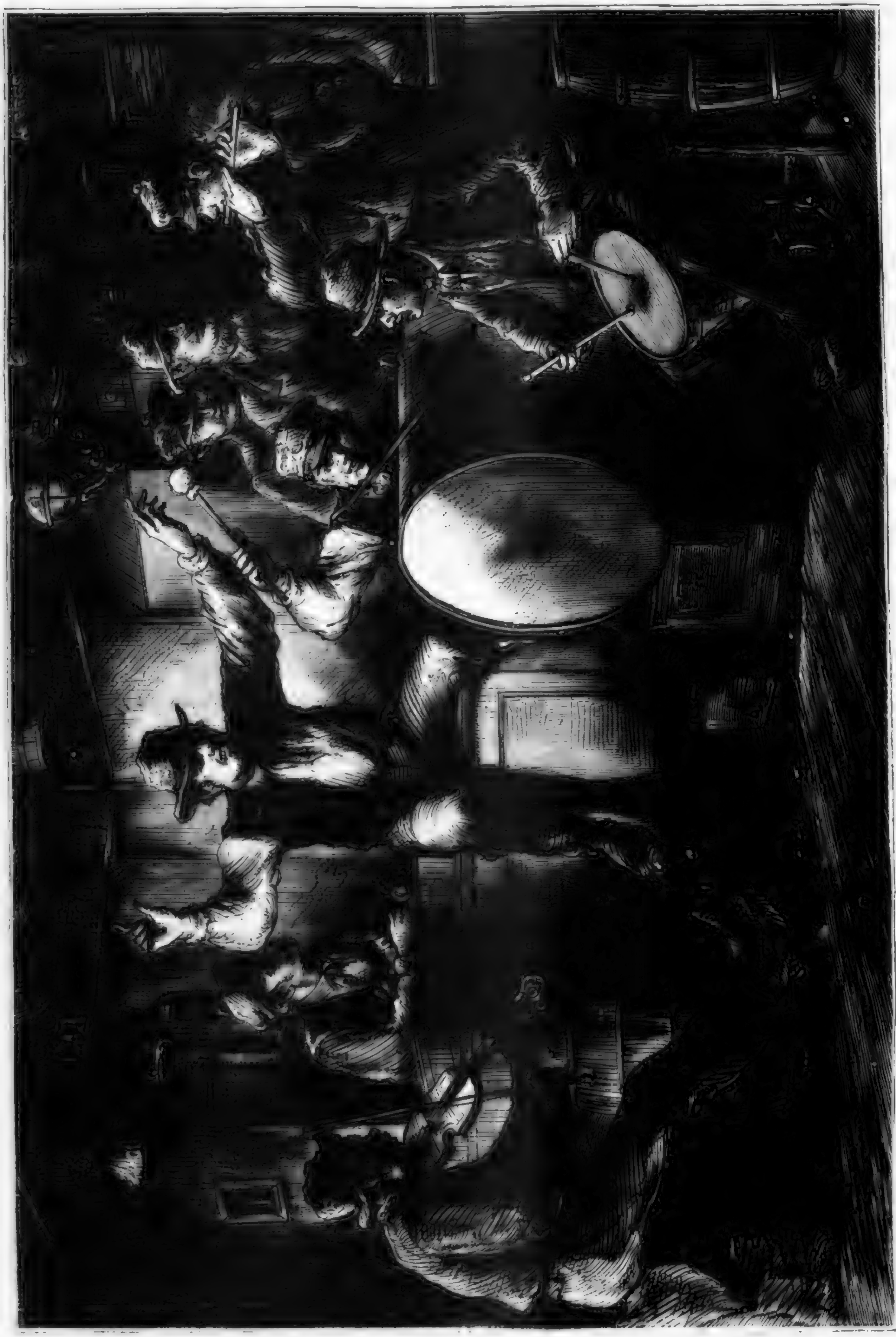
Happiness.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet *she*, with an equal and unfavoring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave; even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on the billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

The most important advantages we enjoy, and the greatest discoveries that science can boast, have proceeded from men who have either seen little of the world, or have secluded themselves entirely for the purposes of study. Not only those arts which are exclusively the result of calculation, such as navigation, mechanism, and others, but even agriculture, may be said to derive its improvement, if not its origin, from the same source.

It would appear that there is a great sympathy between the mind of man and falsehood; when we have a truth to tell, it takes better if conveyed in a fable; and the rage for novels shows that we may not only divert extremely without a syllable of truth, but truth is even compelled to borrow the habit of falsehood to secure itself an agreeable reception.

The most politic, because the most effectual, way of governing in a family is for the husband occasionally to lay aside his supremacy; so in public as well as in private life, that king will be most popular who does not at all times exercise his full prerogative.

XUM



THE REHEARSAL FOR THE ANNUAL TRAINING, IN A VILLAGE STORE.—DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.—SEE PAGE 447.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

Frank was half pleased and half angry with Marie for ignoring his foolish hints, but the pleasure was strongest, because at that stage he admired her the more for it.

"Beautifully done, little Marie," he thought to himself; "if you are a victim, you are a very brave one."

He recovered himself, and asked a few questions about Rochemar.

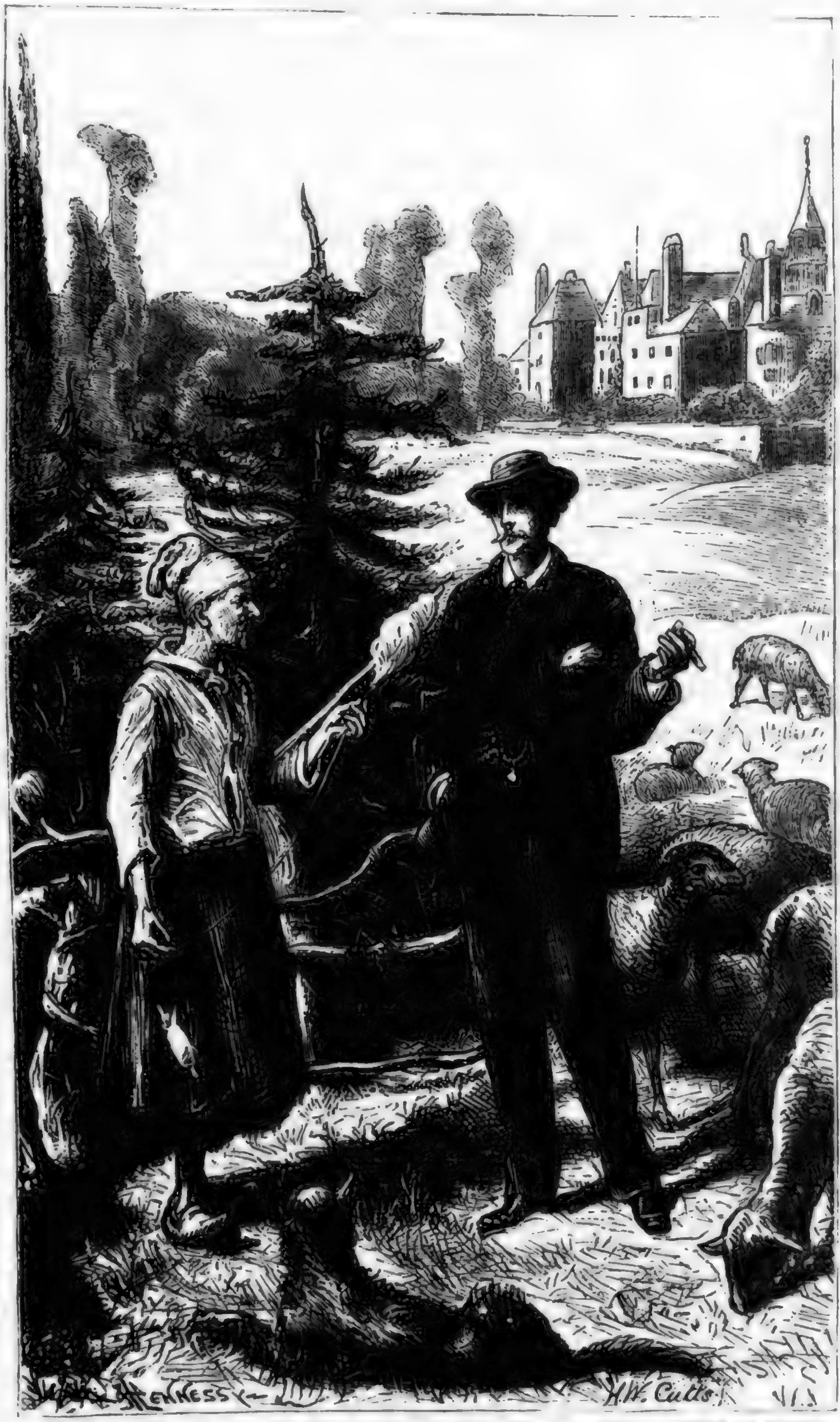
Louise, presently returning, led Blanche on through the vineyard.

The sun was just setting when, having made a round, they came down a lane, shaded by walnut-trees, into the yard of the château. As they passed the old farm buildings he said, almost in spite of himself:

"Then you are going to be very happy. I may be quite sure of that?"

"How can I tell?" said Marie. "You can ask me again in ten years."

"Ah, is that it?" Frank said.



THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—" 'THE TREASURE, MONSIEUR! IT LIES WHERE MONSIEUR LE BARON AND MY POOR UNCLE BURIED IT.' "

It always seemed to be his duty to amuse them in the *salon* in the evening, by reading or singing or talking. Marie generally sat near him, and laughingly corrected his French now and then; but that night she was rather silent, and wrapped up in an enormous piece of tapestry. Frank fetched "Les Feuilles d'Automne" from the library, and read "Soleils Couchants," while she and Agnes worked Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who did not care for poetry, at least for that kind, sat half asleep in one of the great fauteuils by the chimneypiece; and Johnny, half listening, and slowly turning over an illustrated history of the war, leaned his elbow on the table, and pushed his fingers through his curls. It was a grave, quiet little group, with chairs drawn up in a circle round the shaded lamp in the middle of the great, glittering, shadowy room.

"Why don't you sing?" said Johnny, looking up when his brother stopped, and Marie's little dark head was still bent over her worsteds. "One can't stand too much of that sort of thing. Mademoiselle, do put your great work away, and let us have the pleasure of hearing your voice. We have plenty of Frank at home."

Marie raised her eyes slowly, and looked at Frank. He was leaning back with the book in his hand, murmuring something to himself.

"Come, old fellow, answer when you're looked at," said Johnny; and Frank seemed to wake at once; he raised his eyes too, and smiled at Marie as he did so.

"Yes, let us have some music," he said. "Agnes, you can play for Marie."

"You must help me," said Marie, as she rolled up her work.

"Yes, if you like."

Agnes went and took her place at the piano, and Marie got into the corner between her and the wall, while Frank staid outside, to superintend the music. They sang very charmingly together, all sorts of pretty chansons which Marie had learned from time to time, and her cousins caught up at once. There were "Le Montagnard Emigré," "Sans Amour," "La Patrie des Hirondelles," and many others, and then some Italian opera songs, which Mme. de Saint-Hilaire woke up and asked for.

Marie stood against the wall in the corner, looking straight before her, sometimes moving her hands gently in time to the music, and singing like a bird, without trouble or effort, in a sweet, clear voice.

"There, that is enough," she said at last, suddenly. "This singing tires me to death. I would rather dance. What do you say, Agnes? Allons, grand'mère"—gliding out of her place, half kneeling before the comtesse, and laying her hands on hers—"you are going to play us a polka, n'est-ce pas?"

"What! with my old fingers?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Certainly. Agnes, give up your place. Johnny, will you have the goodness to put those chairs on one side?"

Agnes thought she had never seen her little cousin in such high spirits; but she, like every one else, was quite ready to please her. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire played her polka with as much correctness and spirit as a girl of twenty, and followed it up with a valse and another polka. There was not much choice of partners, but all these four were good dancers, and went spinning delightfully round and round the smooth floor. Marie danced the first two with Frank, and the last with Johnny, who did not enjoy the change.

"Agnes dances like a sensible English girl," he said, afterward; "but that little thing is just like an eel. She goes wriggling round and round, and it is as much as one can do to keep up with her."

That night, when Agnes was leaning out of her window into the still, glorious world outside, there was a gentle knock at the door, and Marie came in, with all her long, black hair down.

"Are you looking at the stars?" she said, pulling a chair up to the window. "You English are always looking at something. As for me, I have plenty to think of without setting suns and moons and clouds. Sit down, ma chère. I want to ask you a little question."

"What is it, my child?" said Agnes, bending over her and kissing her forehead.

"Ah, it is very kind of you to embrace me, but you will, perhaps, be vexed at my question. Forgive me, but are you engaged?"

"No," Agnes answered, a little gravely; not that she minded the question, but she was rather afraid of what might be coming next.

"Why not, I wonder?" said Marie. "Ever since you came, it has been a mystery to me why your mother has not married you long before this. You don't wish to marry, then?"

"I do not say that. I do not trouble myself or think much about it. If I met with any one I cared for, I suppose, altogether, a married life is the happiest—at least, it ought to be."

"Was any one ever proposed to you that you did not like?"

"Yes, once. He proposed himself, you know, in our English fashion."

"And why did you not marry him? Was he ugly, disagreeable, poor?" asked Marie, with an appearance of great interest.

"No, none of those. He was rather good-looking, on the contrary; many people thought him very agreeable, and he had a large fortune."

"Then, my dear, what can have been your reason?"

"I did not care for him."

"And he was satisfied with that?"

"He was obliged to be satisfied," said Agnes, smiling. "He was not a man that I liked. From things I heard, I believe he was not a very good man," she added, glad to find a reason that Marie could understand.

"Ah, that was something. That was your reason, no doubt. If he had been good, you would have married him?"

Agnes paused a moment.

"No, I should not."

"Ma chère, you would not? But you are unreasonable. What could you expect?"

"Only one little thing, but that was quite enough. If I had loved him better than any one else in the world, I should not have asked whether he was handsome, or how much money he had, or any of those things. I should have married him for himself. Do you see?"

"Ah, those are your ideas," said Marie. She was silent for a long time, leaning her head against her cousin's shoulder, and gazing out, in spite of herself, at the stars. "Listen, Agnes," she said, in a low, plaintive voice; "I don't understand what you mean by loving any one in that way. There is something frightening in it. I think they are often very bad people who love like that. Women run away from their husbands sometimes because they love somebody else like that—n'est-ce pas? It frightens me to think of it. I am sure it must be very bad."

"Or very good," said Agnes, gently. "The best and most beautiful thing in the world, if it is given to the right person."

"I don't like it. It is too much—it is unreasonable," said Marie. "Look at me. I am going to marry Louis de Rochemar. Mon amie, you do not suppose that I love him like that?"

"No, I suppose not. How should you? You know nothing of him. But perhaps you may, by-and-by."

"It is possible. But no—I remember him too well to make a romance about him. But do you understand? We shall do very well without your tiresome love. If I loved any one, I should be always dying of jealousy. I can imagine nothing more ennuyant. But Louis is good, and amiable, and agreeable, and rich. He will give me all the money and everything else I want, and will let me do exactly as I please. I shall talk to him, and sing to him; and he will listen, and will tell me his affairs when he wants my advice. We shall be good friends, never interfere with each other, please ourselves, and be very happy. Allons! what do you say to that?"

"It does sound as if you would be very happy," said Agnes.

"To be sure. I tell you I shall. I want nothing better. If he had been disagreeable, I should have told my grandmother that I would not be engaged to him. But every one praises him. So good-night, and sleep well, my dear cousin. Do not spend the whole night in looking at those stupid stars."

Marie got up, shook back her hair, kissed Agnes on both cheeks, and hurried away.

"What can the child have meant by talking to me in that way?" thought Agnes, when she was left alone. "Something must have shaken her a little in her national ideas, and she must have wanted to reassure herself. Well, I suppose there are happy French marriages, and I hope hers may be one of them. Was it wrong of me to let her see that there are different ideas in the world? No, I think not. It is best that she should know all about it beforehand."

CHAPTER VIII.

ROCHEMAR.

THE Château de Rochemar stood on high ground above the bank of a river, not a little stream like that at Sonnay, but one of the large tributaries of Madame Loire, flowing broad and clear and full of fish through the favored country. It had been a strong castle, commanding the river approach to the town of Carillon, had stood sieges from the English, and had been taken and retaken in many feudal struggles. Through the great Revolution the family had remained there, the marquis of those days being so dearly loved by all the neighborhood that nothing could persuade people to rise against him; and altogether the red storm had not swept so fiercely over Anjou as over places more civilized and more in the world. The present marquise would have defended her château, if she could, against the Germans; but as that was impossible she received them politely, and so escaped with nothing worse than a clearance of most of her furniture and the suffering of every kind of discomfort while they remained there.

Frank Wyatt looked out of the carriage window as they drove up that evening and saw the great white towers with their gray caps crowning the hill in the twilight, the rows of windows with Renaissance decorations, the arched gateway under which they entered the *cour d'honneur*.

"Here you see the home of Marie," Mme. de Saint-Hilaire whispered to him, as they went into the hall. "What do you think of it? Have I done well for the child?"

"It is quite magnificent," said Frank. "These people must be very rich."

"Yes, indeed. And if you had seen all this after the Prussians left! Ah, I cannot tell you. The restoration is perfectly wonderful."

"It must be," said Frank. He glanced round at Marie, who was following with Agnes and Johnny.

She looked a little flushed and excited, and was pointing things out as they passed, in her quick way—the inlaid furniture that seemed to match the beautiful floors, the handsome jardinières, holding great shadowing ferns and tropical plants, the painted ceilings, the reflection of themselves in the tall mirrors as they went by. It was in one of these that she saw Frank turn round and look at her as she glided along, with her white train sweeping, and pink oleanders in her hair, a delicate, sylph-like little figure in the great bright *salle*. She turned away from the glass and looked at him, smiling in a sort of triumph, as much as to say, "Is not this worth having?" If she could have understood his answer, it would certainly have been, "Well, if you think so. But you can't have everything. For instance, would M. de Rochemar appear to very great advantage in that mirror? Might it not be better to be proud of your husband than of his house?"

The *salon* into which they went was furnished in Louis Quinze style, with beautiful old white flowery brocade on the white-and-gold-chairs. Mme. de Rochemar, very handsomely dressed in pale lilac satin, came forward to meet them, and bowed in the most gracious manner to the young English people. Her friends who were in the room came up and talked to them—M. and Mme. de l'Allier, and "les petits de Rochemar," two nice-looking lads of eighteen and twenty. M. de l'Allier was gray and stiff-looking, and had not much to say; his wife was fat, handsome, and agreeable. She began at once talking English to Agnes. Mme. de Rochemar, in the meanwhile, sat down between Marie and her grandmother, and talked as fast as possible, waving her hands, and throwing her fan backward and forward. Frank, as he stood by, heard compliments flying in showers. Down came the light touch of Mme. de Rochemar's fingers on Marie's sleeve.

"Ma chère petite, quelle jolie toilette! Mais c'est ravissante! You have perfect taste. And those pretty flowers in your hair, the very things to suit you best. Ah, how charmed I am to have you here beside me—n'est-ce pas, madame? And your English cousins—it must be very interesting to have them with you. They are charming, no doubt. I have scarcely spoken to them. Monsieur!"

"Come here, Frank," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"You are pleased with France, I hope, monsieur?"

"Madame," said Frank, "it is the most charming country I ever was in."

This was a very good beginning. Mme. de Rochemar was a thorough and devoted Frenchwoman, and her face lighted up at once with pleasure. So the cross-fire of compliments went on, at which Frank could have laughed heartily if he had not been engaged in it. The Marquise, Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, Marie, himself, each received a large share, and the Englishman was not at all behindhand in paying them. But this game did not last long, for some other guests were announced, and Frank drew back as Mme. de Rochemar got up to receive them. She found time for an aside to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire: "Heavens! how handsome he is!"

"Did I tell you? said the Comtesse, nodding.

"And so well brought up! Charmant, charmant!"

She went forward with a smiling face to receive Mme. de Valmont, who was followed into the room by her husband, her daughter, and eldest son. These ladies were rather plainly dressed, the Marquise in black silk, and her daughter in soft white muslin; but velvet, satin, diamonds, all the milliners and jewelers in Paris could not have made them look handsomer or more distinguished; so thought Johnny Wyatt, at least, as with suddenly awakened eyes he saw them come into the room. When Mdlle. de Valmont sat down near her mother, a little outside the grand circle into which everybody seemed to be forming themselves, he moved quietly round and placed himself at the back of her chair. She turned round, smiling, to shake hands with him; and then Mme. de Valmont suddenly looked up and saw him, and stretched out her hand too.

"Pardon! Where were you hiding yourself? I did not see you before."

Presently she beckoned him close to her, and asked who that young man was, standing near Mme. de Rochemar.

"That is my brother," said Johnny.

"Your brother! Indeed! Then there is no resemblance."

'None at all," said Johnny, half amused, with a quaint, disconsolate tone in his voice.

"At any rate, it is not a subject for grief," said Mme. de Valmont.

"It is very kind of you to say so, madame."

"Mamma always speaks the truth," said Cécile.

"Yes, always," said Mme. de Valmont. "I find it much too tiresome to pay compliments that I don't mean."

Just then there was a voice at the door.

"Mme. la Marquise est servie;" and young Léon de

XUM

Rochemar, in his elder brother's absence, came forward, and gave his arm to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, according to the good French fashion which puts age before rank.

Johnny found himself falling in with Mdlle. de Valmont, and they sat together at one end of the table. The young Frenchmen were rather silent in the presence of their elders, but Johnny did not think it necessary to follow their example, and tried to amuse his neighbor as well as he could. Frank looked at him now and then from his place between Mme. de l'Allier and Marie, and wondered how the dreamy, absent, unintellectual sailor could bring such bright looks of interest and amusement into the very handsome but still countenance of the girl beside him. Johnny's quiet way of devoting himself to one person—never thinking of the rest of the world, but abounding in attentions to that one, with a certain frankness and downrightness which came across the conventionalities of tired landsfolk like a fresh breeze from the sea—was much more attractive than a person of Frank's character could understand. Probably Johnny was talking nonsense in bad French; but whatever it was, Mdlle. Cécile evidently liked it, and responded with so much spirit that M. de l'Allier remarked in an undertone to her mother:

"But mademoiselle votre fille is beautiful, she is brilliant. And how she resembles you!"

Mme. de Valmont looked down the table, and thought, perhaps, M. de l'Allier had meant that remark on Cécile's brilliancy as a note of warning. But she did not feel that it was necessary; she had an instinctive confidence in the young sailor, and a well-grounded one in her daughter, as having that dutiful, tractable temper, that clear innocence, and that gentleness, only to be found in a really noble character. So she turned again, smiling, to M. de l'Allier, and began to tell him the origin of their acquaintance with Johnny.

"Indeed! a brave young fellow," said her neighbor, considerately stroking his gray mostache. "He has a right to a smile from mademoiselle. But his brother has the advantage in looks."

"Do you think so?" said Mme. de Valmont. "Certainly he is handsome, but I prefer the character of the other."

Then, for a moment, as she looked in Frank's direction, something seemed to strike her. He was speaking to Marie, and in the girl's face, as she listened, there was a curious excitement, a nervousness that flushed her cheeks and wrinkled her forehead into distressed lines, while she kept her eyes down and would not look at her cousin as she answered him. One moment, Mme. de Valmont felt extreme surprise; the next, she almost thought she had been mistaken, for Marie had entirely recovered her usual expression, and was laughing at some witty remark of Mme. de l'Allier's.

This lady's four children came in at dessert—the little girls with long curls and embroidered frocks; the boys with long, white coats, white boots, large blue bows at their necks, and hair brushed up in a crest. Not long after, everybody went back, arm-in-arm, to the *salon*, where the little boys walked about, under Mme. de Rochemar's direction, with the coffee-cups, and people's chief business was talking to the children and admiring them. Presently, when the gentlemen were gone away to the smoking-room, and the children had disappeared, Mme. de Rochemar sat down among her friends and began telling ghost-stories.

Agnes Wyatt, as she listened and looked on, thought the little lady was a comedy in herself; her wonderful gesticulations, noddings, wavings, flourishes of her large fan, pats with her foot upon the floor, and her face of half-terrified enjoyment, gave double effect to the stories she told.

At Rochemar they had a crusader, who was heard rattling his armor inside the walls whenever any danger drew near any member of the family. He had even appeared once in bodily form to the Marquis Charles de Rochemar, in the time of Louis Quinze, and had warned him that in a year he would either have died or have gained great honor.

"Well, as to that, he did both, for he was killed in the storming of Kehl."

As Agnes listened to the talk of these ladies, she became aware that there was not a château, or village, or even an old bridge in the neighborhood without its ghost, or legend, or tradition. Some of them had to do with saints, some with old battles, and very many with the Revolution, which seemed to have passed over the country like a black thunder-cloud, leaving ruin behind it; and yet this part of France had suffered little in comparison.

"Cécile," said Marie, in a low voice, going up to Mdlle. de Valmont, "shall we go out on the terrace?" And the two girls went out accordingly through a window into the warm, still night outside, lighted up by thousands of stars, the Milky Way flowing like a stream of silver across the sky.

The great terrace at Rochemar looked down from its height on flower-gardens sloping to the river; another sky of stars lay twinkling and trembling on the polished blackness. The night air was full of the scent of some flowers that were hidden in the dark under the terrace-wall. Many a lady in bygone days had walked out upon that terrace, leaving behind her the heavy towers, which, in their great white strength, looked as if they might be—what no doubt they often were—a living tomb.

Few more graceful examples of young French womanhood had ever walked there than these two, in their white dresses, as they came out of the bright *salon*, and moved across to the balustrade, looking down on the river and the dim, starlit country beyond.

"Dear little Marie," said Cécile, in the fullness of her kind heart, "I do congratulate you. How happy you will be, with this beautiful château, and everything you can wish for in the world!"

"Do not you think it was very wise of me to say yes?" said Marie.

"Yes, certainly. You could not have refused. Shall you be much in Paris? Ah, what a pleasure it will be to meet there! And do you know when M. de Rochemar returns?"

"Mon Dieu, non!" said Marie, impatiently; "how should I know? I am not yet his wife, my dear!"

"You must be very anxious to see him."

"Yes, and no. I know it all must come one of these days, and I assure you I am in no hurry. You see I have waited so long that I have grown quite used to living at Les Sapinières, and amusing myself there in my own way. It is strange enough that M. de Rochemar has had this in his head for years—ever since I was almost a child, and he was going abroad for the first time."

"Ah, that is quite beautiful. And you did not see him when he came back four years ago?"

"No, I was very ill then. We were at Nice, and every one thought I should either die, or only live to join some Order. The changes of this world are amusing enough. Here I am going to be married. Did you see him then? Tell me, is he very ugly?"

"No," said Cécile, with a shade of hesitation.

"Voyons donc! As ugly as my cousin Johnny?"

"There is not a shade of likeness. M. de Rochemar is very dark, with black eyes, very like a soldier. But you do not call your cousin ugly? He has such beautiful eyes!"

Marie laughed, and then, laying her hand with a sudden movement on Cécile's, she whispered: "Yes, I do call him ugly. This is what I call handsome."

Her manner, even more than her words, startled Cécile's calm simplicity in a disagreeable way. The next moment Frank Wyatt came up to them, tall, graceful, and looking quite like a paladin in the starlight.

"You must be cold, *ma cousine*," he said to Marie. "Ought you to be out here? Yes, it is very beautiful; but so is the *salon*, in another way, and Mme. de Rochemar is asking for some music. Do you sing, mademoiselle?" turning to Cécile.

"No, I do not," she answered, gravely; and then, scarcely understanding her own feelings, she walked away at once toward the window.

Frank took Marie's hand, and drew it into his arm as they followed her.

Mme. de Rochemar, whose eldest son's absence often made her feel as melancholy as any one of her cheerful nature possibly could be, thought and said that for years she had not enjoyed such a delightful evening as this. She had always wished to know something of the English; and this young man was perfect, set off by the very much quieter manners and appearance of his sister and brother. His figure, face and voice were without fault, and she was unprejudiced enough to wish that her sons would take example by his correct and graceful manners. Still, of course, he was a minor attraction to her dear Marie, who was looking so well, so pretty, with that refined face and charming little figure, and who had learned by inspiration to mingle with her natural gentleness the ease and *savor faire* of a young lady who had seen the world. As the evening went on, she beckoned M. de l'Allier to her in a corner, and asked him what he thought of her future daughter-in-law.

"A most charming little person, indeed," said M. de l'Allier. "Monsieur Louis is very fortunate. Mademoiselle is exactly the style I admire. She is like some graceful flower, fragile perhaps, but delicately beautiful. Certainly there is no one in this country to approach her. I assure you, as she entered the room this evening, I said to myself, 'Here is the Flower of Anjou!'"

"Cher monsieur, you are too amiable," said Mme. de Rochemar, looking perfectly delighted, and clapping her hands gently. To have extorted such a compliment as this from any one so stiff and unimpressionable was indeed a triumph. "The Flower of Anjou!" the Marquise repeated. "Beautiful—charming! Pardon! I must really tell that to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. Not in Mme. de Valmont's hearing; but she is occupied with the English demoiselle. The 'Flower of Anjou'! *Allons*, you are a poet. I shall tell Louis in my next letter; and I assure you that our angel shall not lose the name."

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN ARCADIA.

"You seem very fond of the society of the ladies," said Johnny Wyatt, coming into the *salon* one day before breakfast, and finding his brother on a sofa in a shady corner. "I have been talking to the Maire, and we are going out shooting together presently. You had better come too."

"I think not," said Frank.

"Why not? The old boy is great fun. When I asked him if he liked shooting, he gave himself a tremendous smile, and shouted out, 'Avec moi la chasse est une passion!' Auguste has got a gun that he's going to lend me. The Maire takes him out, sometimes."

"Perhaps so. But the Maire is not going to take me," said Frank, which silenced Johnny for the moment.

The Maire of Sonnay was a very respectable and well-thinking person, a retired tradesman of Carillon, who had built himself a smart little house on the other side of the valley, where he had gardens and plenty of grass, and cultivated very fine flowers and fruit. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who liked to be on the very best of terms with her neighbors, had given this worthy man permission to shoot over her estate, reserving to herself the power of killing any game she wanted whenever she pleased. Johnny had made friends with the Maire, as he had by this time with all the people about the place, thus providing himself with plenty of amusement. He had a hand in everything that went on. They were just beginning to beat down the walnuts, and he was to be found with a long stick near the top of the tree. The river was an unfailing interest—what with bathing, fishing, or clearing out the weeds preparatory to catching a desperate pike that lurked there. Half a dozen men were busy there, some pulling away the long reeds and water-plants that would straggle across the stream, some beating the water with poles, one walking along in the middle of the river with a net pushed before him. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire stood looking on at the failure of all these people to entrap Monsieur le Brochet. Nobody would venture into a certain dark hole close to the bridge, till Johnny took a net that was lying on the bank, dropped quietly in, and, after remaining some minutes up to his neck in water, brought out the pike in triumph. This odd boy had also a taste for cooking; he made great friends with Mme. de Saint-Hilaire's cook, studied coffee-making and other mysteries, and gave her some wrinkles that he had picked up in his different voyages. All these things were done without any talking, and with an air of quiet indifference. When Johnny wished to make friends with anybody, he let his eyes speak for him, in a manner quite remarkable for a person so really unaffected.

"You can't be well, old fellow," he said, with a sailor's kindliness, as he stood by the table, with a sun-ray falling straight in on his hair, and looked at his pale brother lounging in the corner.

"Yes, I am," said Frank, civilly enough. "But I don't care to go out in the boiling sun, unless it is to sit still somewhere. There's nothing to pity me for. I find it pleasanter here, and I must say I never was in a country better arranged for pleasing one's self."

"That's true," said Johnny. "Well, I'm glad you are contented. You seem to be quite first fiddle with little Miss Marie. Do you like her?"

"Of course. She is the prettiest and most ladylike little thing you or I ever saw. Thoroughbred to the tips of her fingers. Look at her nails. One don't meet girls like that often in England."

Johnny looked on the floor and whistled. It never entered into his head to argue with his brother; that would have been both troublesome and useless, however he might disagree with him. But it happened that Marie was both pretty and ladylike. That did not interfere with the fact that somebody else was beautiful and noble.

"I am very sorry for her," Frank want on. "How these people manage to stunt and narrow their girls' minds is a wonder to me. But I think Marie is already beginning to see her way out, though one has to show it very carefully to these devout people. It is not much use, though, when there is that dreadful marriage before her. But after all, a little development can only do her good."

"How do you set about it?" said Johnny, dreamily. "I say, Frank, what a pity we did not get here a few days sooner! You might have had a chance against that Marquis, so far off as he is."

"Oh, I don't know," said Frank. "Transplanting seldom answers well. Besides, the grandmother would never have

XUM

listened to it. Think of my quarters and Rochemar—my income and the Marquis's."

"Do these people think so much about money and all that? One being richer than another seems to make no difference in society here."

"Are any of them poor?" remarked Frank. "Certainly, they are all on a level, and birth is everything, and there is none of the snobbish purse-pride we have in England. But at the same time do you suppose that their dignity would allow any of these girls to marry beneath them? It is the same with the men. There must be tolerably equal advantages on both sides."

"Ah, I suppose so," said Johnny. "And they are all so well brought up that the notion of anything else never occurs to them."

"Of course not. They might just as well, or better, think of marrying the Great Mogul as a stray Englishman without a big house and an estate at his back. They quite see the gulf between them and us. As for crossing it—why, they have never learnt to swim. So you see, Johnny, they feel as safe with you and me as with their grandfathers. And we make ourselves as happy as we can with them."

"Things do happen, though," said Johnny. "I've read in books ——"

"Only among the Bohemian sort," said Frank, consolingly. "Not in catholic, legitimist, noble, well-regulated families. Their young ladies are shut up in brass towers, like the princess in the fairy tale."

"But those princesses always got out, somehow."

"Don't flatter yourself. You saved her life, and she is certainly handsome, but perfectly immovable. A young Gorgon. I thought of Medusa when I looked at her. You might as well try to run away with Le Mans cathedral."

"Run away! Who talks of running away!" exclaimed Johnny, indignantly, his face becoming redder. "I'll be hanged if I understand you. I don't know what you mean by talking about Gorgons."

"Nothing at all," answered Frank very peaceably. "And we shall all be much wiser if we stay where we are—for the present, at least."

The breakfast-bell began to ring, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire's tall figure came walking past the windows, with her poodle following behind. Johnny left his brother, and went out to wish her good-morning.

Of course he said no more to Frank about the shooting; but went off, after breakfast, to join M. Lafon, leaving the others to amuse themselves as they liked. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire asked them if they would drive with her to Carillon, where she wanted to do some shopping, and, in the meanwhile, went to give some orders to her people.

Agnes took a parasol from the hall, and went after her across the yard, where she was standing, a picturesque figure, in the low, dark archway of the farm-kitchen. Here the people were at dinner—the men in their blue blouses at a long table, and three or four women scattered about in the corners and at the windows, eating soup with an abundance of cabbage, and drinking the red wine of the country. Agnes thought Frank might have made a study of that kitchen, with the sun pouring in through the opposite windows, streaming across the stone floor, lighting up the grave Angevin faces, the snowy caps, the brown pitchers on the table, and the great bowls from which they helped themselves. She often came and peeped in at them; for this was her aunt's favorite time for giving orders, when she could find them and speak to them all together. Agnes was fast losing herself in a sort of dreamy peace in this Arcadia, where none of the disturbing elements of life seemed to enter. Everything was harmonious, gentle, graceful, and picturesque. Peasants and animals worked hard, but were placid and contented all the time. Nobody rebelled but the big black ox, Erèbe, who did not like his first experience of ploughing, but was growing more manageable every day. The sun shone, and the fruits ripened, the vintage was approaching, the walnuts were being gathered, all through these soft September days. And to remind the people that there is another world beyond this, the *Angelus* bell rang out at sunrise, noon, and sunset; the hills and the château echoed it back. Agnes began to listen to for it, and to feel that she would miss it when she went away.

CHAPTER X.

MADAME D'YVES.

ONE of Mdlle. Marie's fancies at this time was to learn water-color drawing, and though she had no more taste or talent for it than most of those girls who learn it at English boarding-schools, she got on very satisfactorily by the same means—the powerful assistance of her master. Frank had her pencil in his hand most of the time, and talked Ruskin and other authorities, who seemed to lead on by easy paths to all sorts of wide subjects that his pupil had never dreamt of before.

Marie must have felt, though she never confessed it to herself, that she had been living in a very narrow world. Now and then, perhaps, she felt a little frightened, and not sure about the orthodoxy of all these ideas; but then Frank never said a word to which her religion could really object. He was a good, honest, noble-minded Englishman, the cleverest and most charming man she had ever met, and her own cousin. If he was not to be trusted, who in the world was? As if he was ever likely to say a word to offend her! He was too true a gentleman for that. And if he was not very happy—for he had confessed as much—was it not her duty to be as kind to him as she possibly could, and to show him that a Frenchwoman had a heart, and could feel for her friends, whether she knew the history of their troubles or not? It was true that his manner was a very little demonstrative sometimes, that he seemed to forget for a moment who they both were, and looked and spoke as if she belonged to him; but that was because he was English. In England cousins were like brothers and sisters, and young unmarried women were not obliged to be so strict and careful in their manners, and were even allowed to go about alone.

All this was firmly established in Marie's poor little mind. And yet, if she had been wise, she would have paid rather more attention to those doubts that came to shake her now and then—those slight pricks of conscience, that growing habit of setting the future out of sight and enjoying the present moment, without a thought of anything beyond.

They had a delightful drive to Carillon that afternoon; the good horses drew them swiftly along the fine, even road, and Marie's neighbor showed her all sorts of things that she had never noticed before—birds, insects, the shaking of the poplar leaves, the reflections in the river as they drove along beside it.

"Why, Frank, you are a naturalist," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Oh, no," said Frank; "but I think it is good for one to keep one's eyes open, and notice all these little things."

"You are quite right, it is very good indeed, and so I have often told Marie."

The first streets of the little town were wide, with low, white houses, and trees planted in rows, a praiseworthy attempt at boulevards. Further on they came into narrow streets and pavement. Auguste dashed and rattled round the many corners with a glorious carelessness as to what might be in the way. At last he drew up in the market-place, in front of the Hôtel du Faisan, and here they all got out.

"*Mes amis*," said the comtesse, "I have some shopping to do, and a few little visits to make that would not interest you. The church is very ancient. You like antiquities, Agnes, and you too, Frank. You can go there with Marie, while I attend to my own business. We will wait for each other in the Place."

"Yes, grandmother," said Marie. "And if there is time we can walk down to the river, and look at the château from a distance."

"Certainly, my dear child."

"The river is the furthest off, so we will go there first," said Marie, as Mme. de Saint-Hilaire walked away with her firm step along the uneven pavement. "We must go down this street, which leads to the outside of the town."

They made their way through several narrow streets and lanes, which were all fairly clean. Perhaps very dirty little French towns are gradually becoming things of the past.

"This is the shortest way to the river," said Marie, stopping where a lane went diving down between two high walls, with a gleam of water just caught by a sunbeam at the end. "And this alley of poplars on the left leads to the château. Which do you like best?"

"Why, the château must be well worth seeing," said Frank, going forward a few steps between the trees. "I can see it, a quaint old place standing right in the river. This way, please, unless you prefer the other."

"Not at all," said Marie, smiling. "And Agnes is of your opinion, for she is trying to make herself as tall as you, that she may catch sight of the same view. It is impossible, my dear; you must have patience. A little further down you will see very well."

She walked on with her cousins, but stopped, apparently without any reason, some little way before they reached the château. They had a very good view of it, however. A mass of old, gray towers, turrets and roofs, with rugged walls going down apparently straight into the river—the same that flowed by Rochemar, which spread itself out here into a broad, shallow, fast-flowing stream. A smaller stream ran all round the château, crossed by a drawbridge, with its old beams and chains. Facing this bridge and the poplar avenue were two great, machicolated round towers, with pointed tops, a gateway between them, with great gates closed, and a little, low door standing open by the side. Some of the windows were modernized and full of flowers tumbling out upon the gray stone ledges. On the land side there was a bright garden, fenced with tall iron railings, and all the specks of color, the varied roofs and tourelles, were lighted up to brilliant clearness by the sun that danced and flashed on the hurrying river beyond.

"Marie, how is it that you have not shown us this before?" said Frank. "It is the most picturesque thing I have seen yet."

He set off walking rather quickly down the avenue.

"Don't you think we shall have time to go any further?" said Agnes, seeing that Marie lingered, and was not inclined to walk on.

"Yes, plenty of time. But we don't know the people who live here, and you understand that I don't want to be seen wandering about the château."

"Shall I call Frank back and tell him?"

"No, no. *Allons*, you would like to see it too. It is very curious. Let us walk down as far as the bridge, and ask those women if the people are at home."

Two women were washing in the river just below the drawbridge, beating the clothes on stones. Marie and her cousin went forward and looked over the railings. Frank was standing on the bridge, and had already pulled out his sketch-book.

"Ma bonne femme," said Marie, in a low, clear voice, as the beating ceased, and one of the women turned round to look at her, "can you tell me if Mme. d'Yves is at home?"

"Mais oui, mademoiselle. Here is madame herself."

"Ah, que je suis tracassée!" said Marie, between her teeth.

It was too late to run away, for a lady had come out of the garden behind, and was almost close to them. She was a small person, fashionably dressed, with a brown face and very black eyes, and a fanciful wreath of flowers round her hat. As she advanced upon the bridge Frank moved to one side, and took his hat off. Mme. d'Yves turned towards Marie, and made her a low courtesy, which Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire returned with one still more ceremonious.

"I must ask your pardon, madame," said she, "for approaching so near the château. My friends are strangers, and they thought it so curious and so beautiful that I was anxious to give them a nearer view. I am afraid we are intruding upon you."

"Du tout, mademoiselle," answered the châtelaine, in a rather harsh voice, and with a peculiar accent. "I am enchanted to see you—and your friends also," with gracious inclinations to Frank and Agnes. "Monsieur is an artist? He will do us the honor of making a sketch of the château?

Frank said he was hoping to carry away a little pencil recollection of it, if madame would kindly give him permission.

"Monsieur, I am charmed. Yes, it is a very curious old place, very interesting—quite belonging to the Middle Ages. Moi, j'adore le moyen âge. You must go round to the other side, monsieur; it is still more picturesque than this. I shall have the pleasure of showing you the way."

She turned smilingly round to the ladies, to conduct them in the same direction.

"Thank you very much, madame," said Marie; but my cousin and I are obliged to return to the town. My grandmother is waiting for us. You will find us in the Place," she added, looking at Frank, "when you have finished your sketch."

"But I should have had so much pleasure in showing the inside of the château to *mademoiselle votre cousine*, if you and she would have done me the honor to wait a moment," said Mme. d'Yves, raising her eyebrows.

"Merci bien, madame. You are very kind, but we have not time to-day."

Frank looked in a little astonishment, wondering where all this hurry had suddenly sprung from. Marie seemed disturbed, and Agnes rather disappointed. He supposed this lady was not an acquaintance, at least not a desirable one, but he did not feel inclined to give up his sketch; she could not hurt him. There was another exchange of bows, and the two girls walked away together along the alley of poplars. Mme. d'Yves conveyed him round, beyond the facing towers, to the side of the château which seemed to hang over the river. There was just room to pass between the water and the foot of the wall, but beyond that the land ran out into a little point, with trees growing on it; and going along this you had a famous view of all the mass of buildings. They made three sides of an irregular square, and looked as if every possessor for the last five or six hundred years had stuck on a turret, or made a door, or knocked out a window, or built a staircase. For the last hundred years or two the owners seemed to have contented themselves with letting in a little more light when they wanted it here and there, for all the building was gray, rugged, moss-grown stone. The square itself was a garden, with high iron railings to fence it off from the river, and full of flowers—dahlias, asters, roses, carnations—growing in picturesque profusion among the dark old walls. Frank was delighted, and expressed his admiration very cordially to Mme. d'Yves, who bowed and smiled and showed her white teeth.

"You will excuse my beginning my sketch at once, madame," he said. "This beautiful place deserves hours, and I have only minutes to give to it."

"There is a charming view from the other side of the river," suggested Madame d'Yves. "You would not have time to cross now, monsieur," as Frank glanced longingly in that direction. "But are you making such a very short visit to Les Sapinières that you will not have time to come again?"

Frank might do that, he thought. What did it matter if his aunt was not acquainted with this lady? His doings were quite independent, and did not commit anybody else. Any one who pretended to be an artist must sometimes go among queer people. He thanked Mme. d'Yves, and said that he was not making a very short visit, and with her kind permission, if he found it possible, he should be very glad to come again.

"Then," said she, "if we do not happen to find you out, will you come and announce yourself at the château? My husband will be charmed to show you the interior, and I assure you it will be worth seeing. We have collections, too, that may interest you—pictures, old china, tapestry, weapons, coins. You may perhaps have heard, monsieur, that our house is called the 'Museum of Anjou.'"

"No, indeed, madame, I had not heard that," said Frank.

"Ah, it is very possible. But you will come and see for yourself; n'est-ce pas, monsieur? You promise me that?"

"With very many thanks, madame, for your amiable politeness."

After this they parted; Mme. d'Yves stepping lightly back to her garden, and Frank settling down to his sketch, which was only a slight one, in view of the better opportunity promised by himself and the kind lady of the château.

He walked back to the inn, and found the horses quite ready, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire just looking round for him before she got into the carriage. She seemed a little put out as they drove off.

"It was a pity you went near the château, ma chère enfant," she said to Marie, "without ascertaining whether those people were at home."

"It was my fault," said Frank. "I was so delighted with the old place that I dragged them down close to it before they knew where they were, and then the lady sprang out upon us as if she had been lying in wait."

"Probably she had," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Who are they? Not people quite of your standing, I suppose?"

"Monsieur d'Yves belongs to a good old Breton family. He was a very wild young man; he spent all his fortune, and made it again in a remarkable way by gaming, racing, speculating—cheating, some people say. At any rate, he managed to leave his respectability behind him. His wife is a bourgeois—nobody at all—but she had a certain fortune of her own. I never heard anything absolutely against her, but they are not in society, very much to their disappointment and disgust. Their efforts have been frightful. He bought that old château immediately after his marriage, furnished it, as I heard, with every sort of expensive absurdity, gave himself the title of baron, to which he has no right whatever, and expected to be welcomed and *fêted* by the whole neighborhood. A few people did visit them at first. That dear Mme. de Rochemar set the example—she is sometimes too amiable; but nobody could go very far. The gentlemen could not regard M. d'Yves as one of themselves, and the ladies found his wife insupportable. As to me, I never visited them at all; so you can imagine how they hate me."

"Less, perhaps," said Frank, "than those ladies who began and were obliged to leave off. She was politeness itself to Marie just now."

"Ah, very possible. She thought she had a chance of picking up an acquaintance. She knew very well who Marie was, and all about her. *La petite* is something of a personage in the neighborhood now."

"Could she know, grand'mère?" said Marie, frowning and coloring a little.

"My dear child, believe me, there is nothing she does not know. But you are probably right, Frank. She hates Mme. de Rochemar as much as anybody. I wish with all my heart they would go away, for the château is certainly very curious, and I myself should like to see it again."

"I must try one of these days to make a water-color sketch of it from a little further off," said Frank—"the other side of the river. Mme. de Yves wished very much to show me the interior. She says they have pictures and all kinds of curiosities; but even without these the old place must be well worth seeing. I thought I might perhaps avail myself of her civility, but if you would prefer my not going there again, you have only to say so."

"You are very good," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, smiling. "But there is no reason for you to deny yourself like that. On the contrary, my dear Frank, I should certainly go. A visit from you is not a visit from me—and indeed I really have nothing to say against that poor Mme. d'Yves. I have sometimes thought that she might die of dullness, for they have nothing to say to the bourgeoisie, and must be very much alone all the time they are at Carillon. Go by all means, as soon as you please. You are quite old and sensible enough to take care of yourself."

"I may not go, I suppose?" said Agnes.

"No, my dear, certainly not," and "Of course not," came simultaneously from her aunt and brother.

"Poor Agnes!" said Marie, laughing. "But you and I are in the same position. I never have seen the inside of the château, and probably never shall. Frank must bring us an exact description of it."

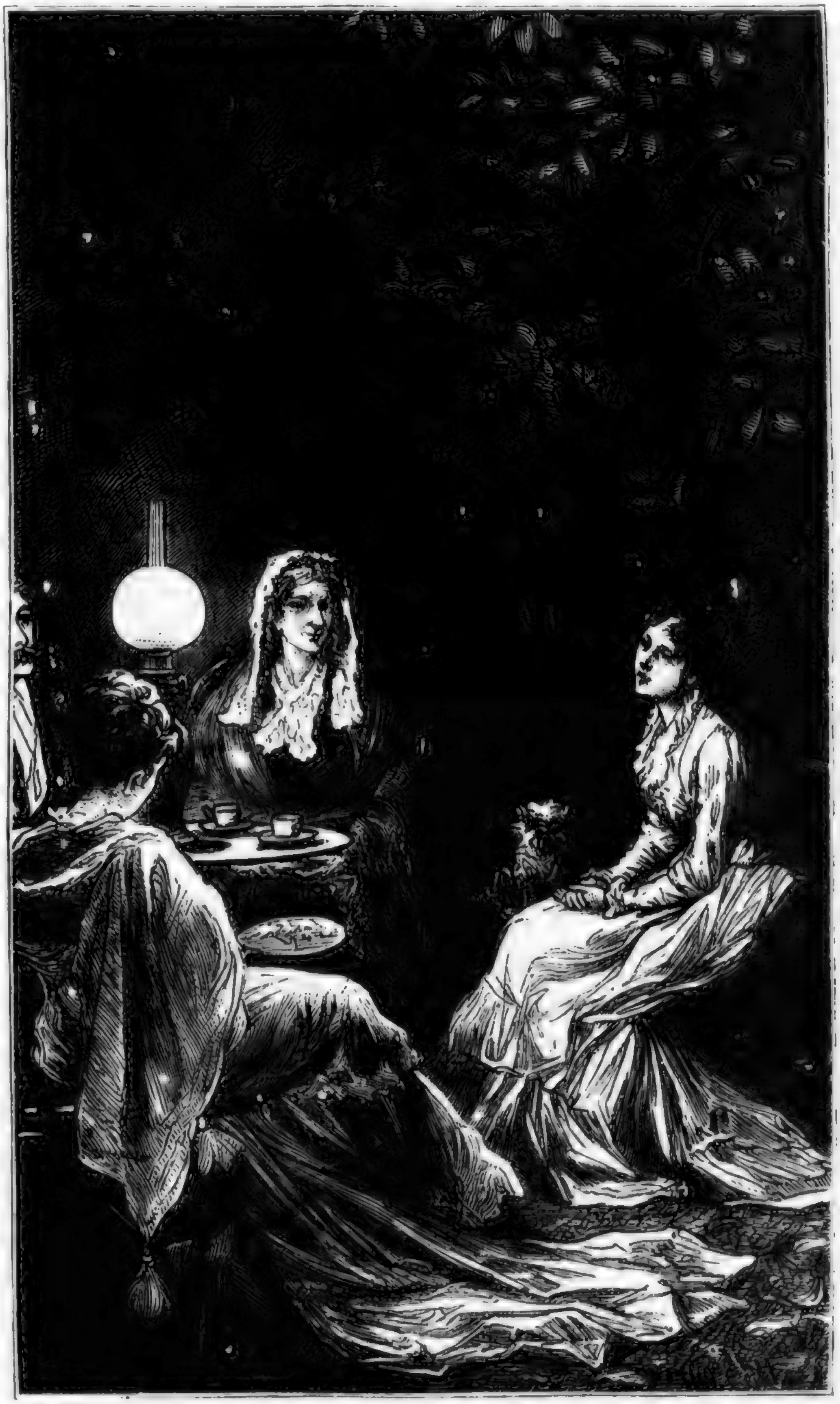
CHAPTER XI.

A SHOOTING PARTY.

Frank did not appear to be in any particular hurry to pay his second visit to the Château de Carillon, and there were plenty of other amusements to occupy his thoughts and time. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had a great many neighbors, and they were inclined to be very hospitable, asking her and her young people to all sorts of entertainments—dinner-parties, dances, theatricals. At these *soirées* the children often acted charades. At one house the tutor wrote a little play for his pupils, who acted it with immense spirit, chattering, gesticulating, singing their gay songs, and tripping about in the prettiest costumes. M. l'Abbé's play itself was the weakest part of the performance. Another lady gave a musical party, at which a little Parisian artist thundered out Wagner and Chopin in a style to drive the piano and all the listeners crazy.

One day M. de Valmont asked the two young Englishmen to come and shoot with him and some of his friends. This was a very different thing from shooting with the Maire of

Sonnay, and Frank was quite ready to go. He and Johnny drove off with Auguste in the dogcart immediately after breakfast. It was a very hot, sultry day, with heavy white clouds rising slowly in the south, and thunder growling in the distance now and then. They arrived at Lauron about half-past twelve, and went out at once with the Marquis; his sons had already gone off on their own account.



THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.—AFTER DINNER AT LES SAPINIERES.

There was plenty of "gibier à plume" to be seen, and some "à poil," about the heathy ground, with its little hills and valleys, and the long slopes leading away to the woods. The gorse was blossoming here and there. They put up birds behind every hedge and thicket of brushwood, and these good shots soon began to fill their game-bags.

The friends whom M. de Valmont had mentioned came dropping in one by one—M. de l'Allier, "les petits de Rochemar," and others from the neighborhood—all variously got up for "chasse à tir." A very independent amusement this seemed to be. No keeper or game-carrier was to be seen. Each sportsman wore a loose jacket of some strong stuff like line linen, in different colors, olive-green, blue, white, or black, with a large bag behind for carrying his game. Each had his own dog, which acted as pointer, setter, and retriever. Straw hats were universal, and might be seen bobbing about over hedges and ditches, as their wearers rushed here and there, sometimes together, sometimes apart, with a good deal of noise and boyish fun. All these unorthodox ways did not prevent them from being very good shots. Though the hares and partridges had a better chance for their lives than in the English fashion of shooting made easy, a great many of them went home on the sportsmen's backs to the château. This was at about three o'clock for lunch, after which they turned out again for two hours' more work. The Englishmen did their full share of it all; but the day was so hot, and so much exertion seemed to be wanted, that Frank gave in at last, and followed Johnny's advice, given quite gravely, to pick some of the great mushrooms that grew all about the fields, and take them in to Mme. de Valmont.

The two brothers staid to dine at Lauron, but the rest of the party started home about half-past five. Johnny had dined there several times before, and his elder brother once, and they both agreed that it was a delightful house. There was some value in this testimony from Frank, who was unprejudiced and very particular. Mme. de Valmont was one of those attractive hostesses with a talent for making every one feel happy and at home. Her good manners were only the outward expression of her kind heart, and never ran on into the extravagant politeness of some of her neighbors. She was

XUM

natural—she had seen the world—was a very agreeable and sensible woman, and whatever may have been the history of her marriage, she loved her husband and children cordially, and they adored her. It was delightful to see this family all together. They were mutually polite and gentle, they enjoyed each other's company, made friendly little jokes and pretty speeches, but all without running into any extremes, or making other people feel *de trop* in their circle. Max and his sister were on the most affectionate terms, and the quieter Pierre was devoted to his mother. Cécile seemed very happy that evening; her mother remarked as much when the gentlemen had left them together in the *salon*.

"How bright you are to-night, my child!" said Mme. de Valmont, laying her hand on Cécile's shoulder and looking fondly into her face. She always seemed to see her own youth again there. They were very like each other, as Johnny had remarked when he first set eyes on them coming into the old church. Cécile's, perhaps, was a graver, steadier aspect; her eyes were deeper and her features more decided than Mme. de Valmont's had been at her age. "Are not you overwhelmed with the heat?" she went on. "Moi, j'étouffe! Come, dearest, let us go out and breathe a little air, if there is any."

She threw a white scarf over her head, and they went down the stone stairs, and out upon the *perron* in front of the house-door. It was a black night; there was not a star to be seen, but now and then lightning flashed up from the horizon with a sudden trembling radiance; then all was dark again; the thunder growled and rattled, and died away in the distance. They sat down together on the steps, for it seemed too dark to walk about. The country lay in utter stillness; even the owls were silent, and they only heard now and then the cry of some wild thing far away in the woods. It was a night for wild beasts or ghosts or anything uncanny, but Mme. de Valmont and her daughter rather enjoyed it as they sat and talked in a low voice, and lifted their faces to catch the breath of air that sometimes came stealing up the valley.

"I think we shall have a storm to-night," said the marquise, "and our friends will have some trouble in getting home. Certainly they are very agreeable young men, and I shall be sorry when they return to England."

"Do you like the elder, mamma?"

"Not so much as our friend John. What do you say?"

"I detest him."

"Ma chère amie! And why?"

"Mais—I cannot tell you, indeed. Do not you sometimes dislike a person without knowing why?"

"I think I can generally find a reason if I look for it," said Mme. de Valmont. "However, I do not myself think M. Frank so charming. Yet one ought to believe his friends. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire says he is perfect, and there are many others who agree with her."

"Mamma," said Cécile, "I don't know——" and then she made a long pause.

"*Allons*, that is news!" said Mme. de Valmont, laughing a little. "But I assure you he is very popular. I have heard many people praise him, especially Mme. de Rochemar; and not only the old ladies—his cousin Marie thinks him a hero, does she not?"

"Yes, I suppose she does. That is why I detest him."

"What a droll reason! Because Marie likes him you detest him. My dear Cécile, you must tell me what you mean."

It was dark, but Mme. de Valmont felt instinctively that her daughter was blushing and confused. She was a little anxious, but quite determined to get to the bottom of this. Her long knowledge of Cécile told her that it was probably all right, and she need not [illegible] at all.

"Allons, mon amie," she said, with a shade of peremptoriness in her tone. "You must hide nothing, but tell me your thoughts without any reserve whatever."

"Well, mamma, I think he tries to make Marie like him. I have noticed it several times. It does not make her happy, for she looks quite sad and thin—have you noticed that? But she does like him very much, and he is always following her about; and, mamma—do not say anything, je vous en prie—but when we were talking on the terrace at Rochemar that night, when we saw him first, she did not seem very anxious for M. de Rochemar to come back; and then M. Frank came to us, and began to talk in a voice and a way I did not like, and I went straight into the *salon*. They came at once, you know—that was just before they began to sing."

"The English, you know, have different ideas," said Mme. de Valmont; "and English girls are allowed all kinds of freedom that you and Marie have not."

"I know that, mamma. But even in England, if a girl was engaged, I do not think any one else would speak and look as Marie's cousin does."

"Perhaps not," said Mme. de Valmont, who in her secret heart was delighted with her daughter's sentiments. "But Englishmen, you know, think that unmarried girls are to have the same attention as married women. You can see that in our friend Johnny, who is always so polite to you."

"As to that, mamma," said Cécile, "I think it is you who have all his politeness."

"Well, that is as it should be," said her mother, rather hastily. "Johnny has right feelings and good principles."

"And his brother has neither one nor the other. But, seriously, is it not sad for Marie? One cannot do anything—one cannot speak, or she will be angry."

"I think it possible that Marie is very wrong. But of course we cannot interfere. Poor M. de Rochemar!"

"I do not know who to pity most," said Cécile, gravely. "Promise me one thing, chère petite maman—that you will never marry me to any one I do not choose for myself."

"I promise. But you must promise me something in return—that you will never insist on marrying an unsuitable person."

"Are you there, madame?" said a low, gentle voice at the door; and Johnny Wyatt came out and joined them, placing himself a little lower down on the steps. "What a night it is—as hot as a furnace! I believe there is an awful storm coming up."

"Yes, that last peal of thunder was a good deal nearer," said Mme. de Valmont. "Where are you come from? Are the others gone into the *salon?*"

"No," said Johnny. "M. de Valmont and my brother are playing billiards, and the others are watching them. So was I, till I got tired of it."

"So you came to give us your company. That was very amiable of you. Cécile and I have drifted into such a gloomy conversation that we shall be quite glad of a little cheering."

"Have you really? I did not know you were ever subject to bad spirits."

"Not exactly that, perhaps. But a prospect does not always look the same, does it? The future is like others—sometimes bright and sometimes cloudy."

"Well, I am subject to very bad spirits," said Johnny, "and it is odd enough that I should have been thinking just now about the future—what a dreadful thing it is, and all that. Madame, do you know that in another month we shall be back in England, and in a few weeks I shall be afloat again, and most likely I shall never see you and—Lauron again?"

"So you are in very bad spirits," said Mme. de Valmont, after a moment's pause.

"Next door to wretched."

"Dear M. Johnny, I do not see why you should not expect to see Lauron again. We do not forget our friends so easily, even when we owe them nothing—and we owe you a great deal."

She leaned forward and held out her hand to Johnny, who could just see it, though scarcely her face, in the darkness, and he took it and kissed it very devoutly. Mdlle. Cécile sat quite silent during these flirtations with her mother. One knows something of the feeling that was tugging at Johnny's heart—the prospect of parting with companions one has learned to love, and the longing wish not to be forgotten; to leave a little trace of one's self in the thoughts and words of those whose hands now touch and whose eyes now meet one's own.

"You are very kind," he said, "but it would be a different thing if you were in England. It is so seldom that I have time, you see, to go anywhere but home."

"You will have to find time now," said Mme. de Valmont. "Remember, you must not wait for your aunt to ask you, but you must write to me when you have a few weeks to spare, and we shall always be so happy to receive you. Now do not forget that."

"I am not likely to forget it, madame," said Johnny.

"Tell us something about your home," the marquise went on. "Have you any sisters beside Mdlle. Agnes?"

"Not now. We had another, but she died three years ago."

"Was she married?"

"Yes, she had been married a year."

"Ah, how sad," murmured Cécile, under her breath.

"Yes," said Johnny, whose tongue seemed to be unloosed by the darkness, "I was sorry for little Katie. She was engaged for five years. It was such a long time to wait, and then to die in a year."

"But what was the reason for waiting so long?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Oh, because he was poor. They couldn't afford to marry till he got something to do—at least people thought they could not. I told him that in his place I should have made Katie marry me at once, and let the future take care of itself. It's all right, I think, when people struggle up together; and Katie would have done very well, though he didn't think she was fit for it. But I believe I knew her best."

"Was she younger than you?"

"We were twins, and she was one of the prettiest and cleverest girls you ever saw."

"And your parents allowed her to wait all that time for the chance?" said Mme. de Valmont, half to herself.

"What should they have done?" said Johnny. "Of course she could not have married any one else." I think it would be rather bad if, after one was married, one met the right person. What would a French lady do then?"

"There come in duty and honor," said Mme. de Valmont.

"Ah, that's all very well. They are grand things, but they don't always keep you from being very unhappy. I think it is better not to risk it, and to find out the right person to begin with."

"That is all very well too. But could a mother allow her daughter to throw herself away on a person perhaps without money or connections or advantages of any kind, merely because the demoiselle made up her mind that here was the right person? *Jamais, jamais!*" and Mme. de Valmont shook her head emphatically.

"Well, dear madame, you are right, no doubt," said the sailor. "However, I hope no one will ever take the trouble to make a match for me. If I loved a girl"—Oh, what a mercy that it was a dark night!—"I am afraid I should tell her so, without stopping to think about money or connections—at least, perhaps under some circumstances I might not."

"Under what circumstances?" said Mme. de Valmont, with a little laugh. "Now you must tell us, for we are both dying with curiosity."

"Oh, well," said Johnny, hesitating, "if I had any reason for thinking that the thing was quite hopeless, and that my mentioning it would make her unhappy."

"Those are very good sentiments. And what would make it hopeless in your eyes, may I ask?"

"Her being engaged to some one else."

"Only that?"

"Only that. Nothing else at all."

"Ah, how you amuse me!" said Mme. de Valmont, laughing again. "Cécile, now that we have heard our friend's confessions, we must unite in wishing him success with the pretty young English lady who is to be so fortunate."

"Perhaps she will not be English, mamma. Who knows?"

"Not English! Indeed, yes. What are you dreaming of, my child! Do you expect M. Wyatt to bring home some pretty savage from his voyages? That would scarcely be the way to secure the happiness he thinks of so much. No, it is always best to marry in one's own country."

Mme. de Valmont got up, for a warning voice told her that Johnny's explanations had gone far enough.

"Let us go back into the *salon*," she said. "Ces messieurs must have finished their billiards by this time. Come, Cécile."

There were more reasons than one for going in. The night had been growing blacker and blacker, and now the first flash of real forked lightning darted across the sky, and was followed by a peal of thunder that seemed almost to shake the solid foundations of the old château. This was only the beginning of a storm that lasted late into the night, with torrents of rain, a howling wind that woke sud-

CHAPTER XII.

THE MILL-STREAM.

JOHNNY lay awake that night in his quaint tapestried room, and thought philosophically how unfortunate it was that a fellow never could help falling in love with the wrong person—wrong, at least, in a worldly and sensible view.

"What one can't have one is sure to want," he thought rather disconsolately. "And I too, who have kept so much out of that sort of thing!"

His brother officers, most of them, had locks of hair sufficient to stock a barber's shop, but he had always been wise enough to stop short of these extremes. He was very friendly, very amiable, kind and polite to his lady acquaintance, but the friendliness was so general as to mean nothing in particular; and to tell the truth, Johnny, with all his absent laziness and *laissez-faire* disposition, was almost insanely fanciful about ladies. In his sailor's wide experience he had never seen one who came up to his ideal of perfection till at last he met her walking into the church of Notre Dame at Le Mans—tall, beautiful, dignified, yet a thoroughly simple girl; a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic, yet without frivolity and without narrowness; generous, gentle, single-minded, pure as her white dress that glimmered in the darkness as she sat like a wraith on the steps, and listened silently to all that her mother and he said to each other, Johnny felt that his brother Frank was quite right, though he had been curiously angry with him at the time when he said those unpalatable things.

It would never occur to Cécile, or to her mother, that he could have the presumption to be in love with her. The Great Mogul would be more likely. There was a gulf between them, and, in fact, he might as well be her grandfather.

"And of course that is the reason why madame is so kind, and treats me like a son of her own," thought Johnny. "I am not dangerous. My teeth and claws are well filed, and certainly I can never interfere with Mdlle. Cécile's prospects. It's quite light, and what a splendid morning! I'll get up and look about the place."

It was a brilliant morning; the sky was cloudless, and the air delightfully fresh. The storm had left traces behind it in earth torn up into water-courses, and boughs and twigs scattered from the trees and little streams trickling, and pools lying here and there in hollow places; but Lauron looked more beautiful and majestic than ever, as Johnny prowled about at the foot of the old towers, under the beeches, down the untidy road that led to the old gateway of the yard. Then he turned toward the village, and had strolled a little way in that direction when he suddenly met the two ladies coming back from mass.

"Good-morning," said Mme. de Valmont, putting out her hand with a smile; "are you so early at Les Sapinières? I thought Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was the only person there who ever woke in the morning."

"No, I am not often so early," Johnny confessed, "though I am not quite so bad as some people. But are you always out at this hour, madame?"

"Cécile and I are generally out before eight o'clock. Ah, here is the person who always comes to meet us."

Cécile's favorite pug came racing down the road, and jumping round her in rapture.

"A bas! Be quiet, little one," said Cécile, looking down lovingly, and taking the ugly face between her hands. "Must we go in at once, mamma, or may we take this little creature for a walk?"

"Certainly," said Mme. de Valmont. "Have you seen our river," she said to Johnny, "and the old mill? Ah, let us go there; it is curious, and well worth the trouble."

"What trouble, madame?" said Johnny.

"The trouble of walking so far," she answered, smiling. "You think it should be called a pleasure? Well, let us go."

They turned back down the shady road, crossed the hilly, irregular street of the village a little above the church, and went down across a meadow to the river, which was a fairly deep and rapid stream. They stood on the bank above the water, in whose clear depths shoals of little fish were darting to and fro. To their left were the yellow weather-stained walls and red-tiled roofs of the old mill; the great wheel under its archway went splashing round, and the water came rushing and foaming out into the main stream emerald green and snowy white. From the roof of the damp old archway long tendrils of ivy and wild-rose briers hung down over the wheel, catching the spray, and shaking bright drops down again into the water.

"That would make a picture for Frank," said Johnny. "This clear water would be nice for a swim."

"Are you a good swimmer?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Pretty good. I have had to swim for my life several times."

"And for other people's lives too, I dare say," she said, coming instinctively on the truth; but Johnny did not respond to this.

"I have heard a story," said Cécile to her mother, "of a little sailor boy who fell overboard, and of a young officer who jumped into the sea after him, and dived under the ship after him, and brought him to the surface, and kept him floating there till a boat came to save them both. The water was very deep, and full of sharks. Did you ever hear of that, monsieur? Was it not beautiful?"

Johnny glanced at her and smiled, while the color deepened in his dark face.

"Somebody has made a great story out of a very little one, mademoiselle," he said. "Any one who could swim would have done the same. It was nothing at all. May I ask who told you?"

"It was Mdlle. Wyatt."

"I thought so; then you had better not believe anything she tells you."

"Unless we are sure that it is true," said Cécile, nodding her head gently.

"Take care, my friend," said Mme. de Valmont. "It is you that we shall not believe, if you try to spoil your own reputation."

"Dear madame, have the goodness to say no more about it," said Johnny, looking imploringly up.

It gave him a pang of hopelessness to see the bright, kind enthusiasm in Cécile's eyes, the color rising in her clear, pale cheeks, all because of that old story of his sailor-life, and then to feel that he had no right to all this, that she would give the same to any ordinary acquaintance who was carried away for an instant so far as to forget the paramount importance of his own health and strength. Just as if there was any merit in that! He looked down at the flowing water with sad, sleepy eyes, which the next moment were wakened to flashing eagerness by a splash, and a cry from Cécile. It was only her little dog, which had contrived to slip into the water, and was now struggling helplessly in the current, drawn every moment nearer to the mill-wheel.

"The little beast will be drowned," said Johnny, half to himself; and he pulled off his coat and threw it on the grass. Cécile had run down to the water's edge, and was stretching out eagerly over the stream.

"I can reach him—I can reach him! Ah, no! O, mon petit chien! He will be drowned—he will be under the wheel! Mamma, do you see! Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

"Take care, mademoiselle; don't wet your feet," said Johnny, as he went carefully into the water.

Close to the bank there was a sudden fall, and he was swimming directly.

"Come out, I beg—I entreat of you!" cried Mme. de Valmont. "You must not risk your life for the sake of a foolish little dog. Ah, Cécile, why did you not stop him? They will both be drowned before our eyes! Ah, it is too late—the current is too strong; he will be drawn under the wheel! There seems to be no one in the mill. Stay! there is the bonhomme Nicole in his yard. I will call him. Help, help!"

The marquise set off running along the meadow toward the village, while Cécile stood perfectly still at the water's edge. The little dog was being washed nearer and nearer to the great, splashing wheel; he bobbed up and down helplessly in the green, foaming rush. Johnny was struggling with the stream, which was almost too strong for him. Cécile thought it was a long, long time, but in reality it was only a minute or two, before he managed to support himself with one hand against a projecting piece of black, damp wall, and then, as the dog was washed past him straight into the dark depths of the archway, to dash out the other and catch him by his poor draggled neck. Then he stopped a moment, clinging to the wall, and holding the rescued creature in his arm.

"Mademoiselle!" he said, rather breathlessly.

"Yes, here I am," said Cécile; and she crept down the slippery bank at the end of the wall, about three yards' distance from the two drowned rats.

"Take care," said Johnny. "Could you catch the dog if I threw him to you? Catch fast hold of the wall with one hand, and lean forward as far as you can. I shall throw him into your right arm."

"Throw him, please," said Cécile.

In another moment the poor frightened, half-drowned little creature was safe in his mistress's affectionate clasp. Cécile turned round and laid him on the grass, where almost directly he stood tremblingly up and began to shake himself. She went back to his rescuer, who pulled himself along by the wall, and gave him her hand to help him round the corner. He shook himself too, when he was safe on dry land, and was beginning to laugh, but she looked so pale and earnest that he was obliged to pause.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "we are neither of us any the worse for it."

"But you might have been drowned—and in saving a poor little dog. Ah, and it would have been all my fault! What should I have done?"

"There was no danger," said Johnny. "But one might easily be drowned in a worse cause. And I rather think it would have been the best thing that could have happened to me."

"How can you say so?"

"Indeed I mean it. Don't you know why?"

Mdlle. de Valmont must have been an unnaturally stupid girl if she had not understood what Johnny's eyes told her.

"Ah, do not say that, je vous en prie!" she said, shaking her head.

"No, I know I must not," said Johnny. "If you were English—— But even as it is, do you know," he went on in his quaint way, "you would not be the first French lady who had—— Forgive me. I did not mean to say a single word, only it came out somehow."

"Ah, monsieur," said Cécile, throwing up her hands and clasping them together earnestly, "it is not forgiveness that we owe you. It is a thousand thanks—for—everything."

The marquise came hurrying back with several villagers, angry with herself for having left her daughter alone—a curious piece of forgetfulness on her part—yet who could suspect Johnny in his dripping condition of making love? So all she did was to make a greater hero of him than ever, while he felt ashamed of himself, and could not bear to be the recipient of praises that he really felt he did not deserve. He escaped as soon as possible from the admiration of the peasants and from Mme. de Valmont's thanks, and set off at a hard run toward the château, while the ladies and the rescued pug followed more slowly.

When they arrived they found the dogcart at the door, and Frank quite ready to start, and not at all willing to wait till his brother's clothes were dry. He thought Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would certainly expect them back in time for breakfast.

"Then listen to my advice," said M. de Valmont. "Go yourself, if you must, and leave our friend Johnny in our care. I am going to drive to Carillon this afternoon, and I will bring him home."

Frank thanked him, and after many ceremonious farewells, jumped into the cart and drove off.

Johnny scarcely knew whether to be sorry or glad when he came down-stairs in a suit of Max de Valmont's shooting-clothes, and found himself left to spend some more hours at Lauron. It was one of those dangerous pleasures that one feels safer and better without, and yet it is simply impossible to turn one's back upon them and walk away.

He knew, but scarcely realized yet, that Cécile was not angry with him for what he had told her. If she had shown a sign of vexation, of dislike, or even extreme astonishment, the affair would have been simplified; there would have been nothing for it but to hold his tongue in future, and repent of his foolishness in speaking at all. As it was, she only seemed to sigh a little over the impossibility of his daring dream. Did not that regret of hers remove half the impossibility? Johnny let himself think so for a moment, and then brought himself back to reality with a sudden wrench.

He had no business to have spoken to her at all. She had checked him kindly, sweetly, like a noble girl as she was. She liked him as a friend, and had some ideas of gratitude in her head, and did not want him to throw away the friendship he enjoyed now by talking wild nonsense that might be addressed to some English miss, but was most unsuitable and ridiculous when spoken by a poor sailor to a daughter of the old *noblesse* of France.

Having placed himself on this cold level of fact, Johnny refused to remember that after all she had not been angry, that she had blushed sweetly when he said those few foolish words, and that, perhaps, some deeper feeling still was lurking under the regretful sadness of her soft, brown eyes. These fancies would keep thrusting themselves up through stern, hard conviction, like wild flowers in rocky ground.

The post came to Lauron a little after twelve. Breakfast was just over, and the young men went off to visit the horses, while M. and Mme. de Valmont disappeared into the library with their letters.

Presently Cécile's voice was heard calling across the old courtyard.

"Max, *es-tu là?* Papa wants you in the library."

The marquis and marquise were sitting in two arm-chairs, with their letters between them on a little inlaid table.

"My children," said Mme. de Valmont, "here are three interesting letters—two for your father and one for me. *Allons*, yours first," she said to her husband.

XUM

"One of mine is not very pleasant," said M. de Valmont. "Our friends Moreau et Cie. have got into some trouble. They have been cheated of 200,000 francs by some Republican rascal who has run off to South America, just when they especially wanted the money for the new iron-clad. In consequence of this, they want me to advance another 100,000 to help them out of the present difficulty. I shall have good interest, and when their new dock is made, all the shares will rise in value enormously. What do you say, Max?"

"Are we rich enough to venture money like that?" inquired Max, prudently.

"I think so," said M. de Valmont. "And you, at least, have a chance of being rich, if you are wise. I have here a letter from my old friend the Vicomte de Pontmercy. He invites me and my sons, and any friends I choose to bring, to shoot with him for a week on his estate near Vitré, two or three weeks hence. Pierre will be gone back to his tutor, but it seems to me that we may as well take our dear friend Johnny Wyatt. Then he and I might go on to Brest and pay a visit to M. Moreau, and show our Englishman something of the French navy, while M. Max de Valmont makes himself agreeable at Pontmercy."

"Mdlle. Stéphanie de Pontmercy is very pretty, very *gentille*," said Mme. de Valmont, nodding and smiling at Max. "Her dot will be large. Monsieur son père is one of the richest men in Brittany. He invites you to his house, Max, and says that it would a happiness to him to be allied with us."

"If we like each other," said Max, considerately. "I will never marry a woman who cannot be my friend, as Cécile is," with a bow to his sister, who laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Very well, my little Max; that is quite as it should be," said his mother, amiably.

"*Ma mère*," said Max, "no one need wish to be happier than you and my father. But I will not be satisfied with less. I shall be charmed to shoot with M. de Pontmercy, and to visit him at his château; and if M. Wyatt will go with us, *tant mieux*."

M. de Valmont nodded and pulled his mustache, and seemed quite contented. Having settled his son's business, he then looked at Cécile, and pointed to the nearest chair.

"Sit down, my child. We have now something to propose to you."

Cécile obeyed in silence; and Max, not being told to go away, stood with his arm on the back of her chair.

"Your mother has had a proposal for you from M. Jules de Marillac," said the marquis. "The letter is from his uncle, the Comte de Marillac, and is forwarded by Mme. d'Altain, who knows the young man, and has written before to your mother on the subject. Give her the letter," he said to his wife. "Nothing could be more courteous, more generous, or more deserving of a favorable answer. Read that, my dear Cécile. I flatter myself that you will find no room for objection."

Cécile glanced up at her mother as she took the letter from her hand. She had seen such letters before, and had an instinctive horror of them; the very slight dash of sentiment they contained was a thin vail for the business arrangements so carefully set forth, showing the advantages to be obtained on both sides through such a match. During these last weeks a revulsion had set in against these things in Cécile's mind. Not that she had any good reason to give, but she had been so thankful just lately not to be in Marie de Saint-Hilaire's position—engaged to a man whom she regarded with indifference. Then there was all that Johnny had said last night, when he and her mother were talking of French marriages, and those few words that he let fall this morning. Ah, and there was her mother's promise too. That would certainly save her from being bound to M. de Marillac.

She held the letter in slight, careless fingers, and glanced through it under her drooping eyelids—the old Comte's grand set speeches, her own beauty and perfection, the high qualities of his nephew, his wealth and position, the absolute devotion that he offered to the unknown lady to whom he ventured to propose himself. Cécile stretched out her hand to put the letter on the table, but not quite far enough; it rustled to her feet, and Max came round and picked it up silently.

M. de Valmont, who expected his daughter to be blushing and smiling with pleasure, gazed at her in some astonishment.

"Well, my child, what do you think of it?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"I am too young," said Cécile.

"Too young!" repeated the Marquis. "Your mother was married at seventeen."

"Cécile is still a child at heart, and loves her home," said Mme. de Valmont, gently. "I have felt that, and so I said nothing to her, and gave no positive answer when my aunt wrote to me before on the same subject. But now, you see, M. de Marillac is anxious for some decision. Certainly, ma petite, most girls would be thankful for such an offer. What shall we say to him?"

"Pardon, ma mère," put in Max, as his sister seemed for the moment unable to speak; "they will surely be allowed to see each other before any positive answer is given?"

"Sans doute, mon pauvre ami. M. de Marillac would wish the same. We must leave it to be decided by an interview between the young people themselves, as soon as we go to Paris. In the meantime, we must write a most amiable letter."

"Yes, that must be it," assented M. de Valmont.

Cécile got up suddenly, fixing her eyes on her mother with an expression of earnest entreaty.

"Maman, would it not be better to say No at once?"

"Ma chère, how can you possibly tell whether you like or dislike the gentleman without ever having seen him?"

"I know I shall dislike him," said Cécile.

"Come, mademoiselle, that is too much," said her father, laughing, and getting up rather impatiently. "One listens to reason, but not to prejudice. Max might as well refuse to go to Pontmercy, having made up his mind that the charming Mdlle. Stéphanie was ugly and detestable. Allons, my petite, you are young indeed, but too old for such childishness as this. Be at your ease; you shall see him, and if he turns out to be odious there is an end of it."

Just at this moment Pierre and Johnny appeared at the other end of the room with rods in their hands.

"Max! Cecile!" cried Pierre, "we are going fishing. Will you come?"

"Let there be no more jumping into the river, I beg of you," said Mme. de Valmont, going forward.

The interruption was like a breath of fresh air, and revived Cécile at once. She turned smiling to her father, and said a few words in a low voice; on which M. de Valmont immediately took her in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

Johnny saw no more of her that day, for she went away with her mother, and did not join the fishing-party.

He spent two or three pleasant, lazy hours with the two young fellows by the river, and then drove off with the Marquis in his dogcart to Les Sapinières. On the road, M. de Valmont detailed his Brittany scheme, which Johnny of course entered into with joy and gratitude. If in the natural way of things, he could not spend his time with Cécile, the best alternative was to spend as much as possible with her relations.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STORY.

WHEN Frank drove up to Les Sapinières in the morning, he met his sister and cousin in the avenue, and got out to walk with them. It was very pleasant to see little Marie's pale face lit up with welcoming smiles, though she would not allow that they had been at all dull without him. She did not forget to inquire at once for Johnny, and Frank described his adventure, which seemed to have had a decided touch of the ludicrous about it.

"I suppose I am not heroic, and don't understand the feeling," he said; "but I must say I should think twice before jumping into a millstream to pull out a little dog. I should flatter myself that my life was the more valuable of the two, and that my friends would think so."

"What! You would not risk your life to save Peloton?" exclaimed Marie.

"Well, if you asked me. And yet I hope I should have strength of mind to appeal from Marie mad to Marie sane."

"However," said Agnes, "I hope Johnny is none the worse for it; is he?"

"He ran all the way back to the château, and was going to change his clothes and have his breakfast. I don't suppose he grieves much over the accident. M. de Valmont talked of driving him over this afternoon, but I shall not be surprised if he stays where he is."

"Johnny is a great favorite at Lauron," said Marie.

"So it seems. And how have you been amusing yourselves?"

Well, Marie seemed to have been anxious that neither she nor Agnes should find the time hang heavy while the others were away. She had been in one of her liveliest moods, ready to talk, ask questions, tell stories, listen to descriptions of life in England, the sadness of which impressed her very deeply. In the afternoon she took her cousin into the village, to pay a visit to Sœur Lucie, who was in great anxiety about "cette pauvre Femme Robert," the mother of little Anais. The poor woman seemed to be wasting away from pure grief and weariness of living, and Marie hurried back to send down soup and fruit, and anything else that could be provided on such short notice. Then she suggested that she and Agnes should go and fish; so off they went, and sat down on the emerald grass by the side of the little river, and threw their lines, talking away the whole time, not being very earnest in their occupation. The fish were twice as cunning as these careless anglers, and of course would not bite, not at all to Agnes's disappointment. Neither did Marie care much, and they soon wandered back to the house.

"It is too hot to walk about," she decided. "Shall we fetch books and sit here on the terrace?"

"Yes, if you like," said Agnes. "I wonder what my aunt is doing all this time?"

"She is watching them beat the walnut-trees in the allée de plaisance. She does not want us," said Marie.

She went into the library and brought out a large, bound book, the "History of Sweden," with which she sat down on the bench. Agnes fetched Victor de Laprade's "Pernette," and sat down too. But there are afternoons when even the calm run of verse, telling the simple, touching story of human life, seems to fall below what one wants. Agnes let the book lie idly on her knee, and leaned her head against the old, white wall, in silent enjoyment of what the Easterns call *kayf*—bodily and mental peace; that state in which one gives one's self up to the "sunshine and sweet air," listening in passive content to what birds and streams and quivering leaves and blue sky have to say.

"What are you looking at, my little Agnes?" said Marie, after diligently reading two pages of her history.

"Nothing," said Agnes, smiling at her. "I was only thinking how lovely it all is."

"Just the same as usual, isn't it? only very hot, as hot as July. Do you see those clouds? Ah, we shall have a storm. I did not know what made me so restless. I have felt it coming on all day."

The storm was quite enough to occupy Marie's mind for the rest of the evening. It did not exactly frighten her, but made her very miserable. She was vexed and disappointed as the hours passed on, and Auguste and the sportsmen did not return from Lauron. But Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, among all the flashing and roaring and pelting, took a more sensible view, and was very glad that they were wise enough to stay in shelter.

This morning the elements and Marie's nerves had both regained their usual level. When breakfast was over, the party fell back into their old companionship.

Agnes walked off with her aunt to inspect the vines, and make arrangements for the vintage, while Frank and Marie sat down on the terrace-steps and began a water-color sketch of the view. She could not see the sense of her master's repeated washings, was tired of the trouble, and soon gave it up into his hands. Frank worked on slowly, while she sat and watched him. Peloton came and looked over his shoulder, and then trotted off in pursuit of his mistress.

There was a wonderful softness in the air that afternoon, a little mist in the meadows—the sky, clouds and trees were less clear than usual; there was an almost English haze thinly vailing the distance. Marie thought her cousin was not in very good spirits, and tried to cheer him by laughing and talking. The fact was, that Frank was beginning to regard things rather seriously, and to wonder where all this would end. There was Johnny making a thorough fool of himself about Mdlle. de Valmont; and what was he himself doing? It would be too absurd if he really allowed himself to care for this graceful, thoroughbred, sweet-voiced little cousin, with her smiles at once bright and melancholy, and her soft eyes, which seemed to him, with all their innocence, to have something of what Victor Hugo calls the "profondeur Parisienne."

Some malicious spirit prompted Marie to be more than usually attractive that afternoon, and to say very gently, as she watched the trees growing and the blue sky expanding under Frank's hands:

"What is it, I wonder, that makes you English always so sad?"

"Sad!" repeated Frank, looking round at her.

"Yes—always sad and grave and solemn. Is it your climate? One would think, to look at you, that there was always some trouble weighing on you. When you are not talking, you look as if you could never smile again."

"Are you personal? Is that my aspect?"

"Certainly. And I have not forgotten what you said one day, that in such a world as this it was impossible to be always merry. Now as to myself," said Marie, picking up a little stone and throwing it into the middle of the geranium-bed, "I think it is a very good world, and those who live in it ought to be contented."

"How can everybody be contented?"

"And why not?"

"Well, there is only a certain amount of happiness in the world—not enough for everybody. It constantly happens that two people set their hearts on the same thing. One wins, the other loses. The losing one must, of course, be discontented. I must teach you logic, my dear cousin."

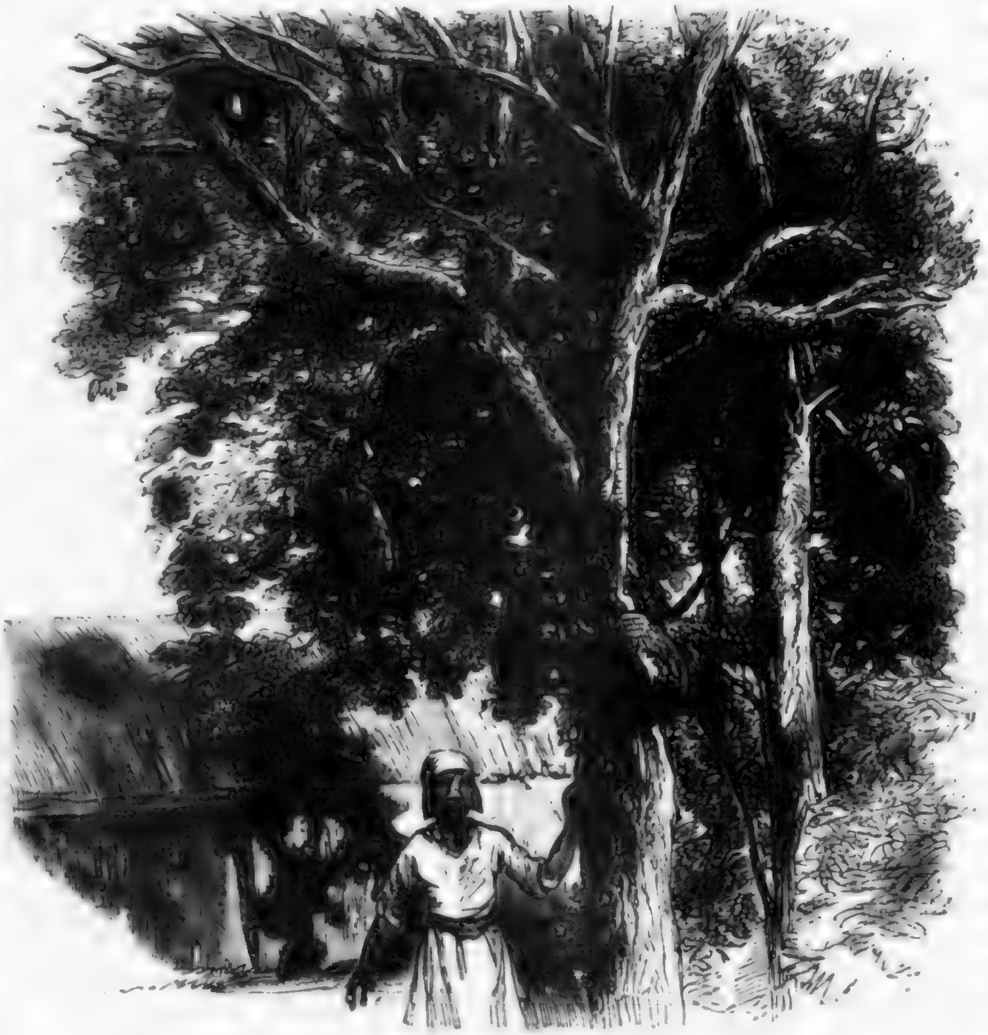
XUM

"You have taught me a great many things—almost enough, I think," said Marie. "But now you have wandered away from my subject. I was talking about English sadness. I believe it is your religion that makes you sad."

"Not at all," said Frank, smiling. "Perhaps it would be well if it did. I will tell you what it is. Englishmen always want what they cannot have. Listen, and you shall hear the story of a friend of mine. He was in my regiment. He had some foreign relations. Germans they were."

"Ah, how horrible!" said Marie, under her breath.

"Very; but in spite of their nation they were charming people—noble, accomplished, everything one admires. There was a girl among them whom my friend had never seen, but different things united to make the idea of her most attractive. He had heard that she was very pretty; and he had always had a fancy for foreign life, and used to dream of marrying a foreigner, and settling down in some picturesque old castle. In fact, he had not only built his castle in the air, he had furnished it, and put in the inhabitants. Perhaps he was too ambitious, for he was poor, though his family was good. Anyhow, he went at last to stay at this German château, and made acquaintance with the dream-cousin, and fell in love with her on the spot, and thought that she liked him, and it was a very promising beginning."



THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Frank stopped, and bent over his drawing. Marie waited a minute in silence.

"And she treated him badly, after all," she said, presently. "Or her parents objected. That would not be very strange."

"No, it does not end quite in that way. He found, after a few days, that the young lady was already engaged."

"Such things will happen."

"Yes, they will. But the unfortunate part is to come. She was engaged, but she cared no more for her *fiancé* than madame your grandmother does for Monsieur le Curé."

"You are wicked!" said Marie, suddenly rising. "I will not hear any more of your story. I am going away."

"Forgive me, and stay one moment," said Frank.

He laid aside his drawing and got up too, looking down with a light in his eyes into Marie's face, which was flushed and disturbed; her lips were trembling.

"I was telling you about the unhappiness of this Englishman. He staid on at the château, and every day showed him more and more how dear his cousin was to him. And not only that—he saw that his presence was not disagreeable to her. These two were born to belong to each other, yet she was doomed to pass her life with a man whom she regarded with perfect indifference. I don't know how much she cared; but sometimes she was blind or cruel enough to ask her English cousin what made him look sad—why he was not always cheerful and contented. Shall I go on and tell you the end?"

"No!" said Marie, passionately. "Ah, I will never talk to you again."

"Never, Marie?"

"Not if you tell me such stories as these. Your Englishman should have gone away; he should have left her in peace. Ah, que je suis malheureuse!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Why do you say such things to me? Do you take me for a fool? What is the use of it?"

"What indeed?" said Frank, sadly. "Forgive me, and I will not offend you again. I have no greater wish than to see you happy."

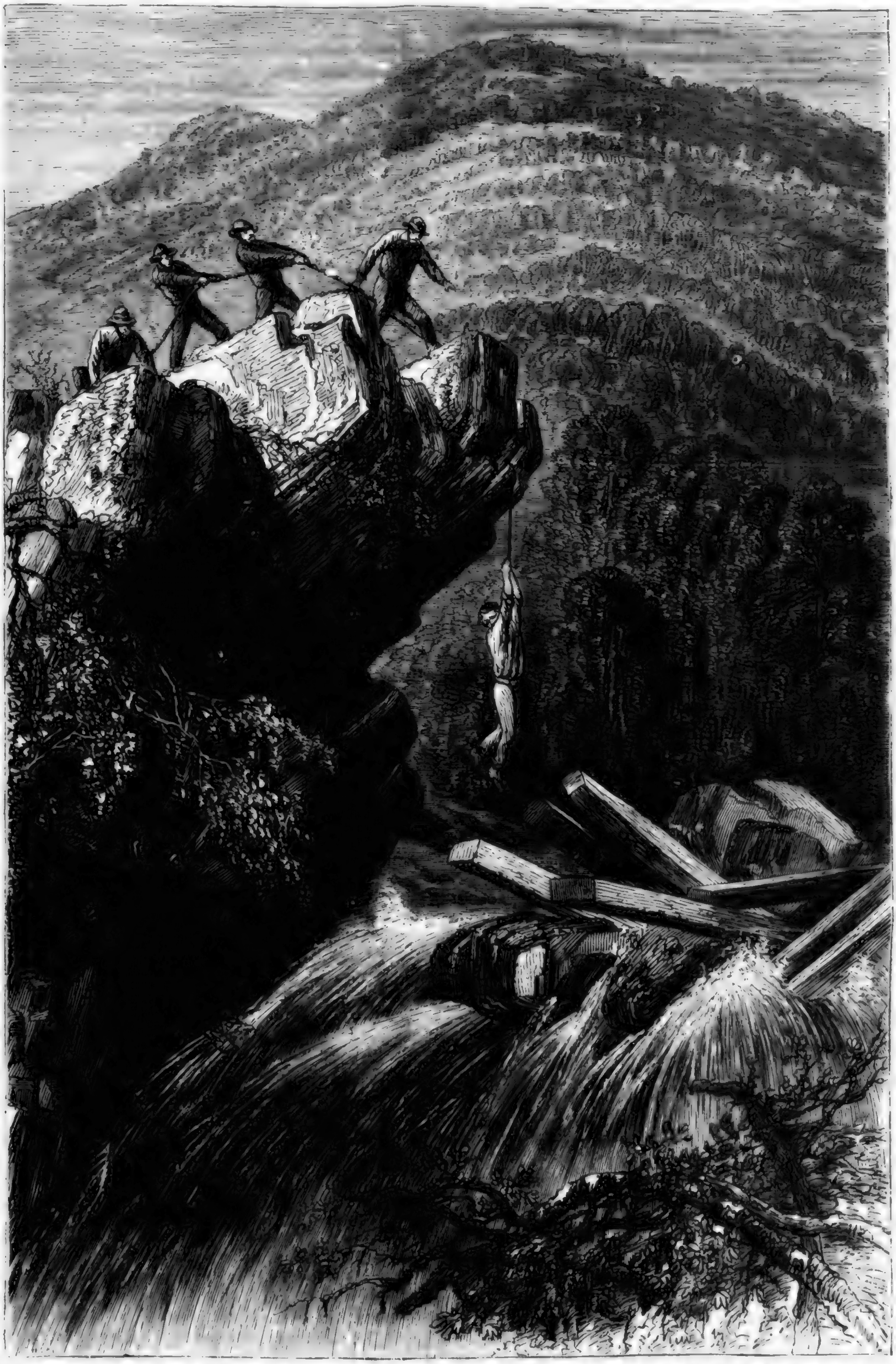
"This is not the way to make me so," said Marie; and then suddenly came tears and choking sobs. She covered her face with her hands, and hurried across the terrace into the house, a quiet, shady refuge, with its closed shutters and lowered blinds. "Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! what will become of me! What shall I do?" she cried to herself, in her own room, and burying her face in the pillow.

"At any rate, she cares for me," thought Frank. He took his drawing into the library, and went off for a stroll in the fields. "We are in for it now. What next?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE BREAD-FRUIT.

A FRUIT, the size of a large melon, growing abundantly on a moderate-sized tree, and approaching bread in taste, when discovered in the Islands of the Pacific, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Captain Dampier described it in 1688, but the scientific men in Cook's voyage stimulated the highest



THE LUMBERMAN OF THE AROOSTOOK.—"DUDLEY SWUNG OVER THE RAPIDS, AND BEGAN RAPIDLY DESCENDING TO THE ROCKS BELOW."

SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

hopes. It was to revolutionize the question of food, if men could, for eight months of the year, gather, as it were, loaves of bread from a tree in their gardens; but these hopes proved short-lived.

The story of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, Pitcairn's Island, and the last survivor of the crew, are well known, but some of our readers may not know that Bligh sailed to the Pacific to bring home bread-fruit trees, and was on his way home with 1,015 live plants when the mutiny occurred.

On reaching England great sympathy was felt for him, and Government sent him out again on the *Providence*. This time he got a supply of plants, which were distributed among the colonists in Jamaica, St. Helena, and St. Vincent's. It has not, however, answered the expectations entertained, and the plantain is still preferred to it.

The bread-fruit (*Artocarpus incisa*), is, strangely enough, closely allied to the useless nettle. It is found only in the islands of the Pacific, and inhabits only such places as are hot and damp. It forms a moderate-sized tree, rarely exceeding forty feet in height, with leaves deeply indented into sharp lobes, and sometimes a yard long. The fruit is green and of considerable size, that of one variety, the Jack, weighing sixty pounds. There are many varieties, differing in shape and size; the best has no spines on the surface and no seeds within; others are split into lobes, and covered with the sharp-pointed tops of the calyxes, for the whole surface is at first covered with flowers.

When roasted, the bread-fruit becomes soft, tender, and white, resembling the crumb of a loaf, but it must be eaten soon, or it becomes hard and difficult to swallow. In its native haunts, it forms a most important article of food, and seems fitted only for it, as we have remarked.

AGNES.

Ah, even now I think I see you stand
As on that Summer day,
With creamy chestnut-blossoms in your hand -
The fairest gift of May.

Above you were the clustered hawthorn-bowers,
And round about you rolled
Great billows of young grass o'erbrimmed with flowers
Of rose and white and gold.

Queen of the May I named you in my heart
You were so fresh and bright;
Around you all was fair, and you were part
Of Spring's untold delight.

But now the grass is growing long and green
Above your quiet grave,
Where throstles sing in solitude serene,
And broad elm-branches wave.

Ah, I could envy you your early rest,
Your grave, so cool and low,
With hawthorn-petals drifting o'er your breast
In showers of fragrant snow—

But, knowing that my promised rest is sweet,
I work on for a space.
"Queen of the May," I wonder, when we meet,
If I shall know your face?

THE LUMBERMAN OF AROOSTOOK.

Edward Dudley walked homeward, with the darkest shadow of his life upon him. None of the lumbermen along the Aroostook were better known than he; young, active, powerful and skillful, whose ready jest and ringing song made him the favorite of all social circles, and whose unquestioned bravery and daring in the perils which so often beset the lumberman's life rendered him one of the most useful men in the northern part of Maine.

Ned, as he was generally termed, had been the hero of more than one daring adventure. He had vanquished, with no weapon but a knife, a ferocious bear that had been the terror of the neighborhood for nearly a year; he had twice been the means of saving the lives of hunters when at the mercy of an enraged moose, and he had outstripped the fleetest runners of the Penobscot Indians, both on foot and with snow-shoes.

A man of such physical skill is sure to command the respect of his neighbors, and when to these we add his genial disposition, it will be understood that his popularity was as extensive as his acquaintance. And Ned was happy as any man could be, until, as we have said, the great shadow of his life settled upon him.

Near the headwaters of the Aroostook stood the cabin of William Sherman, a lumberman of sixty years' standing. His family consisted only of himself and daughter, Edith, a *petite* little black-eyed creature, of about twenty years of age, as keen-witted and beautiful a girl as could be found if the State of Maine were traversed from the Eagle Lakes to the Saco. She it was who had caught the fancy of Ned Dudley, until he became so enraptured in her presence that never could he bring himself to spend a leisure evening anywhere else.

Edith was the envy of all her female acquaintances, for there was not one who would not have been glad of a smile from handsome Ned Dudley. But Edith was saucy and independent as though he had been nothing to her, and it was this same pertness and independence that made her doubly attractive in the eyes of her suitor. He was as meek and docile in her presence as the lamb before its shearers. Although she was sometimes self-willed and obstinate with him, yet it was not always so. There were times when her eyes sparkled brighter than ever at his coming, and when the resistance she made to the good-night kiss was very slight—so slight, indeed, as to make the heart of the brave lumberman rise almost to his mouth.

Edith gradually yielded, as any female would have done, and all was going well, until a speculator made his appearance in the settlement of Riverton, and announced his wish to purchase a large quantity of lumber.

He was a dashing young gentleman, gotten up in the gorgeously stunning style, abounding with rings, and with the swaggering, self-confident air which is generally so effective among the unsophisticated of the female class.

In his wanderings along the Aroostook, he remained but a few days at the sparse collection of houses which laid claim to the name of Riverton, when he passed up stream and stopped at the cabin of Mr. Sherman for the purpose of obtaining his dinner.

Here he was considerably struck with the appearance of Edith, and did his best to make an impression. She treated him politely, but the old gentleman took an extraordinary fancy to their visitor, and when he departed strongly urged him to come again.

Mr. Spargin was glad to give his promise, and he was sincere when he said he would make them a visit upon the very first opportunity.

When Ned Dudley called that evening and learned that the speculator had spent a greater portion of the day there, he naturally felt some jealousy, and was indiscreet enough to show it. This fired Edith, and she treated him so cavalierly that when he departed they did not bid each other good-night, and the lumberman resolved never to see her again.

But as the days wore on, and he learned that Mr. Spargin seemed to have forgotten entirely the object that had brought him into this part of the country, and was so assiduous in his attentions to Edith as to excite the general remark of the neighbors, he became so uneasy that he concluded to see her once more, and learn just how matters stood.

He called quite early in the morning, so as to reach there before his rival, and was met by Edith, whose surprised manner, when she found that it was he instead of Mr. Spargin, was not calculated to raise the desponding spirits of the lumberman. She coldly invited him in, but he refused, and stated the business that had brought him there. It required but a few words, and when finished, she asked him by what right he undertook to dictate to her. He attempted to expostulate, but she would hear nothing, and turning on her heel, left him to be entertained by her father, who had been drawn to the door by the sound of angry words.

And so Ned Dudley walked homeward, saddened and despairing, feeling as though it would be a relief to plunge into the roaring Aroostook and end his troubles at once.

When he met the dapper Mr. Spargin walking busily toward the house of his fair one, it required a powerful effort of his will to keep his hands off him. He could easily have taken him in his sinewy arms and flung him headlong into the stream; but Ned was not ready for any deed like that, and so he held his peace, and the two met and passed without exchanging a word.

It was early Spring as the lumberman walked along, and amid his tumult of feelings he did not fail to notice that the river was rising unusually fast. The thaw and breaking up of the ice near the headwaters of the Aroostook had been extraordinarily rapid, and he knew that on the morrow the river would be a seething, whirling mass of foam, rushing over its channel with tremendous momentum, sweeping all before it. It betokened labor for the lumbermen, who had been gathering their logs and constructing their rafts during the past months, waiting until this rise, which would float them down into the St. John's, whose broad, sweeping current would thenceforth carry them smoothly to their destination.

A vague fear began to disturb Dudley. The house of Sherman stood on the very margin of the river, and he had twice been drowned out during the past five years.

Dudley walked slowly along, listening to the roar of the falls and the dashing of the river, which was rising faster than he had ever seen it do before.

"Sherman will be drowned out again," was his reflection, "and if he isn't *very* careful, he'll go over the falls. It would serve Edith right for the way she has served me; and as for that Spargin, it would be the best use he could be put to. But still I don't want Edith to suffer."

This fear so haunted the lumberman that he found it impossible to sleep. He lay most of the night listening to the roar of the waters, and then rising up, walked toward the river. He found that the Aroostook had risen higher than he supposed.

In the dim twilight of the breaking morning he could see logs and *débris* dashing down the current, as if freed from the throats of a hundred columbiads, while the rapids in front of his house, which had always been a dangerous place for the rafts to shoot, gave out an appalling roar and din like that of Niagara.

In the centre of these rapids were several large rocks, around which the water generally rushed, leaving the black, ungainly excrescences almost untouched by the current; but now they were half submerged under the swollen volume of the river

Directly over these rapids the huge rocks rose some thirty feet, the upper ledge projecting out like a shelf, so that a body dropped from this point would strike upon the huge boulders below, that were nearly in the centre of the stream.

Dudley, in his aimless wanderings, made his way to this spot, from which he could obtain a better view of the current as it swept furiously toward him. On his left rose Moose Mountain, towering up almost to the clouds, and covered with the pine so common in the forests of Maine.

As he stood looking down upon the seething caldron below, a faint shout reached his ear, and turning his head, he saw four brother-lumbermen within a few feet of him. The din of the rapids below made it necessary for them to shout to each other when they spoke.

"This will fetch the rafts down!" yelled one of the lumbermen. "Hasn't yours started?"

"No; mine is so high up, it won't be reached before noon," replied Dudley. "Where is yours?"

"Went off in the night!" laughed one of the men. "Yours must be pretty high and dry."

"So it is."

"Hallo! By George! what does that mean?" exclaimed one of the lumbermen, running in great excitement to the edge of the shelf and looking up-stream.

The next moment the startling cry was heard:

"*Sherman's house is coming down the river!*"

Such proved to be the case. It could be seen swaying in the surging flood, and plunging toward the rapids, where it must inevitably go to fragments.

"Sherman must have escaped!" exclaimed one. "He could have seen the river rising!"

"No; look, there is some one upon the roof!"

"It is he! He is a doomed man!"

"It is not Sherman; it is Edith, his daughter!" said Dudley, pale, and trembling with excitement.

"So it is," added another; "see her throw up her arms. O God! must we see her dashed to death before our eyes?"

"Fetch me a rope, quick!" shouted Dudley, hastily throwing off his coat, vest and hat; "be quick! All depends on a rope."

Fortunately, the much needed article was close at hand.

"Now help me to tie it round my waist—hold."

But there was no time; the swift-flowing current was bearing the cabin so furiously onward that in five minutes more it would be beneath the rocks, and torn to pieces by the rushing rapids.

"I will take it in my own hands; keep a good hold."

Grasping the strong rope, Dudley swung over the rapids, and began rapidly descending to the rocks below. His companions, seeing the speed of the approaching cabin, lowered him so fast that in two minutes he stood upon one of the timbers which had lodged against the rocks.

He now found time to tie the rope securely around his waist, so as to leave his arms free for the appalling trial before him.

The cabin was tossed like an egg-shell by the heaving waters. Edith had seen Dudley, and reached out her arms toward him. He could see her lips move, but the fearful tumult drowned her words; but he was calm and collected, and his nerves were braced.

Nearer and nearer came the plunging house, until, when a dozen feet distant, it struck a rock just beneath the surface and separated. Edith attempted to cling to a piece of timber, but the violence of the current tore her away, and she was borne swiftly toward the rapids.

Dudley gave a shout to warn those above, and then, as she disappeared beneath the foaming waters, on the very edge of the rapids, he sprang after her. There was a blinding shock—a rush of waters—a hell of tumult, and the gallant lumberman thought his senses were leaving him; but

XUM

he struggled manfully, he felt her dress, her arms were thrown about his neck, and the next moment the sturdy arms above pulled him and his precious charge clear of the water which had been hurling them so swiftly to destruction.

Edith Sherman was a long time recovering from the terrible ordeal through which she had gone. It may be doubted whether any female ever had a narrower escape from a fearful death. She was borne to the cottage of Dudley's widowed mother, where every attention was bestowed upon her.

In the afternoon she had so far revived as to sit up and converse. Dudly carefully avoided referring to the cloud that had come between them, and only inquired as to her condition of body; but toward night, when Mr. Spargin, perfumed, and as polite as ever, called to pay his respects, then Edith flashed up.

"Ned," said she, "drive that man away, so that he will never show his face to me again."

Dudley was glad enough to do it. Taking the dapper young gentleman by the collar, he wheeled him about, and then and there inflicted such a chastisement upon the thunderstruck young fop that, baffled, chagrined, and enraged, he left Riverton as fast as his horse could carry him, and was never seen there again.

When Dudley returned to the room and informed Edith of what he had done, she laughed, and a moment later burst into tears.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, feeling something of his old resentment.

"Yes; sorry that you didn't punish him more than you did. Have you seen father?"

"Yes; he has been here twice, and seeing that you were all right, has gone off to attend to his lumber. But what meant those tears just now?" inquired the lumberman with no little curiosity.

It was a long time before Edith would tell; but gradually it came out.

She never had fancied Mr. Spargin at all, and only treated him with politeness to please her father; but when Dudley called on her, fretful and unreasonable as a child, she concluded to punish him for his foolishness, and she left him a victim to all the pangs of jealousy, when, in reality, she never permitted Mr. Spargin so much as to take her hand, much less to kiss her.

On the night of the freshet he had called; and becoming alarmed at the increasing river, he resolved to remain all night.

Mr. Sherman had gone up the Aroostook to look after his rafts, so that she had the benefit of the company.

She was so frightened by the roaring waters, which long before morning filled the lower part of the cabin, that she could not sleep.

Just at daylight she felt the house moving. With a scream of terror, Mr. Spargin sprang out of the house, seized a small boat near the door, and by skillful rowing managed to reach a place of safety, thinking and caring nothing for her.

And this little explanation cleared away the cloud that had gathered in their sky, and henceforward the course of true love ran smooth, and all went merry as several marriage-bells.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Flora sees a letter from HIM, *but cannot get it for at least ten minutes, because her Pa has the key.*

CHINESE FALCONRY.

The country about Tien-tsin is very fertile, and contributes largely to the public supplies. Cereals, such as Indian corn, sorgho and barley; oleaginous plants, such as flaxseed and sesame, and also the grape vine, are extensively cultivated.

The grapes, white or black, are excellent in taste, but they are regarded by the Celestials more as fruits than as elements of alcoholic beverages. Hence they are admirably preserved, and the tables of the rich mandarins throughout the country are supplied at all seasons by the cultivators of Tien-tsin.

The way in which they preserve this delicate fruit is as follows: The Pei-ho freezes for three months during the Winter. The surface of the river is then seen covered with workmen cutting the ice into large blocks. These blocks of ice are conveyed to an ice-house, and piled up there so as to form long galleries, leaving a space between each row for a man to pass through. In these spaces the grapes are suspended in bunches. There are many such conservatories in the neighborhood of Tien-tsin, several hundred yards long.

The traffic in ice between Northern and Southern China is very great, not, however, for cooling purposes, for it is well known the Chinese drink all their beverages hot, but for preservation of food during the hot season.

Peaches, pears and apples are also cultivated, but of inferior quality. In fine, all sorts of vegetables are raised—carrots, cabbages, beans, peas, lettuces, onions and others.

The market of Tien-tsin is abundantly supplied with fish and viands. Hares, partridges, quails and the wild duck abound in the neighboring plains and marshes, which are very extensive. Hares are so plentiful there that two dozen are sold for one dollar.

The natives catch their game alive, by means of traps, and are so dexterous in their manipulations that they rarely fail in their attempt. They seldom use firearms because of their imperfect construction, but are, nevertheless, excellent falconers.

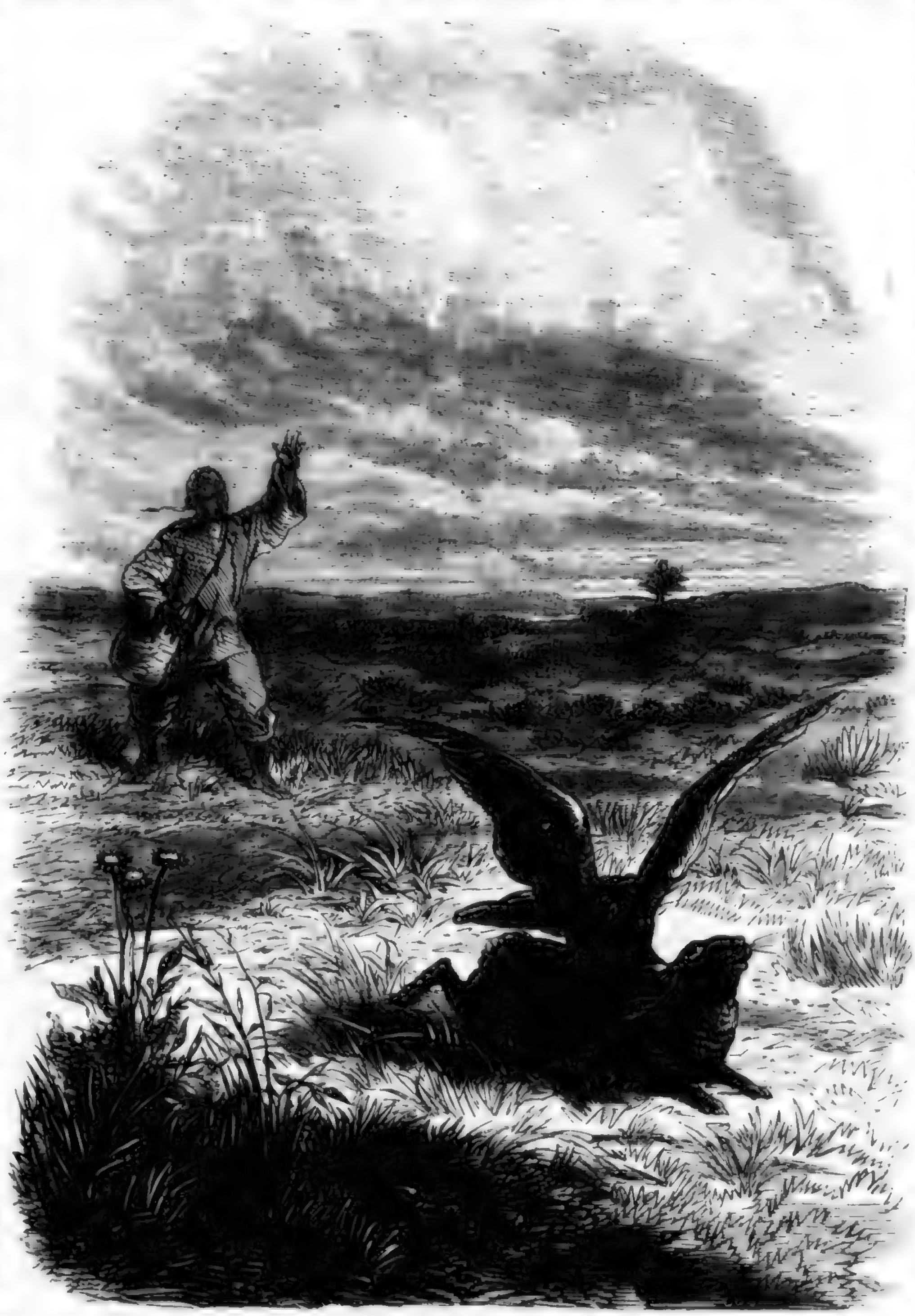
In Northern China, falconry is not the sole privilege of the upper classes, but many of the lower people gain their subsistence by the practice of hawking. Hares are hunted with hawks, and partridges and quails with merlins.

"I have often," says Mons. Ponsielgue, an officer in the French service, "accompanied my friend Pou-tao, a dealer in game, and famous poacher, when he started on a hunting expedition either for hares or partridges. One clear and frosty morning we found ourselves in the open country—he, with bare feet tramping the crusted ground, and I on horseback.

"The hares are out then from their hiding-places, and bask in the sun. Now, Pou-tao all at once commences some energetic evolutions and performances, consisting of gymnastic strides in a circular direction, the radius of which he gradually shortens, for his practiced eye has discovered a hare crouching in the sun—a mere speck at a distance.

"The startled creature makes a rush between the legs of the falconer, who, letting loose his hawk, launches him into the air with yells of encouragement, pointing at the same time to the spot where the hare is to be found.

"The tragedy is soon brought to an end. The bird of prey darts through the air like an arrow, and pounces upon the victim, clutching him in its powerful claws. Pou-tao runs toward the game as fast as his legs will carry him, and a short gallop soon brings me near the conquering bird. The hunter throws a piece of meat to the bird as a recompense, puts on the hood, and replaces him on his wrist, and thrusts the game into the large bag which he carries across his shoulders. I saw three hares captured in this way within an hour, and returned to the city wondering at this amusing manner of hunting, which has been abandoned in Europe for a couple of centuries, without any apparent reason."



HUNTING WITH THE FALCON IN CHINA.

SCENE IN GUADELOUPE, WEST INDIES.

Guadeloupe is one of the few remaining spots where France still rules in this Western World. The island was discovered by Columbus, November 4th, 1493, but was occupied by the French in 1635; and although they occasionally lost it, have always succeeded in obtaining its restoration. It consists of two islands really—Guadeloupe proper and Grande Terre. The area is about five hundred and twenty-nine square miles, and the population one hundred and thirty thousand. It is fertile and well cultivated, producing sugar, molasses, and rum, as well as cotton, tobacco, coffee, dyewoods and copper.

Our illustration, from a landscape by Fontenay, gives a very accurate idea of the character of the scenery of this West India island. The spot shown is northeast of Basse Terre, the capital, near the sea, and within hearing of its waves. The smaller mountain is Matouba, on the wooded slopes of which are pleasant summer-houses—the retreat of the wealthy inhabitants of Basse Terre during the great heats. The higher is La Soufrière. The fields seen are of coffee and sugar; the dwellings, negro huts, thatched with dry cane. The country is by no means as attractive as the picture would lead one to suppose. Earthquakes are not unknown, while hurricanes are frequent and destructive. The climate is hot, humid and unhealthy.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

By Henry Barton Baker.

There is probably no epoch in our history with which we have so little in common as the first eight decades of the eighteenth century. So remote are our sympathies from the men and women and events of that period, that we fail even to understand them, and, with all the rash judgment of an intolerant and egotistical age, we lay them upon the Procrustean bed of modern ideas, to which no process of shrinking or elongating can accommodate them, and, as we despise all other standards, the unfortunates, after being terribly maltreated, are condemned at once to moral execution. We might as well try a New Zealand aborigine by the laws of polite society, as judge the people of the reign of the first and second Georges, by a reference to our present code; indeed, I question whether we are not more *en rapport* with the New Zealander than we are with those placid, polished, artificial, fine ladies and gentlemen, our great-great-grandmothers and fathers.

As *the* representative man of his age there are few characters of English history which have been more abused and even execrated than Lord Chesterfield. Beginning with Johnson, he has been held up as the type of all that is heartless, cynical, immoral, and wicked. Virtue has shrieked over his "Letters" until good, simple people have come to regard them as little better than the effusions of Voltaire and Tom Paine, and to believe that their perusal would demoralize the chastest mind. It is not the purpose of this article to perform a trick commonly practiced by enthusiastic biographers, namely, to attempt the transformation of a spirit of darkness into an angel of light, neither does it propose by suppression of facts, by the recoloring of others, or by special pleading, to condone the faults of its subject, but simply to judge him by the manners, morals, and surroundings of the age in which he lived. As far as practicable I shall, by extracts from his letters and other compositions, let him speak for himself. Perhaps the reader may object to this as being an *ex parte* method, a man usually making the best of himself; but such was not the case with Lord Chesterfield, who had a vanity for exaggerating rather than softening his errors.

Philip Dormer Stanhope was born on the 22d of September, 1694. His father, who was a gloomy and morose man, seems to have early conceived an unaccountable aversion for him, and he was brought up by his maternal grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax, the widow of the celebrated George Savile. While still a child, he seems to have given evidence of talents more than common, of a desire for a political life, as well as of a decided taste for pleasure, and an inclination to indolence. These proclivities being observed by a visitor of the Marchioness's, Lord Galway, he gave the boy this piece of advice:

"If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. Unless you rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure for yourself."

The lesson was never forgotten; writing years afterward to his son, he says:

> "Nobody ever lent themselves more than I did, when I was young, to the pleasures and dissipations of good company; I even did it too much. But then I can assure you that I always found time for serious studies; and when I could find it no other way, I took it out of my sleep; for I resolved always to rise early in the morning, however late I went to bed at night; and this resolution I have kept so sacred that, unless when I have been confined to my bed by illness, I have not for more than forty years ever been in bed at nine o'clock in the morning, but commonly up before eight."

This would not be called early rising, nowadays, but it was so then, when the fine gentleman seldom rose before noon. But never, even in his earliest years, was Philip Stanhope an idler; he was an emulative, energetic boy, always aiming to be *best*. "When I was your age," he writes to his son, then eleven years old, "I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any play better than I did; and I should not have rested a moment till I got before him." Until he was eighteen he received his education by private tuition; after which he was sent to Cambridge, where he was a most diligent student. The following is a fine picture of him, drawn by his own hand, at this period, and is doubtless an excellent portraiture of the University of the time:

> "At the University I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense, that the classics contained everthing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the Toga Virilis of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns."

"When I first went to the University," he says, in another place, "I will confess that I drank and smoked, notwithstanding my aversion to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel and that it made me look like a man." When, at eighteen, he went to the Hague, he found gambling all the fashion, and, "as I aimed at perfection," he says, "I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it." "This last passion," writes Dr. Maty, the earliest and most reliable, if partial, of Chesterfield's biographers, "the least excusable of all vices, especially when not fostered by want, or accompanied with skill, was in every period of life equally detrimental to his character and fortune. It engaged him every night in the society of people with whom he would have been ashamed to have been seen at any other time. He knew and despised yet could not shun them. Crowds flocked around the gaming table to enjoy so unequal a strife, in which, while his pocket was picked, the applause which the repeated flashes of his wit drew from all around seemed to make him abundant amends for his losses."

In these facts is contained the key-note of Chesterfield's character. To be perfect, *à la mode*, was his ambition, the great and all-ruling passion of his life; society was the altar before which he worshiped, and of that altar he desired to be the high priest. Thus we find him exaggerating his faults whenever by doing so they add to his assumption of *ton*. Whatever was the mode, that thing he did without any respect for its being good or ill. "My great object was to make every man like me and every woman love me," is his confession. Even in his school days we find him animated by the same spirit of emulation—albeit, a worthier one—of shining and surpassing all his compeers, not only in his studies, but in all games. We have now before us Chesterfield, the fine gentleman, an intensely vain and therefore weak character, and this was the sole light in which he was regarded by three-fourths of his contemporaries, and *is* held by ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the present time. But we shall presently come to a stronger as well as to a better aspect of his nature.

Upon quitting the University, he went, as I have before intimated, to the Hague, and thence to Paris. One of his letters dated from that city, 1715, gives us another glimpse of the fop:

> "I shall not give you my opinion of the French, because I am very often taken for one of them; and several have paid me the highest compliment they think in their power to bestow, which is, 'Sir, you are just like ourselves!' I shall only tell you that I am insolent; I talk a great deal; I am very loud and peremptory; I sing and dance as I walk along; and, above all, I spend an immense sum in hair powder, feathers, and white gloves!"

At twenty, he entered the House as member for St. Germain's, in Cornwall; his maiden speech was a denunciation of the policy of Harley and Bolingbroke. As he was departing, a friend reminded him that he was not of age, and that, according to the rules of the House, he would lay himself open to a fine of £500, as well as to the annulment of his election should he vote upon any question. The young gentleman replied only by a low bow; but he took the hint, and did not again appear in the senate until he had passed his majority.

Although he is accredited with being one of the finest orators of the day—and justly, it would seem, since Horace Walpole, who had heard his father, Pulteney, and Pitt speak, asserts that the finest speech he ever heard was one of Lord Chesterfield's—it was only in after years, when he entered the Peers, that he made any display of eloquence. During the time he sat in the Commons his voice was seldom heard. Maty ascribes this to a circumstance highly characteristic of the man. There was a member who had a trick of mimicking the tones and gestures of his opponents, and of holding them up to the laughter of the House. This man kept Stanhope silent, for he was aware that his person presented many salient points for ridicule. Probably it was because Nature had done so little for him that, in revenge, he became so fervent a devotee of Art. Lord Hervey describes him thus: "He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." This, however, we must remember, is a painting by a bitter enemy, and allowance must be made for exaggeration.

I need scarcely remind the reader of the feud between George I. and the Prince of Wales, and how the Court was divided between father and son. Stanhope ranged himself upon the side of the prince, to whom he was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber. Several reasons may be adduced for this preference. In the first place, my lord sought the hand of Melesina de Schulenberg, whom the Duchess of Kendal called niece, but who in reality was her own daughter by the king; George opposed the union on the plea of the lover's propensity to gambling. In the next place, he was the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Howard, afterward Lady Suffolk, the prince's mistress; and, to conclude, the reigning sovereign was old, and more was to be hoped from his successor than from him. Nevertheless, he did not break with the Court proper, and so pleased the king by speaking (1723) in favor of the addition of four thousand men to the army that he was created captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

In 1726, his father, who never seemed to have got over his aversion to his eldest-born, died, and he succeeded to the title. The next year, that of the King's death, he was sent as ambassador to the Hague, where he remained five years, returning to England in 1732. But his hopes of advancement from the new sovereign were doomed to disappointment, and ere long George II. conceived a positive hatred for his quondam supporter.

Horace Walpole ascribes the commencement of the King's coldness toward my lord to the following circumstance; which I give in his own words:

> "The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth Night at Court, had won so large a sum of money (£15,000) that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforward Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favors from Court; and, finding himself desperate, went into Opposition."

Probably—for such a mode of proceeding would be quite consonant with her character—the Queen might have hinted certain suspicions to her husband and roused his jealousy. Although more than tolerating his mistresses, she never lost an opportunity of making their adherents feel her power.

Chesterfield, however, supported the ministry until the advent of the celebrated Excise Bill, which he voted against. The King, Queen and Walpole had all set their hearts upon the passing of this measure, but so great was the popular clamor against it that they were obliged to give way. Chesterfield was dismissed from his office of Lord Steward—which, together with the Garter, had recently been conferred upon him—on account of his share in the defeat. When the Duke of Grafton demanded his staff, the earl begged his grace to assure his Majesty that he was ready to sacrifice everything for his service except his honor and conscience. He afterward wrote a letter to the King in the same strain, which greatly increased the monarch's dislike against him. In the absence of all apparent selfish motives, we must applaud both his conduct and his sentiments; he decidedly gained nothing by them, and as decidedly lost much. During the next two years he was the leader of the Opposition.

But ere this (1733) he had married Melesina. There was nothing at all romantic in the affair.

"On changing her condition," says Maty, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, who was their next-door neighbor in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties at the other. Minerva presided in the first; and in the last, Apollo and the Muses."

A newly-married couple living next door to one another may sound odd now-a-days, but it was not so odd a century and a half ago. Perhaps he married the lady with an eye to the wealth of the Duchess of Kendal; if so, he was again disappointed, as the old Frau left all her money to her German relations.

Hervey calls Melesina "an avaricious fury." She took a bribe of £12,000 from Bolingbroke for her good offices with the King, which would justify one half of the epithets.* Marriage does not seem to have had much effect upon my lord's mode of life; he and my lady seem to have lived quite independent of one another. No child was born of the union.

But the year before it was celebrated a boy came into the world who called him father. The mother was a Frenchwoman (some say Dutch), who went by the name of Mrs. Du Bouchet; she was a lady of good birth, and the earl always spoke of her with great respect.

For several years my lord spent his time in a delightful leisure in the society of such men as Pope, Arbuthnot, Addison, Vanbrugh, Gay, Pulteney, Bathurst, Queensbury, Lyttleton, Murray. His doors were ever open to men of wit and genius, for he loved literature and its professors, although he had a contempt for abstract science; the latter was not *en rapport* with his tastes. Johnson says he was not a lord among wits, but a wit among lords. Even his enemy, Hervey, acknowledges that he was "allowed by everybody to have more conversable, entertaining table wit than any man of his time." Had he not been a man of exceptional talent, Pope would not have paid him that delicate compliment of borrowing a pencil to write the celebrated epigram:

---

* Upon hearing that George II. had destroyed his father's will, Chesterfield commenced an action against him for £20,000, which he averred had been left to his wife by the late King. There is no doubt he was right, as the money was paid to hush the matter up.

> "Behold a miracle!—instead of wit,
> See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

The few of my lord's good things which have come down to posterity, give us a high opinion of his powers of impromptu; often as they have been repeated, two or three may be worth again retelling. His epigram upon seeing a full-length picture of Beau Nash between the busts of Pope and Newton is particularly neat:

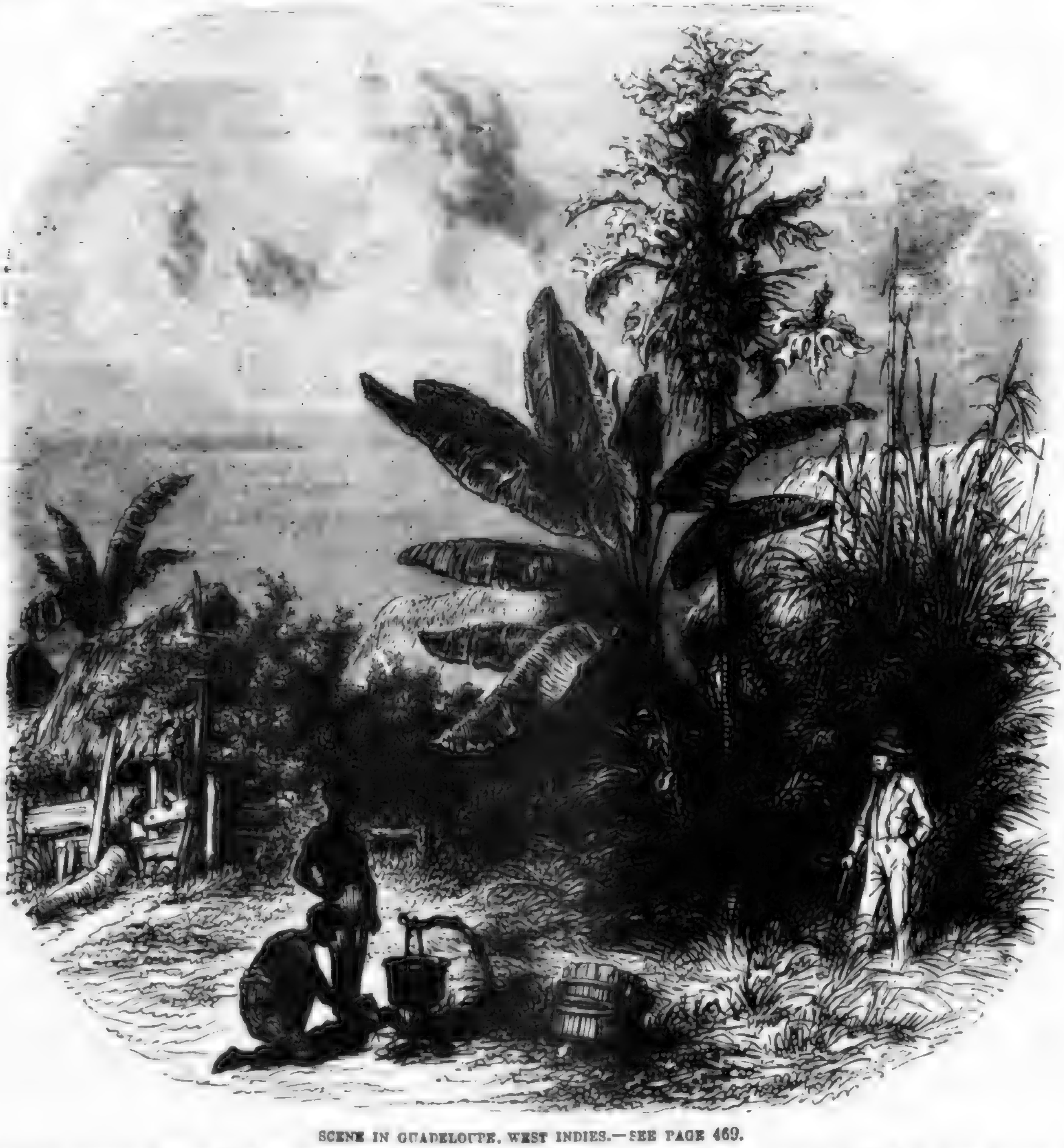
> "This picture placed the busts between,
> Gives satire all its strength;
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly at full length."

Sir Thomas Robinson, who was very tall, challenged him to an impromptu, upon which he wrote:

> "Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
> It shall be witty and it shan't be long."

He wrote a number of *vers de société,* which are to be found in his collected works. Some of his *mots* were very sparkling: for instance, when upon hearing that some man of low birth had married the daughter of a lady whose chastity was more than suspected, he retorted, that "Nobody's son had married everybody's daughter!" His wit could at times take a more practical form, as is exemplified by the following anecdote related by Dr. Maty:

> "The late Lord R., with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed with him on indifferent matters, complained of the headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. 'I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship is a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?' 'Apropos,' said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, 'do you go to the House to-day?' Lord R. answered, 'I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question that is to be debated; but you, who have considered it, which side will you be of?' The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment; he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterward to say, that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for his country."

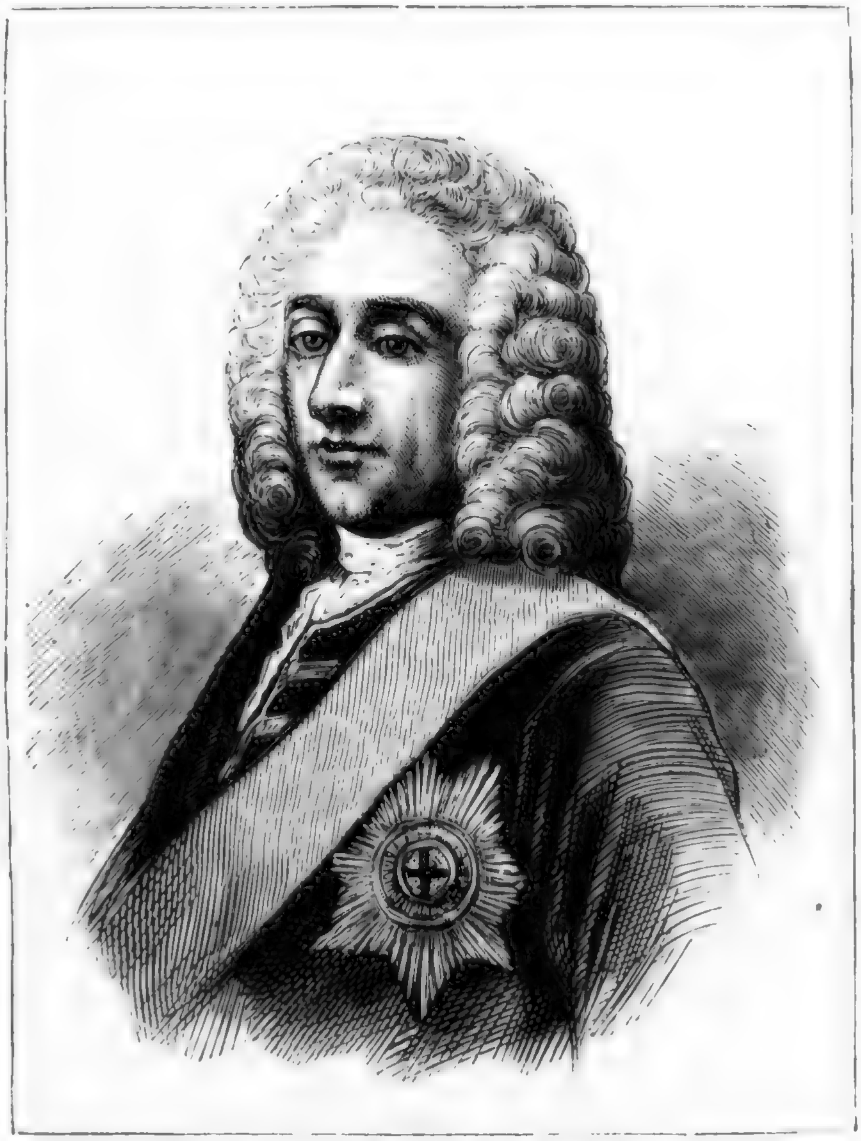


SCENE IN GUADELOUPE, WEST INDIES.—SEE PAGE 469.

His treatment of Johnson in the great lexicographer's days of poverty, has become a standing reproach against him. It is the more remarkable as he was frequently a generous patron to literary men in distress; poor Aaron Hill, and even bitter and worthless John Dennis, found in him a liberal friend. But, as it has been suggested, the doctor might have been over-sensitive, and conceived offense where none was intended. Boswell asserts, on the authority of Johnson himself, that there was no foundation for the story of his having been kept waiting in the earl's antechamber while the latter was closeted with Colley Cibber. Johnson's inflated contempt for actors would certainly have rendered this, in his eyes, an unpardonable slight. But it must be remembered that Cibber was a man of some consequence, and, whatever might have been the opinion of certain contemporaries, a man of considerable wit and talent.

The doctor confessed to his *fidus Achates* that the earl, after making great professions for many years, took no notice of him until his Dictionary was announced, then "he fell a-scribbling in the *World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

There was little in coarse-featured, coarse-mannered, coarsely-dressed Samuel Johnson in his obscure days to attract the polished Lord Chesterfield; and herein probably lies the true secret of his neglect.



PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Although he had been a faithful adherent of the Opposition, upon the fall of Sir Robert Walpole (1742) and the accession of Lord Carteret to office, the earl was left out of the Ministry, and continued so until the formation of the celebrated "Broad Bottom" coalition, two years later. Then he was sent on an embassy to the Dutch to induce them to support the cause of Maria Theresa. His mission was successful, although he was pleading against his own convictions; for Chesterfield was one of the peace party, opposed to the continuance of the war in favor of the Queen of Hungary and for the defense of the German possessions of the English Crown. The King was terribly loath to employ him, but as he could not be done without, royalty was forced to submit.

"Chesterfield's second embassy to Holland," says Lord Mahon, confirmed and renewed the praises he had acquired by the first. So high did his reputation stand at this period, that Sir Watkin Wynn, though neither his partisan nor personal friend, once in the House of Commons reversed in his favor Clarendon's character of Hampden; saying that 'Lord Chesterfield had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any worthy action.' At home his career, though never, as I think, inspired by a high and pervading patriotism, deserves the praise of humane, and liberal, and far-sighted policy. Thus, after the rebellion, while all his colleagues thought only of measures of repression—the dungeon or the scaffold—disarming Acts and abolition Acts—we find that Chesterfield was for schools and villages to civilize the Highlands.'

Upon his return he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the single year he filled that great office was the noblest and most brilliant of all his life. Before departing for Dublin, he recommended his chaplain, Dr. Chevenix, to the see of Killaloe, then vacant. The King, in order to mortify him, instructed Lord Harrington, the Secretary, to reply that his Majesty could not comply with his request, but that he would accept any other person he would name; my lord concluded his epistle by advising him to look out for another. Upon which the earl begged his lordship to desire the King to look out for another Lord Lieutenant. Another was not to be found, so Dr. Chevenix got his bishopric, and Majesty a humiliation.

Years previously Chesterfield had been told by Lord Shrewsbury that Ireland was a place where a man had business enough to hinder him from falling asleep, and not enough to keep him awake. But he resolved his administration should be of a different kind. From the day he entered upon the office he not only gave up gambling himself, but he would not permit its indulgence to any person within the precincts of the Castle. From nine to three daily the meanest person could obtain audience with him. He administered justice with the strictest impartiality, promoted by merit, and was equally impartial to Catholic and Protestant.

"I came determined," he wrote years afterward, "to proscribe no set of persons whatever; and determined to be governed by none. Had the Papists made any attempt to put themselves above the law, I should have taken good care to have quelled them again. It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their

XUM

religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty toward them."

Lord Mahon is of opinion that with a weak, wavering or fierce and headlong Lord Lieutenant at the Castle, the Pretender would have effected a landing. But Chesterfield's measures were so able, and he so clearly impressed upon the Irish that his moderation was not weakness, nor his clemency cowardice, but that, to use his own words, "his hand should be as heavy as Cromwell's upon them if they once forced him to raise it," that that alarming period passed over with tranquility.

"This just and wise administration has not failed to reward him with its meed of fame," continues Lord Mahon; "his authority has, I find, been appealed to even by those who, as I conceive, depart most widely from his maxims; and his name, I am assured, lives in the honored remembrance of the Irish people, as, perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest in their long vice-regal line." But his colleagues requiring him in London, he was recalled after a little more than a year of office. When he departed, persons of all ranks, denominations and religions followed him to the place of embarkation.

Upon his arrival in England he was made Secretary of State. Learning nothing from previous failure, he tried to govern the King through Lady Yarmouth, as he had before attempted to do through Lady Suffolk, and failed as signally. Although the Queen was dead, "dapper" George had the merit of still withholding all political influence from the hands of his mistress. Besides, he hated the minister too bitterly to allow such mediation; he even refused him the patronage to which his office entitled him when he solicited a regiment for his cousin, George Stanhope, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself at Dettingen and Culloden. His proud spirit could not brook such an insult, and in 1748 he resigned. The King, awaking to a sense of his value, urged him to recall his decision, and expressed his great satisfaction at the manner in which he had discharged his duties.

"Conscience, your Majesty, would not permit me to remain in a post where I have not been suffered to do service to any one man, and in which my master is not at liberty to distinguish those who have his service most at heart." Such was his reply. He was offered a dukedom, but that also he refused.

Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, his friend, then at the Hague, he says:

> "Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease and preserve my character. I have gone through pleasures while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it least. . . . I have been behind the scenes both of pleasure and of business; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant multitude . . . . Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, support the King and his Government; which I can do with more advantage to them and more honor to myself when I do not receive £5,000 a year for doing it. . . . . My horses, my books and my friends will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall choose it."

His last political act was to bring in a bill for the reform of the calendar, which was passed in 1751. This excellent measure, which equalized the style of Great Britain and Ireland with that of the Continent, where the errors of the Julian computation had been corrected more than a century and a half previously, aroused a terrible clamor among the ignorant multitude, and "Give us back the eleven days you robbed us of!" became an electioneering cry against the Earl of Macclesfield and Mr. Bradley, the framers of the Act. During the last illness of the latter celebrated mathematician, the people ascribed his sufferings to a judgment of Heaven, for having taken part in such an impious proceeding! In 1752 the earl was attacked with an incurable deafness. "Retirement was my choice seven years ago," he said; "it is now become my necessary refuge. Public life and I are parted for ever."

On the very day he resigned, he went to White's and played all night. He had refrained most rigidly from gambling during the whole time he held office. But he had better ways of employing his leisure than that. His brother had bequeathed him a villa at Blackheath, and there he spent much of his time cultivating his garden and his fruit trees, and occasionally contributing a paper to the *World.* "All my amusements," he writes to Dayrolles (1755), "are reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment."

I have already recorded the birth of his son, to whom he gave the name of Philip Stanhope. From the child's earliest years he evidently felt a deep affection for him, and to make him the most polished and accomplished gentleman of the time soon became the great ambition of his life. No pains, no expense were to be spared to accomplish this object. He was sent for two years to the German universities of Leipsic and Lausanne. The vacations were spent at Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Naples, where his father's introduction gained him admission to the best society. By Frederick of Prussia he was received with the utmost cordiality. Chesterfield, in one of his letters, had compared the Court of Prussia with that of Rome. "You will see there," he wrote, "full well, as Horace did at Rome, how States are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws." When some of the courtiers demurred at the young man on account of his birth, the king replied: "Were he Lord Chesterfield's dog, I would have treated him in the most distinguished manner," which shows how highly the earl was thought of by that astute monarch. But more upon his own instructions, as contained in his celebrated *Letters*, which he began to write when the boy was in his tenth year, than upon any other influence, did the earl depend.

Everybody knows Dr. Johnson's dictum upon those letters. But it is wrong in both its assertions; the morals are not such as he states them to be, neither are they adapted for the perusal of the young. That many passages in those compositions are immoral, according to the code of the present day, I have no wish to deny; but they wore a very different aspect in the days in which they were written. Then, the violation of the seventh Commandment was as much an adjunct of a fine gentleman as snuff and hair powder. It is said that Chesterfield infamously counsels his son to violate the sanctuary of wedded life, but it must be remembered that the letters from which such inferences are drawn were written during his son's residence in France. Now, all who have any acquaintance with the manners and customs of that country during the reign of Louis XV. are fully aware that every married lady had a lover attached to her train; it was a privilege that no husband would have dreamed of denying—in short, it was a domestic institution; therefore, when indignant virtue begins to shriek over desolated homes, etc., it is simply talking nonsense. Lord

Chesterfield knew that it was impossible for a young man of fashion to live in such a corrupt society without falling into its errors; he knew that all the preaching and warnings in the world would not make him better than his surroundings; so he did what he considered the next best thing—cautioned him against excesses, and such amours as might bring trouble and disgrace upon him. I do not pretend to assert that this was the moral and proper course, or even that the earl regarded such errors with other than a very indulgent eye. I only wish to put the matter in its true light, and not make it worse than it is. That he could instil far different lessons is proved by such a passage as the following:

> "There is nothing so delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, etc., all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. A strange concurrence of circumstances has sometimes raised very bad men to high stations; but they have been raised like criminals to a pillory, where their persons, and their crimes, by being more conspicuous, are only the more known, the more detested, and the more pelted and insulted. If, in any case whatsoever, affectation and ostentation are pardonable, it is in the case of morality; though even there, I would not advise you to a Pharisaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to do or say the least thing that may ever so slightly taint it."

Surely this is written in a noble and exalted strain. He writes in another place: "While you were a child I endeavored to form your walk habitually to virtue and honor before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility." The next worst accusation brought against the Letters is, that they place the graces of the person far before those of the mind. To understand this tendency, we must know the person to whom they were addressed. Philip Stanhope was a studious man and a ripe scholar; there was no need to counsel him upon the value of cultivating the understanding, he did so indefatigably; but, on the other hand, he was heavy, awkward, and ungraceful in his carriage, and altogether lacking in polish; hence his father's insistance upon those points. "Will it do his head, his heart, or his knowledge any harm to have the utmost delicacy of manners, the most shining advantages of air and address, the most endearing attentions, and the most engaging graces?" he demands. Again, it is said that the Letters teach duplicity; but Chesterfield intended his son to be a statesman, and the duplicity he teaches is that of diplomacy. Neither does it seem to me such a base and dreadful thing to counsel him—to cultivate the good graces even of the valets and chambermaids about a court, since it may one day be in their power to do him a good or an evil turn. On the contrary, there is profound wisdom in such a caution. In a great and complex piece of machinery, no one thinks of ignoring certain wheels because they are small.

But, as I said before, I do not hold that these things are good reading for the young, as their tendency is to destroy the frankness and ingenuousness of youth. No man should read Chesterfield until he has passed his thirtieth year, then he will find him a profitable study. Yet, with all the father's labors, Philip Stanhope was a disappointment. He entered Parliament at twenty-one, and the Earl took infinite pains to prepare him for an orator. But he spoke only once; his awkward shyness spoiled his maiden speech, and no argument or encouragement could induce him to make a second essay. He sank into obscurity and died a few months before the earl, who then discovered that he had been clandestinely married several years previously, and had a wife and two children—an ill return for the kindness that had been lavished upon him. Yet Chesterfield comes forth nobly from an ordeal through which many a rigidly virtuous man would not have passed; although his son had so deceived him, he provided for the widow, and took the children to his heart. Here is a letter written to them a short time before his death:

> "I received two days two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life—the one signed "Charles Stanhope," the other, "Philip Stanhope." As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, "Et cantare pares et respondere parati?" Charles will explain the Latin to you. I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they call you Master Strangeways, for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true? Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it when I come from town. In the mean time, God bless you both!"

The man who could write thus to two children who had no claim upon him in the eye of the law had not a bad heart. And yet Mrs. Philip Stanhope was so ungrateful as to publish all his letters to her husband a twelvemonth after his death.

Old age and infirmities had been creeping upon him now for many years. He called his daily ride, with his old wit, "rehearsing his funeral." "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years," he used to say, "but we do not choose to have it known."

Upon the morning of his decease his friend Dayrolles paid him his usual visit. The valet opened the curtains of the bed and announced him. The earl had just strength enough to say in a faint voice, "Give Dayrolles a chair." These were his last words. "His good breeding," said the physician, who was in the room, "only quits him with his life."

He died in March, 1773.

There is one confession he makes somewhere in his works which I like least of any of his self-disclosures. "I am neither a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody, but I am sure that since I had the full use of reason nobody has ever heard me laugh." Yet there are passages scattered through his writings which seem to come from a heart one can scarcely believe to beat in the bosom of a laughless man. Of such is one in which he reprobates "the contempt which most historians show for humanity in general, as if the whole human species consisted of but one hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of emperors, kings, popes, generals, and ministers." Speaking of the Turkish Janissaries sometimes strangling their vizier or emperor he says, "I am glad the capital strangler should in his turn be strangable; for I know of no brute so fierce, nor no criminal so guilty, as the creature called a sovereign, whether king, sultan, or sophi, who thinks himself either by divine or human right vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow-creatures, or who, without inquiring into that right, lawlessly exerts that power."

HOW LEECHES ARE FATTENED.

We are on the waste lands of Gascony—that semi-dried-up ocean, which is no longer sea and not yet land. Pines of a sinister-looking green, more or less injured by tapping, are all that decorate the sombre landscape. Death hovers over this long, sterile plain, and the pines, dripping with resin, seem to be weeping in sympathy with the utter desolation around. No sound breaks the eternal silence of this open sepulchre. The traveler, under the painful influence growing out of his gloomy surroundings, presses forward as rapidly as the heavy, sodden soil will permit, in search of

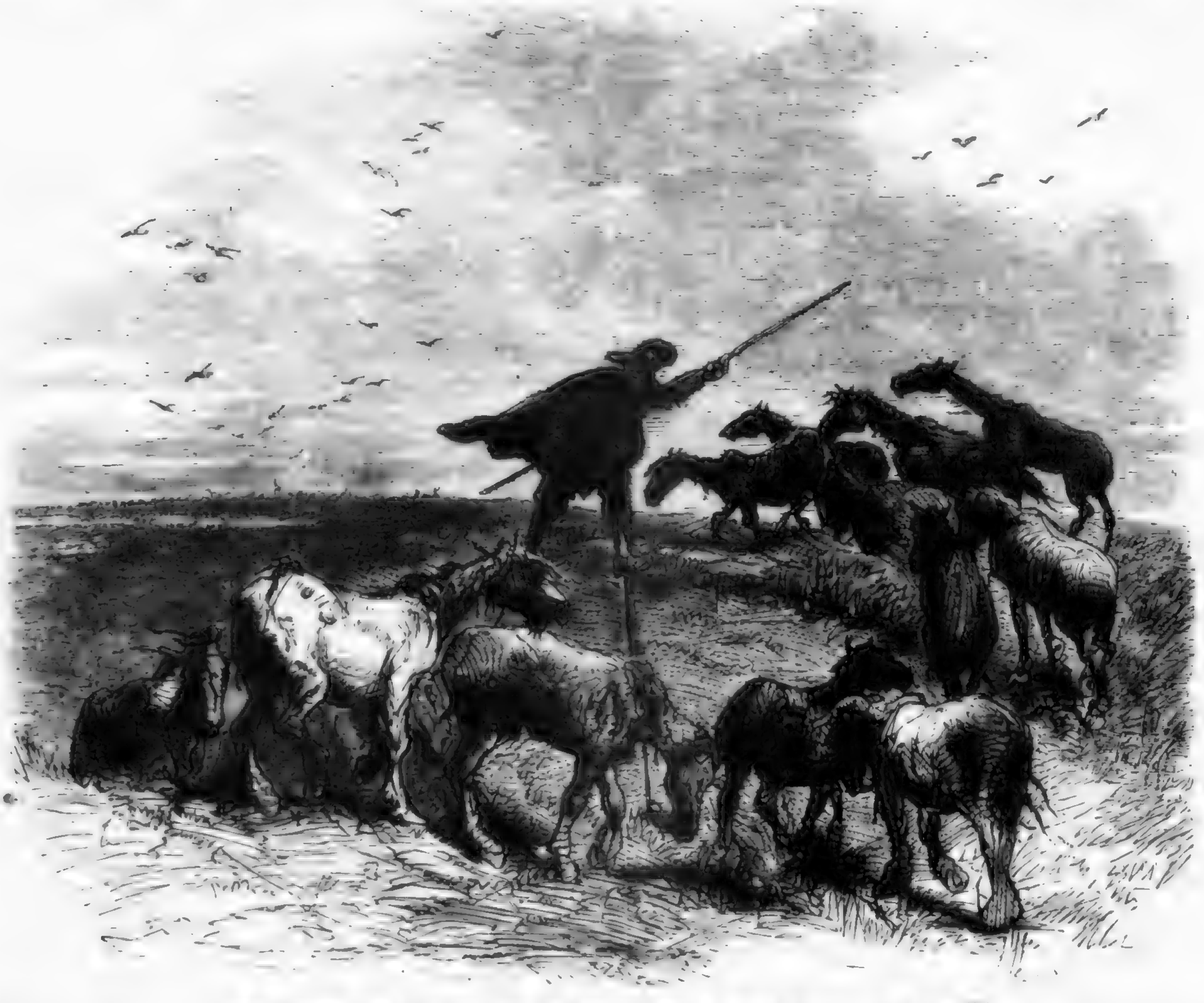
XUM

the squalid hospitality afforded by the few huts scattered, at long intervals, over this desolate region, and inhabited by the Landais peasants.

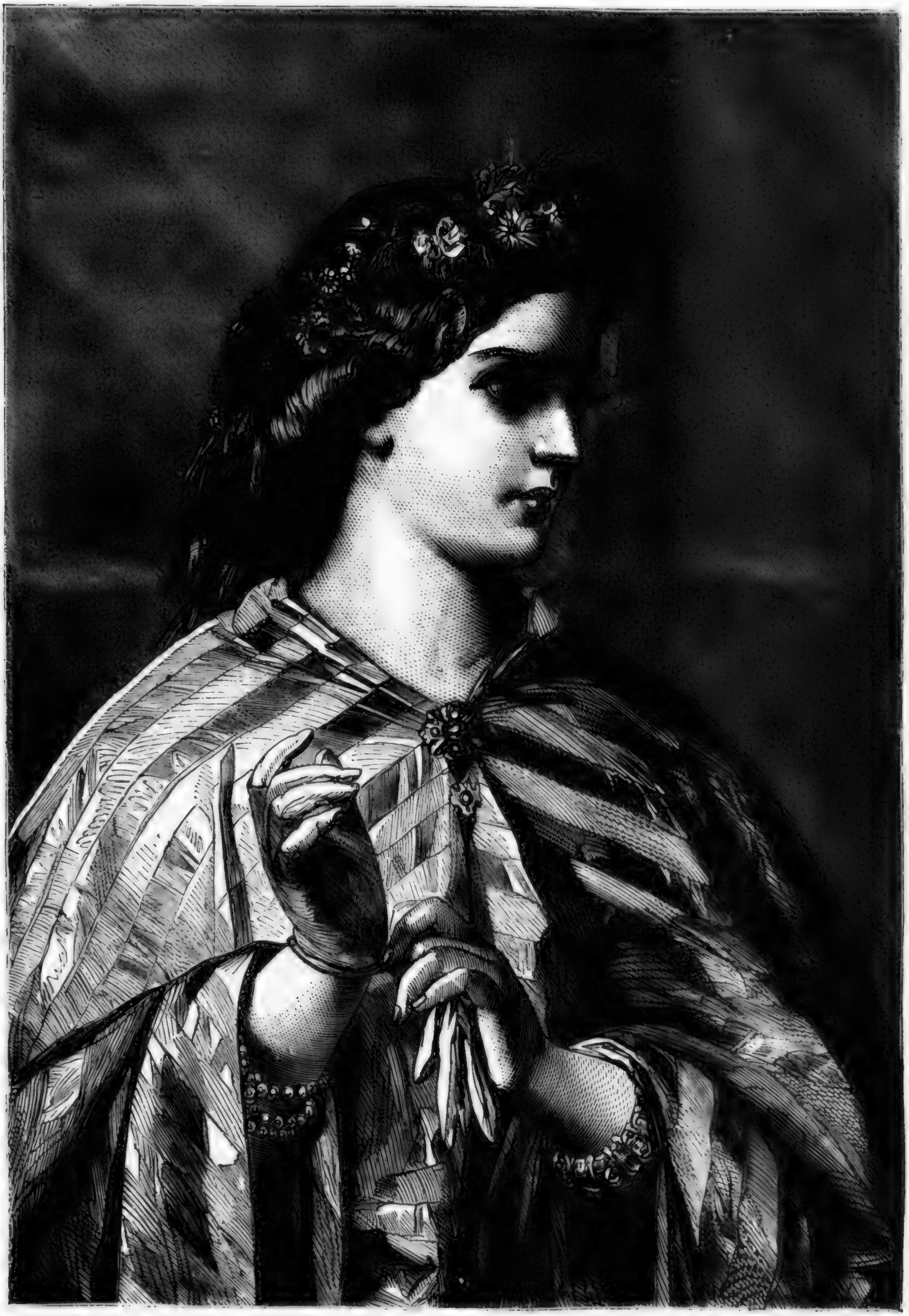
Suddenly he descries in the horizon, like fantastic shadows, a troop of strange, indefinable animals. The shadows appear to advance toward the traveler, who slackens his pace. The more these apparitions develop themselves to his astonished gaze, the more do the animals composing this fantastic group assume a peculiar and unfamiliar air and shape. But are they really animals, or only shadows produced by some optical delusion? Mechanically the traveler stops, the better to contemplate this phenomenon, and to elucidate his doubts. He starts back with surprise and terror! They are indeed shadows, but shadows in themselves, and moving by virtue of an independent power. The stories of Hoffmann are realized, the enchanters of the Middle Ages are come back to earth; sorcerers have, after all, only spoken the truth! Horses, long since dead, and half devoured by birds of prey, stagger along as if lacking command of their limbs, animated by the power and caprice of a supernatural and diabolic will! A man, tall as the giants of old, drives them along, staff in hand. From time to time he bends his body over his long legs to strike these fantastic beasts. The stick rebounds at contact with the bones of these skeletons, with a dull, hollow sound. Is this man Satan himself, or one of those giants who long ago peopled Scandinavia? No, Satan no longer needs to ride astride of those ghostly horses to be conducted to his infernal orgies, and in this nineteenth century we know that the Scandinavian giants had no existence outside of the disordered imagination of ancient historians. No, the man whom our traveler beholds is simply a peasant, mounted on stilts. The animals which he is driving are still denizens of the earth; the wounds upon their bodies have not been made by birds of prey, but by the whip, and harness wearing upon bones covered only with hide. They draw near to the traveler, and he can but marvel that life, with its mysterious laws, can still animate these wrecks, dragged down by age and its attendant sufferings.

Whence come these living dead, and where are they going? Should any one write their biographies, it would be found that many among them had constituted the pride and glory of their masters, whether on the race-course, in the hunt, or on the battlefield, where the horse conducts the victors to triumph or protects the flight of the vanquished. But years come on apace, and with them the disaffection of masters. To the noble services rendered, succeed hard and humble toil. The beast comes at last to know the pangs of hunger, and finally the sentence of death is pronounced against him. A little straw, greedily devoured, has given him the strength necessary to bear him to the dealer in hides, who, thrifty by nature, has calculated the value of his skin in his present dilapidated condition, and considers that the most profitable manner of disposing of the wretched beast is to sell him to the leech-fattener. So the dainty pet of a few years ago takes his place with others designed for the same branch of industry.

Then, some fine day, the troop is driven off, like so many portable barrels of blood, to the marsh lands, where leeches are bred and fattened.



HOW LEECHES ARE FATTENED—DRIVING HORSES INTO A LEECH SWAMP.—SEE PAGE 475.



EVENING.

XUM

Our readers may not be aware of the fact, but there is a curious branch of industry followed by certain inhabitants of the great marsh lands in the neighborhood of Gascony and Bordeaux, France. Some years ago a farmer observed that the leeches native to these marshes attained to a great size in places where many cattle were turned out to pasture, and more particularly where horses formed the principal stock. This suggested to him the idea of making leech-culture a specialty. He had some small capital, and this he was shrewd enough to turn to the best advantage. In the first place, he rented a tract of marsh, which he divided off into square ponds, surrounded with railings. The water in these ponds is about fifteen inches deep, and the mud at the bottom of them affords Winter quarters for myriads of leeches, which, when the warm sun of Spring arouses them from their Winter lethargy, come up to the surface very lively, and anxious for a gorge upon their natural aliment blood. To supply this, the leech cultivator invested a portion of his capital in a drove of old horses, which were bought up by him at an average price of about $2.50 per head.

No sooner were these wretched victims driven into the ponds than than they were fastened upon by the leeches, whose voracious instincts were aroused the moment the water became agitated. Instances are not unfrequent of horses becoming so exhausted by these insatiable bloodsuckers as to sink down into the water, where they are sometimes suffocated before assistance can come to hand. But the new and last masters of the unfortunate beasts usually find the means of improving their latest breath, by methodically emptying their impoverished veins by squeezing their half-dry arteries, as one would press a lemon. Their sufferings are terrible, their agony slow, but none the less extreme. What matter! It is for the benefit of trade. How proud must the leech-fattener be of the money gained in the pursuit of his ennobling avocation!

But let us follow the horse in his march to death, stilling the beatings of our heart as we do so.

He is usually so managed as to furnish three meals to the leeches, who are too delicate ever to suck blood from the same spot a second time. On his first introduction to the marsh, the horse is only driven in to the depth of his girth. The ravenous leeches fasten themselves on their prey instantly, and the poor horse, trembling at the outset at the numberless pricks with which he is covered, soon finds his strength abandoning him from loss of blood. Before, however, he is entirely exhausted, he is withdrawn from the marsh by dint of blows, vigorously applied, when efforts are made to restore his failing powers, and food is placed before him, that more blood may be made, to serve as a second meal. He is allowed to satisfy his hunger for the first time for many a long month, and after a few days of bountiful fare, his wounds have become healed, and he is considered in condition to afford meal number two.

This time he is driven into the marsh until his back is covered. The still hungry leeches fasten themselves on every portion of his body not previously touched, and continue to suck his blood until he again shows symptoms which induce his master to withdraw him from the marsh. A few heavy blows arouse to action his almost exhausted strength; he mechanically raises his head and makes an effort, which finally brings him on dry land again. Verily there is wondrous vitality in these poor beasts.

Tenderly cared for, copiously fed, sent out to pasture, and the horse secretes a new stock of blood—the last that he will be called upon to shed in man's service.

The third time he is driven entirely into the marsh, being allowed only his nostrils out of the water, and this time he is not withdrawn. In terrible agony he expires with the loss of his last drop of blood, and his wretched body is oftentimes left to decay where it fell.

Many invalids have lost their lives through the application of poisonous leeches, which became so from the impurity of the blood of the poor horses on which they had fattened.

Leaving out of view the sufferings of the poor horses, we thus see that the safety of the human species is often compromised by this horrible traffic, which although, happily, not carried on in our own country, still comes so near home to us as to jeopardize our lives, as most of the leeches used here are imported.

THE TURKISH CAFE.

The introduction of wine and other fermented and intoxicating liquors, which is one of the most important laws of the code of El-Islam, has caused the greater number of the disciples of this faith to become immoderately addicted to other means of inducing slight intoxication, or different kinds of pleasurable excitement. The most prevalent means, in most Moslem countries, of exciting what the Arabs term *keyf*, which I cannot more nearly translate than by the term "placid enjoyment," is tobacco.

It appears that tobacco was introduced into Turkey, Arabia, and other countries of the East shortly before the beginning of the seventeenth century of the Christian era; that is, not many years after it had begun to be regularly imported into Western Europe, as an article of commerce, from America. Its lawfulness to the Moslem has often been warmly disputed, but is now generally allowed. In the character of the Turks and Arabs who have become addicted to its use it has induced considerable changes, particularly rendering them more inactive than they were in earlier times, leading them to waste over the pipe many hours which might be profitably employed; but it has had another and a better effect—that of superseding, in a great measure, the use of wine, which, to say the least, is very injurious to the health of the inhabitants of hot climates.

In the tales of "The Thousand and One Nights," which were written before the introduction of tobacco into the East, and which we may confidently receive as presenting a faithful picture of the state of Arabian manners and customs at the period when they appeared, we have abundant evidence that wine was much more commonly and more openly drank by Moslems of that time, or of the age immediately preceding, than it is by those of the present day.

It may further be remarked, in the way of apology for the pipe, as employed by the Turks and Arabs, that the mild kinds of tobacco generally used by them have a very gentle effect; they calm the nervous system, and, instead of stupefying, sharpen the intellect. The pleasures of Eastern society are certainly much heightened by the pipe, and it affords the patient a cheap and sober refreshment, and probably often restrains him from less innocent indulgences.

The cup of coffee, which, when it can be afforded, generally accompanies the pipe, is commonly regarded as an almost equal luxury, and doubtless conduced with tobacco to render the use of wine less common among the Arabs. Its name, *kahweh*, an old Arab term for wine, strengthens this supposition. It is said that the discovery of the refreshing beverage afforded by the berry of the coffee-plant was made in the latter part of the seventh century of the Flight (or, of the thirteenth of the Christian era), by a certain devotee named the Sheikh Omar, who, driven by persecution to a mountain of El-Yemen, with a few of his disciples, was induced, by the want of provisions, to make an experiment of the decoction of coffee-berries as an article of food, the coffee-plant being there a spontaneous production. It was not, however, till about two centuries after this period that the use of coffee began to become common in El-Yemen. It was imported into Egypt between the years 900 and 910 of the Flight (toward the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, or about a century before the introduction of tobacco into the East), and was then drunk in the great mosque El-Azhar by the fakeers of El-Yemen and Mekkeh and El-Medeeneh, who found it very refreshing to them while engaged in their exercises of reciting prayers and the praises of God, and freely indulged themselves with it. About half a century after it was introduced into Constantinople.

In Arabia, in Egypt and in Constantinople it was often the subject of sharp disputes among the pious and learned, many doctors asserting that it possessed intoxicating qualities, and was, therefore, an unlawful beverage to Moslems; while others contended that, among many other virtues, it had that of repelling sleep, which rendered it a powerful help to the pious in their nocturnal devotions. According to the fancy of the ruling power, its sale was therefore often prohibited and again legalized. It is now, and has been for many years, acknowledged as lawful by almost all the Moslems, and is immoderately used even by the Wah-hábees, who are the most rigid in their condemnation of tobacco, and in their adhering to the precepts of the Koran and the Traditions of the Prophet. Formerly, it was generally prepared from the berries and husks together, and it is still so prepared, or from the husks alone, by many persons in Arabia. In other countries of the East it is prepared from the berries alone, freshly roasted and pounded.

Cairo contains above a thousand *kahwehs*, or coffee-shops. The *kahweh* is, generally speaking, a small apartment, whose front, which is toward the street, is of open wooden work, in the form of arches. Along the front, except before the door, is (or was) a *mastabah*, or raised seat, of stone or brick, two or three feet in height, and about the same in width, which is covered with matting; and there are similar seats in the interior, on two or three sides. The coffee-shops are most frequented in the afternoon and evening; but by few except persons of the lower orders, and tradesmen. The exterior *mastabah* is generally preferred. Each person brings with him his own tobacco and pipe. Coffee is served by the *kahwegee*, or attendant of the shop, at the price of five *faddahs* a cup, or ten for a little *bekreg*, or pot, of three or four cups. The *kahwegee* also keeps two or three *nárgeelehs* or *sheeshehs*, and *gozehs*, which latter are used for smoking both the *tumbák*, or Persian tobacco, and the *hasheesh*, or hemp; for *hasheesh* is sold at some coffee-shops. Musicians and story-tellers frequent some of the *kahwehs*, particularly on the evenings of religious festivals.

It is strange that the eye of man should have that magic power we have all felt that it possesses. We can contemplate other bright and beautiful objects without withdrawing our gaze; and what is there in the formation of an eye that should create in us any uneasiness? It is the consciousness that the eye is the index of the mind—that when a man fixes his eye on us we are the subject of his thoughts, and that a being gifted with a soul like ourselves is employing its energies and setting its machinery at work about ourselves. It is this conviction that makes us modestly, and almost involuntarily, shrink from such an inspection.

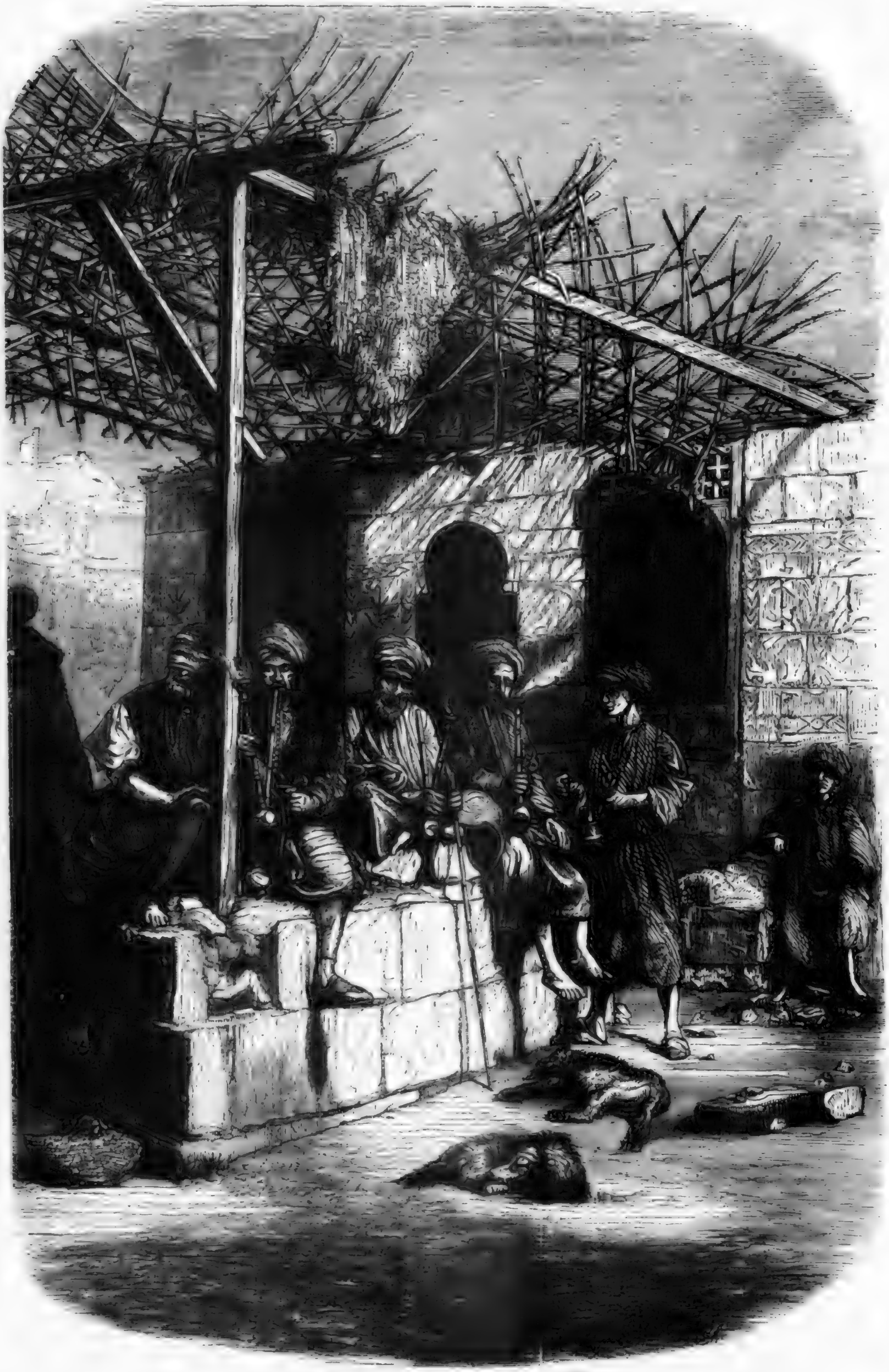
Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but in being resolutely minded in a just cause.

SAFFRON-CULTURE IN THE ABRUZZI.

The saffron of commerce is the prepared stigmas of the *Crocus sativus*, which is now found growing wild in parts of England, but it is supposed was introduced at some remote period from Asia. The common safflower or false saffron frequently cultivated in gardens, and used as a substitute for true saffron in dyeing, is the *Carthamus tinctorius* of botanists, and quite a different plant from the first, and far less valuable. The true saffron, as we have said, is a species of crocus, only growing a few inches high—a fact which will enable our readers to better appreciate the following description of its culture by the peasants in the Abruzzi:

At the Pharmaceutical Conference at Bristol, says the London *Garden*, Mr. H. Groves narrated a botanical tour in the Abruzzi, a sea of mountains where the Apennines present their grandest chain. On the lower spurs of these mountains, at a height of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, the cultivation of saffron has been carried on for many generations. The mountains are calcareous, and except to the botanist who has roamed them, present a very barren aspect, only relieved by the beech thickets which straggle up their flanks as far as the tree limit. The cultivated ground commences below the beech thickets, and is but a little less stony than the ground above; however, corn and potatoes thrive well, and a little lower down the saffron plots are established. Here the stones are removed as much as is possible in a soil that consists of little else, and the ground is well trenched to the depth of half a metre, and prepared in August with animal manure, preferably that of sheep, so as to be ready for the planting of the bulbs in the following October. The bulbs are planted in ridges, with intervening furrows, which for economy of soil are sown with corn, as this crop is gathered before the saffron flowers appear, and the furrows remain free as pathways for the gatherers; besides which they are so disposed as to drain the plot.

In the latter part of October and the whole of November the crop is gathered. Women gather the flowers early in the morning, and remove the stigmata at their leisure. Several flowers usually grow from one bulb, in some instances as many as ten to twelve. Once planted, the saffron plots remain good for two years, at the end of which they are dug up, and in the third year are planted with corn, after which they may be used again for saffron, although they seek to keep the plots shifting as much as possible. Cows are lovers of saffron bulbs, and field mice would commit great havoc were they not looked after by the peasants, who keep small guns and traps constantly in the fields. Many of the wealthy landowners owe their position to saffron dealing, which in reality is speculation, as the price per kilo ranges from 100 to 300 lire. The poorer cultivators sell at the price of the year, but the richer dealers set aside their saffron in tins if the price does not suit them. Some seasons have yielded such profits that one year's harvest has surpassed the value of the land under cultivation; at others the cultivation would have ceased were not the beds of two years' duration; and consequently no expense entailed to wait the result of a second season. The adulteration of saffron is carried out in various ways, the chief one being by mixing with it boiled and shredded beef, the shreds being stained with saffron water and afterward dried. The filaments of the stamens are also dyed in the same manner and intermixed. Another adulterant is an almost impalpable yellow earth found occasionally in the mountains; and finally, before taking the product to market, it is damped with wine or water. Dealers accustomed to buying saffron avoid these adulterated specimens, so that the Aquilan or Abruzzi quality rules higher than any other kind, not excepting that of Spain.



A TURKISH CAFE AT CAIRO.—SEE PAGE 478.

THE EBONY BRIDAL.

By Ella B. Washington.

"When I lived in Tennessee
I went courtin' Rosa Lee;
Her eyes was dark as Winter night,
Lips as red as berries bright!
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, 'Now, don't be foolish, Joe!'"

Wooing and wedding, the common law to which common and uncommon humanity inevitably yield obedience some time in their lives—that blends with it a charm so inexhaustible we never grow too old to feel its influence! Whether it be prince or pariah, plebeian or patrician, in high or low estate, weddings are always interesting, whatever color or complexion they represent.

Especially among the peculiar people of whom I am writing were such events cherished as the *ultima thule* of pleasure, grandeur, fun, and frolic. Speaking from long observation and experience, the incidents related are real, not imaginary—fact, not fiction. Surrounded with slaves from infancy, they formed part of the landscape of a Southern woman's life; take them away, and the picture loses half of its reality.

They watched our cradles, they were the companions of our sports; their hands assisted our bridal decorations, and tenderly wrapped us in our shrouds. And so, in turn, we endeavored to promote their pleasure at weddings and Christmas frolics, cared for their needs in sickness, and frequently sustained them through the last dread agony. There were preliminary steps of official form necessary before the wedding festivity could be properly conducted. For instance, the consent of the master and mistress was courteously asked, as well as that of the parents on both sides; also, the sanction of the Church.

When the plantation beau had succeeded in persuading some gushing girl to take him "for better for worse" (mostly the latter), he speedily presented himself before his master, and thereupon a ludicrous scene would ensue, somewhat in this wise:

Saturday night, a favorite time, the family supper over, household grouped around a table in the library, elderly gentleman in spectacles seated in a dignified arm-chair, absorbed in the contents of a newspaper—rappings, not spiritual, at the door, which a daughter opens quickly, evidently, from the expression of her face, posted in regard to the mission of the party desiring to enter; some whispering, with smothered laughter; and then, acting as advance guard, she says:

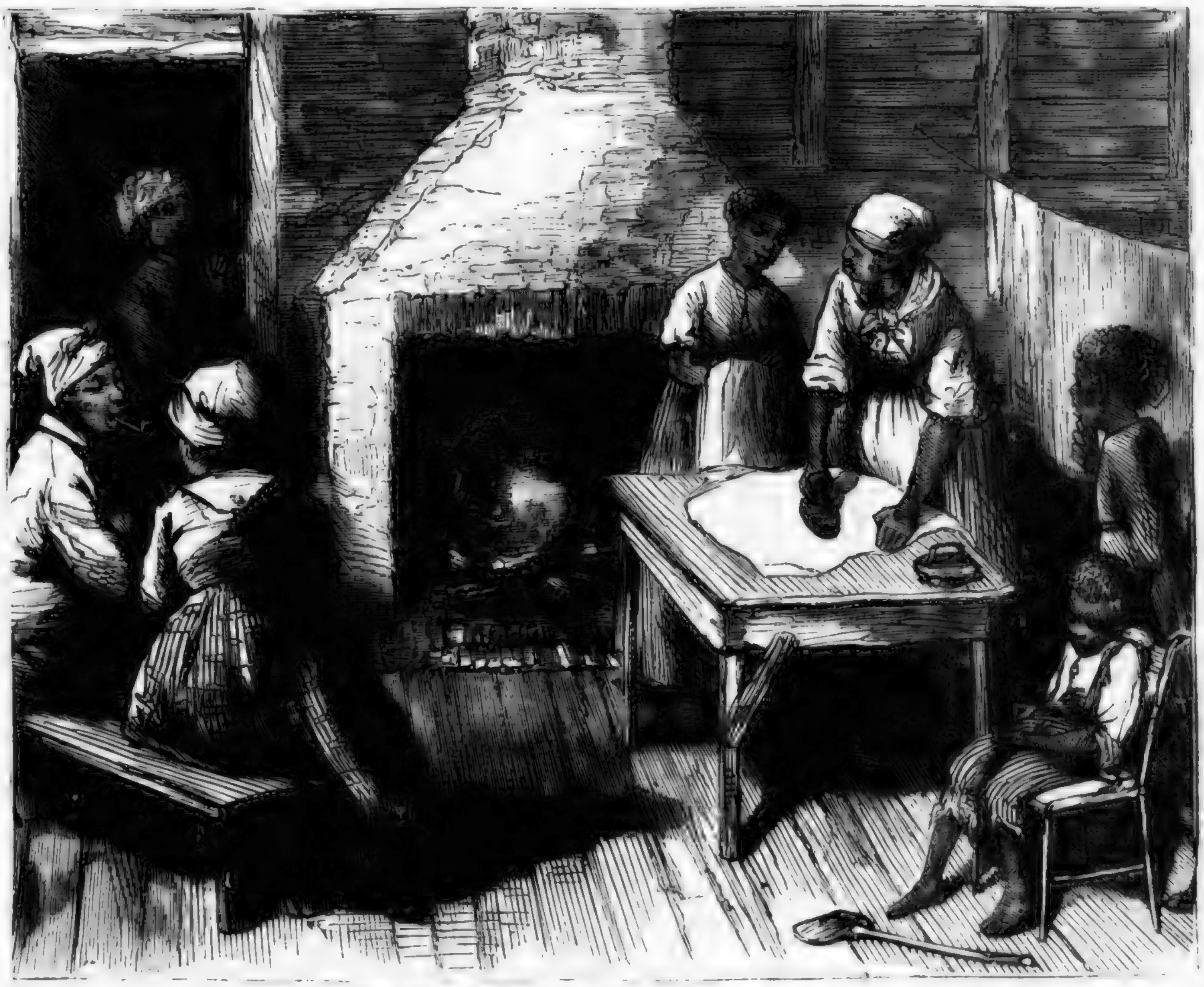
"Papa, James wants to see you, particularly."

Paterfamilias looks up vacantly over his spectacles, finally catches the idea, and replies, still digesting the news:

"I reckon I know what he is after. Let him come in, and behave yourself, Nellie! Don't laugh, or he'll not get through for an hour."

This with an admonitory shake of the head at the irrepressible daughter, who is evidently bent on mischief.

Just then the door slowly opens, and Jim or Jeems, as he is called, pops his head through the door, followed by



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—PREPARING THE WEDDING GARMENT.

the rest of him, which represents, on the whole, a fair specimen of his race, a genuine Cuffy, very dark as to complexion, very curly as to hair, with features to correspond. He makes a low bow, accompanied by a spasmodic clutch at his forelock, followed by an insane attempt to dodge into the crown of his hat, which the hat but partially permits. He stammers, breathes hard, rolls up his eyes, grins as if afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, utters a convulsive chuckle, looks as if he would like to retire rapidly anywhere, and finally, after a desperate effort, blunders out, "Massa, me an' 'Melia (dodges behind the hat again) has 'cluded to get married, if you has no 'jections; and having successfully effected this climax, Jeems expands into a grin like a facetious gorilla, showing a shining set of grinders of unequaled ivory, then plucking up courage, continues, "I'se got a 'spectable character an' de proper 'havior an' conducement, an' 'Melia's fambly has gin dere consent, pervidin' you say de same, massa." At this point Jeems executes another bow of a very elaborate character, and clutches the front lock of wool most energetically. Old gentleman looks benevolent, and says, "Well, James, I have no objection; you have always given me satisfaction; Amelia is a good girl; you will do well, and I hope make her a kind husband."

"Thank you, massa; de Lord knows I'se gwine to try; 'scuse me, I'm much obligated;" and he straightens up, expands ecstatically, and makes his exit with a final flourish. Arriving at the servants' hall, Jeems boisterously announces his triumphant success, cuts various capers of exuberant excitement, and makes a tremendous swell rehearsing the interview with "ole massa" in original fashion.

"Yah, ha! Dis here darky's a whole team, he is; takes him to argufy and 'spute de questions 'cordin' to law; he knows a thing or two, he does—yah, ha! didn't me an' massa 'scuss de facs ob de case ober superlujus like? I tell you we did. Dat darky from ober Mass Allen's plantation cum sparkin' 'Melia—thort *he* was gwine to cotch her; fool, he was, couldn't come it nary time!"

At this point Jeems, in ecstacies, frisks off to seek his 'Melia, singing as he goes snatches of an old song:

> "De bess-lookin' feller in de county, oh!
> My ole massa tole me so;
> I look in de glass an' foun' 'twas so,
> Just as massa tole me, oh!"

The engagement being duly announced by consent of all parties, there at once began elaborate preparations for a big wedding, which, if the bride-elect happened to be a housemaid—this class being considered *par excellence* the uppertendom of darkydom—then the projected festival became a most important affair, in which the white family were much interested, especially the young lady whose *fille de chambre* the girl might be; many handsome articles little worn being selected from the mistress's wardrobe for her maid's trousseau.

There were various commissions for city purchases on a moderate scale, for the word fashion was not unknown among slaves. Though the vase might be colored differently, there were the same feminine foibles developed in greater or less degree, according to character and intelligence. A wide or narrow check was all important in the turban handkerchief or apron; and an observer might readily detect among them the peculiarities which distinguish higher society.

The plantation belle was in some sort the same capricious creature who treads the boards of a city ball-room; the respectable matron of the field held a similar range of influence with her who presides and dictates in polished circles; the sable beau assumed the dandy's air of conscious exquisiteness, and the most intelligent were the ruling spirits that led the mass, as elsewhere.

So it came about, when this particular wedding was in prospect, there were great preparations and much jollification, both among blacks and whites, in anticipation of the event. All the finery that could be spared from our toilets was in requisition; there was culling over of wardrobes; ransacking of those ancient institutions called bandboxes; artificial flowers, ribbons and tinsel ornaments were eagerly sought after, to provide the incessant demand for headdresses—they being considered a *sine qua non* of the toilet required for the occasion.

Preparing the wedding garment!

Who shall describe its infinite importance in the eyes of the assembled group in that simple, comfortable room, a fire of substantial logs burning on the hearth in the broad, deep chimney! those scenes come before us like the faces of familiar friends, so many such have we looked upon in "the days that are no more!"

Observe the enterprising matron at the table, with muscular arms bared above the elbows, flat-iron resolutely grasped in one hand, the other keeping the interesting garment in place! She evidently "means business," and feels the importance of her work, so seriously sentimental and solemnly sublime, and is, we opine, resolved to achieve a triumph in the ironing art, and reduce the article under hand to an immaculate and supreme degree of smoothness never before accomplished on any similar garment or occasion.

How energetically she manipulates that flat-iron, that seems stolidly or solidly unconscious that it, of all other irons, has been selected to do such distinguished duty! Its associate stands on the corner of the table, condemned, probably, for culpable coldness, and consequently neglected.

How carefully has every plait been folded, and every wrinkle smoothed, until it seems a work of supererogation to press another stroke upon the garment already reduced to a state of unexceptionable unwrinkled smoothness. Judging from the piquant and very decided expression of Madame Mère's uplifted countenance, with the resolute and oracular turn of her head, we may surmise she is bestowing some matronly advice, or laying down the law to her interesting young daughter, whose maiden meditations, no longer fancy free, have resolved themselves into a sentimental reverie. Possibly she is resisting some suggestion on the damsel's part, who stands by her mother's side looking on, with hands meekly folded, one on the other under her apron, an image of patient resignation.

The bride-elect, as we suppose her to be, has already removed the handkerchief that covers heads both young and old, taken out her hair (only done on state occasions, as it is a work of time and importance). And here it is requisite to mention that a fashion prevails among the negroes of cultivating length of hair—a difficult achievement—by plaiting multitudinous little locks very tight all over their heads, and tying them with a string, each particular lock standing up for itself—we should call it a *coiffure rampant;* after which extraordinary arrangement of the tresses, their heads present the appearance of an enraged porcupine. It is generally hidden by the turban handkerchief during the week, but on Sunday carefully taken out, and combed into a frisette elaborate enough to satisfy the ambition of any Broadway belle.

In connection with this, we must notice another singular custom common among them. They are frequently seen with a lock of hair on the crown of their heads, tied closely up to a small stick about an inch long, the scalp being so tightly drawn, eyes and mouth stand ajar, fixed in a grotesque gape, while winking would be an impossibility.

Noticing a boy undergoing this operation one day, I said: "What is your hair tied up so tight for, Joe?"

The boy gave a ghastly attempt at a grin, when the boy's mother, standing near, came to the rescue, and replied: "Him palate down, Miss Nellie, 'cause he dun cotch a bad cold, and I bin tie he hair up, for fetch up he palate."

There was one smart middle-aged man—the plantation quack—who contrived skillfully to combine the somewhat incongruous professions of preacher, doctor, surgeon, sage, oracle, with a considerable tincture of the knave; and to him were referred cases of moral, social or physical trouble, for all of which he contrived to manufacture some infallible remedy, the faith of his followers being so implicit in his skill, they believed themselves benefited always. He was absurdly self-important and pompous, tossed his head disdainfully at "common darkies," and made ineffectual efforts to turn up his flat nose, which said organ disastrously defeated. I said to him one day: "Uncle Abram, are you a doctor or a preacher?" Looking down at his youthful interrogator with the superior air of an elephant contemplating a mouse, he replied: "'Twould be onpossible for you to comperhend how my cobberosity perscribes to smaggatiate. I don't 'ticularly confine my interlecs to no professions, but I'se what de white folks calls a chieftin." This man was held to be especially skillful in the profound art of "pulling up palates."

From the palette to the picture again is an easy transition. Observe in the corner, near the table, two figures—one a girl of precociously developed curiosity, bent upon acquiring knowledge, and determined to explore every accessible avenue of information. She is the "entistenningest, knowingest little darky," evidently improving the present opportunity. We should surmise that, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, that heathen Chinee was peculiar." Leaning forward, with one hand supporting her chin, mouth open, eyes staring, ears pricked up, in a fixed attitude of eager interest, she listens with all her might to the interesting observations Madame Mère is making to the serious and sentimental young lady. I have heard remarks to this effect: "Don't you s'pose I knows what I'se talkin' about, chile? You needn't try to tell me nuffin'. Ain't I bin ioning long 'fore you was born? Dis darky's hard to beat wid a flat-ion, she is; ole missis allays sed so. Go long, set down, chile; you bin studdyin' 'bout Billy tell you ain't got no sense; but you'll come to 'fore long. Dis lub ain't nuffin but nonsense, arter all; it jes makes fools ob you yung folks, till you larns sum sense an' gets ober it. Dat's what I tells my ole man, an' he an' I gits on jis' as comferable as any ob 'em does."

The girl listening has evidently been making premature efforts at adornment in dress, the womanly weakness already developed, as we see her feet incased in gaiter boots, the back of her head ornamented with a skeleton chignon.

The boy is enjoying himself hugely, relying on the tender mercy of the chair for support, hands and feet relaxed in the intensity of repose, with fantastically fringed breeches reaching slightly below his knees, an ax he had been playing with on the floor; wrapped in the drapery of slumber and his shirt, he is giving himself to "pleasant dreams."

In the opposite corner, seated on a bench, are two veterans, apparently "going it strong" (we don't approve of slang, but it's so expressive!) on pipes, tobacco and gossip. The woman whose back faces front leans toward her companion in the eagerness of her narration, possibly rehashing the newest scandal, the latest event of death or marriage, or religious revival—a favorite topic. One of the auditors seated next her, in skirt and short gown, with arms folded comfortably, seems a resigned listener, more under the soothing influence of the "weed" she smokes than excited by the curiosity that inspires the girl to whom she is *vis-à-vis*.

Standing in the doorway near is a dignified dame, erect as a grenadier, looking down with somewhat scornful expression at the veteran gossip, or across at the important business progressing on the table. She, too, is devoting her leisure moments to energetic smoking, whiffing away wreaths that hover coyly overhead, then vanish in thin air. There is no concealing the melancholy fact that this woman is by nature what we call prim, and primness under high pressure is an alarming quality. Even her dress has a planky, straight-laced look, while the head-handkerchief has a subdued, melancholy aspect—its ends drooping like the tail of a demoralized rooster held at "half-mast" in a pouring rain.

The wedding garment is preserved carefully by the negroes with peculiar reverence—some singular sentiment or superstition reserving them to be used at their deaths as a shroud. On the occasion of a negro quarter being destroyed by fire, the irreparable loss most profoundly and loudly lamented was the destruction of their cherished wedding garments.

At last the eventful Saturday night arrives—this day of the week being always selected, to give them opportunity for rest on Sunday, or of keeping up the frolic in more subdued form, if they desired it on that day. A large room, used as a laundry, adjoining the kitchen, had been prepared for the festival—dressed with evergreens—the tin candlesticks around the wall polished to extreme brightness, and decorated with sprigs of holly—the floor nicely scrubbed, and benches placed around the walls, which were freshly whitewashed. Another room was similarly prepared for the meat supper; the cake, lemonade, etc., were usually handed on waiters to the company.

Guests from the plantations adjoining assembled in force, and at a late hour the ceremony took place. The bride's dress was carefully arranged, the wreath and vail being adjusted by the hands of her young mistress. The white family were called to witness the nuptials, and as they entered, the bride and groom, with their attendants, rose, formed in line, and a colored man—the religious leader—stepped forward to perform the service. He held a book in his hand, as he could read a little, and liked the imposing effect of appearing educated. Nothing daunted by the crowd, or the presence of his master's family, he began with a prayer, followed by an exhortation to the pair now before him on their duties in the new relation they were about to enter upon; then, turning to the groom, he said, solemnly, "Jeems Jeffusson, is you bin gwine marry dis woman for lub or for money?"

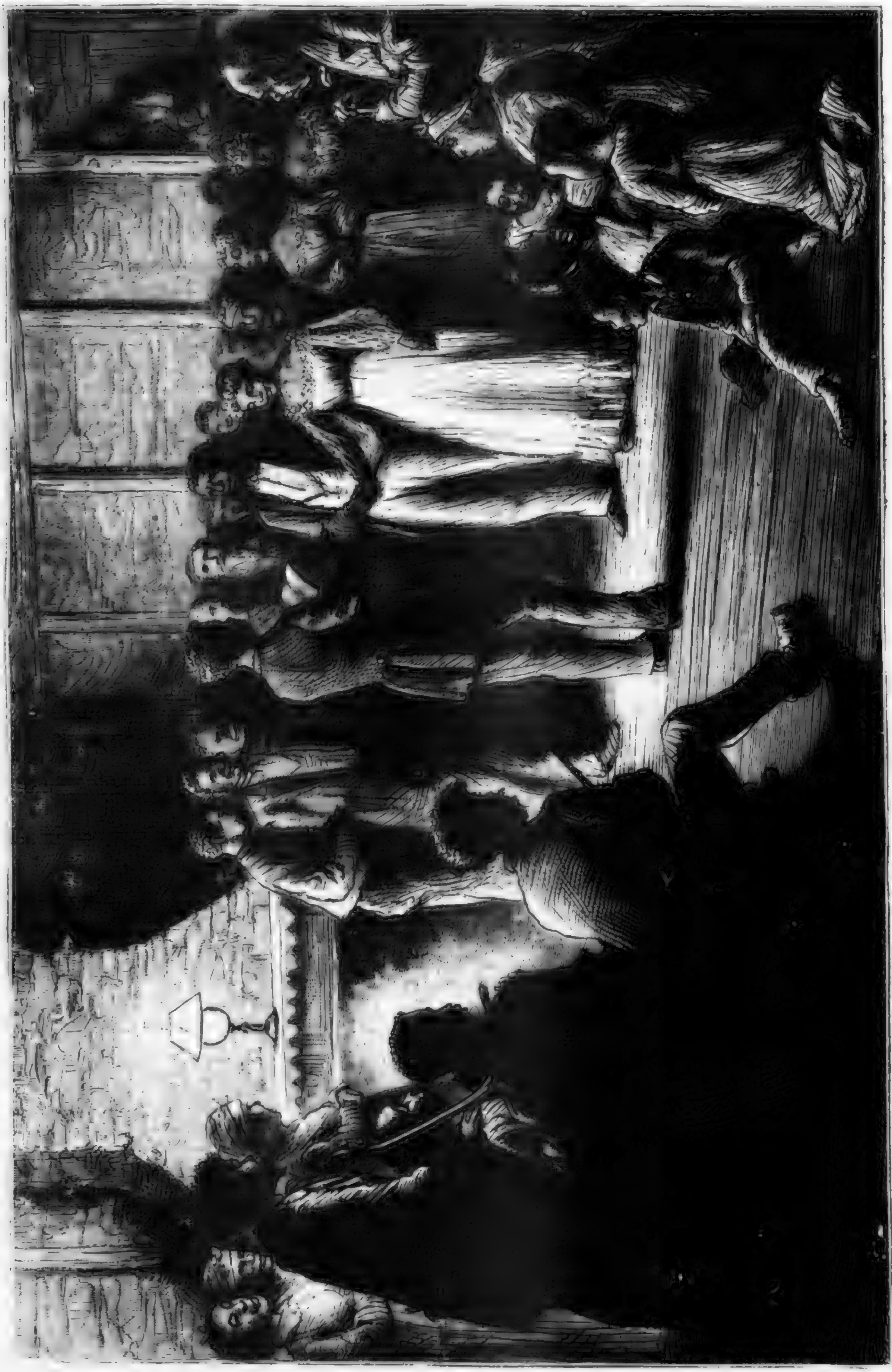
"For lub, sir," says Jeems, bowing half to the preacher and half to the bride, in great gravity.

"'Melia Melindy," says the reverend questioner to the woman, "is you bin gwine for marry dis man for lub or for money?"

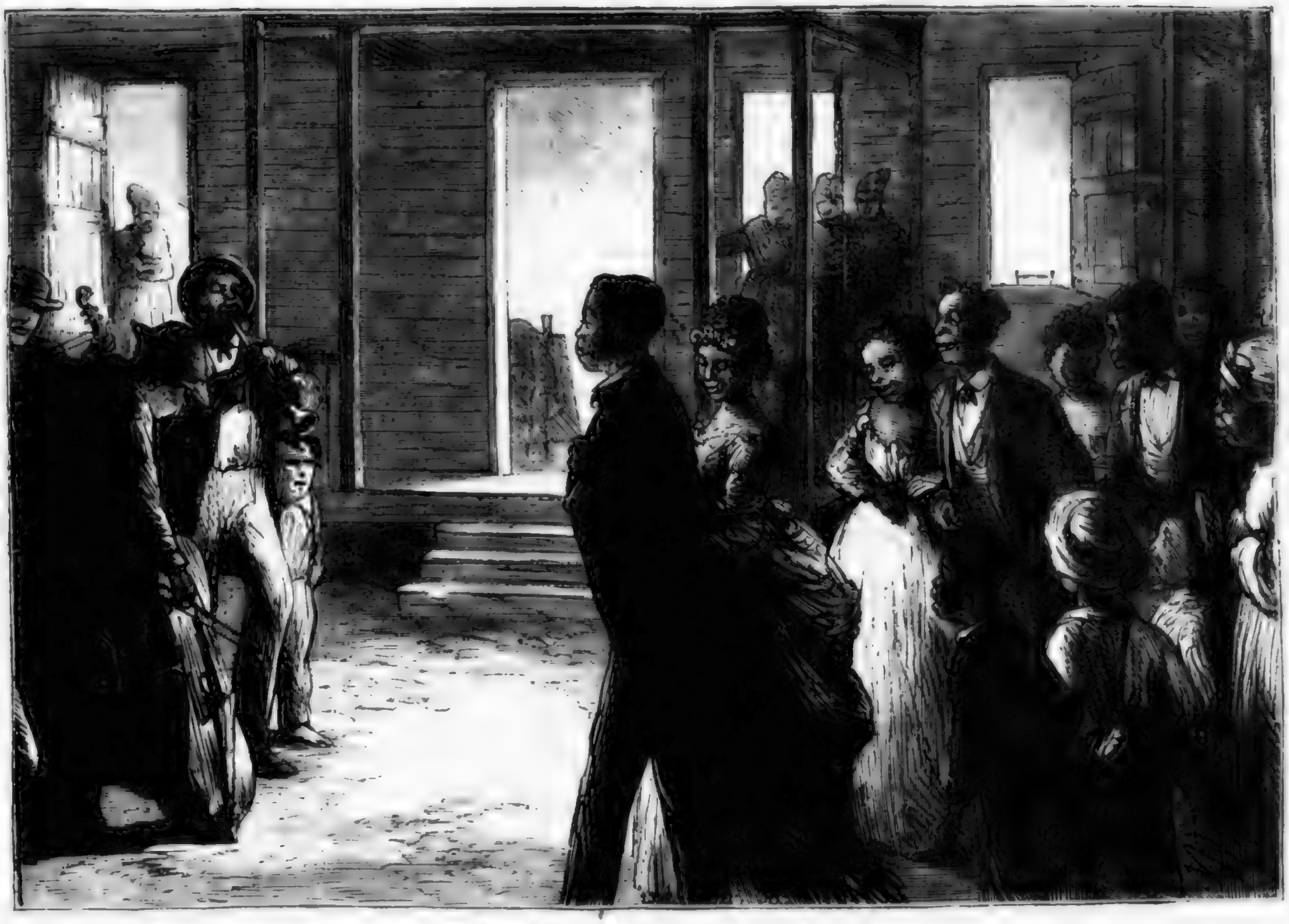
"For lub, sir," says 'Melia Melindy, with a modest courtesy; upon which he proceeded to join their right hands. The groomsmen and bridesmaids, who had been previously drilled in their parts, came forward to draw the gloves, succeeding admirably with the bride's; but, alas! Jeems's glove would not come—it was clinging white cotton, and held on tenaciously. Poor Jeems looked the very image of helplessness, and gazed angrily at the rebellious glove as if he longed to tear it off; but etiquette forbade. His arm was extended, his palm open with a kind of spasmodic motion, as the first bridesmaid tugged at the forefinger. By degrees the others came up, till there was one tugging at each digit, while a sixth directed; but the more they pulled, the more that glove "would not stay pulled."

At length the girls began to giggle; the crowd with difficulty suppressed their laughter; the bride first began to

XUM



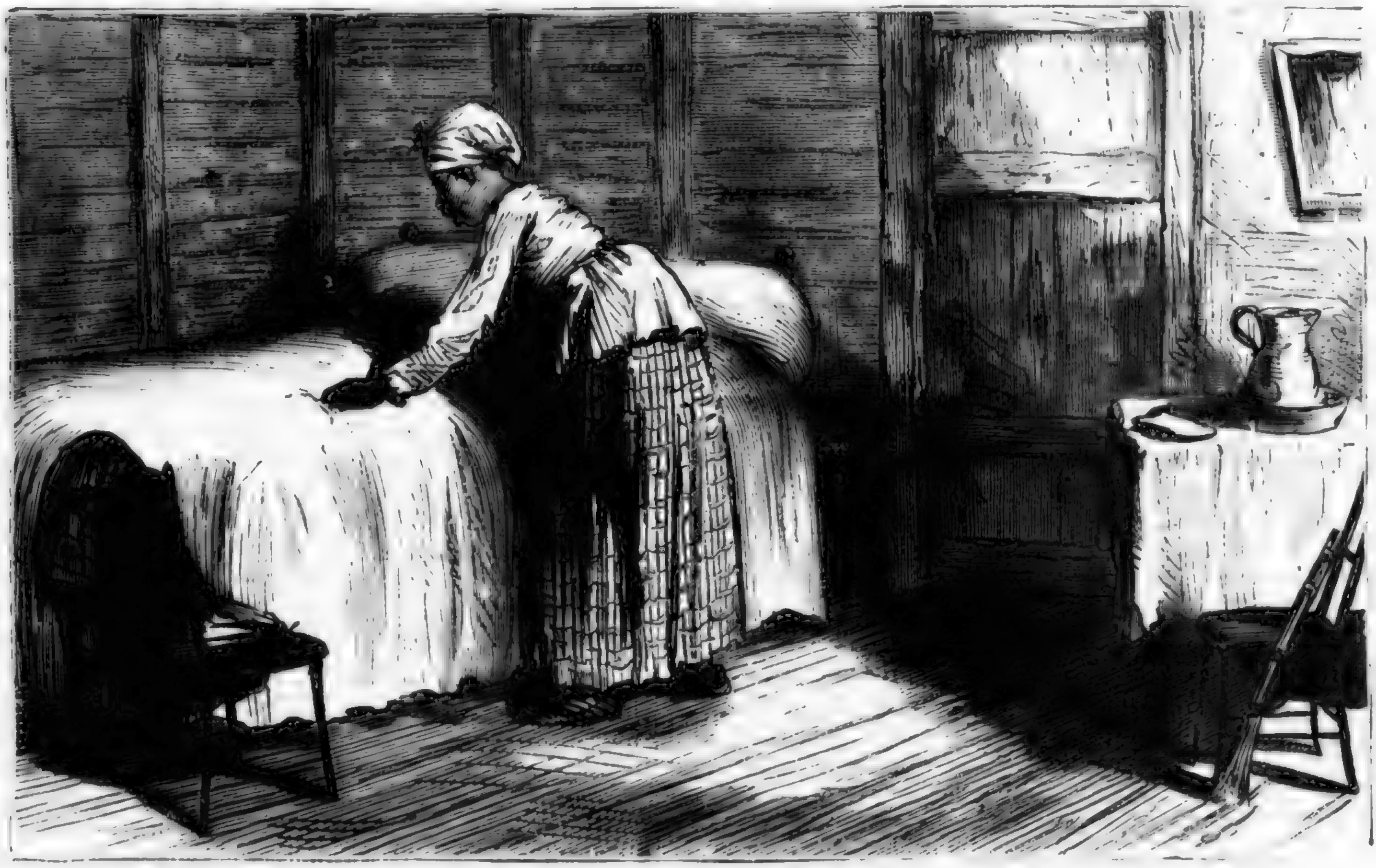
THE EBONY BRIDAL.—THE WEDDING CEREMONY.



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—MARCHING TO THE FEAST.

titter, and finally lost patience, exclaiming: "Pull it off yourself, Jeems, anyway!"

But the superintendent of the ceremony waved her off solemnly; and after picking a while longer at the thumb and fingers, the tenacious glove yielded, and by a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," Jeems's brawny



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—MAKING THE BED.

XUM

hand was laid bare, and grasped the more delicate one of 'Melia, after which the ring was placed on her finger, and the preacher concluded as follows:

"An' now, in de name ob de blessed Lord, I pernounces you man an' wife, an' wishes you many happy returns. Salute de bride." Upon which the lips of Jeems Jeffusson resounded on those of 'Melia Melindy like the report of a Christmas cannon.

After shaking hands with the happy couple, and wishing them a bright future, the white people retired, leaving the company to unrestrained enjoyment. Looking in at the supper-room, there was a temporary table formed of extended boards covered with a white cloth, and well supplied with substantials, such as roast fowls, ham, corned beef, mutton; and, conspicuously rampant, a roast pig, standing on his four feet in a dish full of potatoes, a string of sausages ornamenting his neck, around which they formed a savory chain, and an apple between his teeth. His grin was grotesquely horrible. That particular pig seemed to feel that the author of the Essays of Elia had not misrepresented his merits.

Until nearly dawn of day the frolic continued. We could hear, when waking in the night, the merry murmur of voices, shouts of laughter, with the sound of shuffling feet, mingled confusedly with the squeak of fiddles and the jingle of triangles, until at last they ceased, and the crowd retired in a state of sheer exhaustion.

The illustration on page 484 evidently represents quite a *distingué* affair, bride and attendants in full dress, with wreaths of full-blown roses on their heads, and smiles on their full-blown lips. The bridegroom's countenance has a painful toothache expression, or else he apprehends that future henpecking hangs over his devoted head, though the demure young woman at his side now appears so eminently amiable. There may be lurking under this harmless exterior possibilities that will develop into a future Xantippe.

Holding on to their instruments, the musicians sit solemnly contemplating the scene, while conspicuous in the group, near the fire, we see a fellow with side-whiskers and smirking countenance, evidently a "heavy swell" gotten up without regard to expense.

Another very domestic group on the opposite side seem to have dropped in sociably, without their "store-clothes"—old man leaning on his cane, swallowing the whole affair with intense satisfaction; while his old woman, with mouth agape and staring eyes, resolutely grasps her kicking, squalling baby, who resembles a galvanized monkey or an infant orang-outang on "a rampage." Some youth of aspiring mind, bearing a family resemblance to a mummy, has climbed into a window-sill, and from this agreeable altitude enjoys a clear view of the whole room. The parson devotes himself earnestly to his business, and a lady of complacent countenance looks over from another corner, while all is "merry as a marriage-bell."

Next illustration presents a delirious scene, wherein, *à la* Doesticks, the entire company seem to be on a "regular bender," having a high old frolic, in animated and energetic fashion; the very madness of revelry has taken possession of the crowd—the dance has become a romp set to music.

In the centre of the picture we see the belle of the ballroom, who has evidently been attacked in the rear and captured by some enterprising admirer, who seeks to hold her *vi et armis*, while the struggling damsel extends her hands pleadingly to the favored one rushing to her rescue, like another Theseus following his Ariadne. How he prances and leaps, one foot poised high in air, the other on tiptoe, as with arms extended ready to press the subject and squeeze the object, he advances at "double quick," his mouth wide enough open for her to jump down his throat by mistake for a cellar-door. He hears the voice of his beloved, not in altogether dulcet tones, exclaiming, "Lem me go, I tell you, Billy! or I'll kick you rite in yer moufe presenly; you's de sassiest nigger (always used as an opprobious epithet) I ebber did see; you needn't s'pose I wants any ob yo' huggin', when I'se got Jeems for betterer for worser; he's jis' de prettiest darky in dese diggins; ef you don't lem me go he'll knock you down presenly; take yer ugly old face away from here, or I'll jis' gouge yer eyes out—I will; don't be flinging yer arms 'bout dis chile—she dun spliced for life to somebody else; go 'long, I tell yer;" and with this she gives a vigorous shove and sends the impertinent aggressor on Jeem's property reeling across the room, the delighted husband clasping her willing waist, and joining in hearty guffaws at his discomfited antagonist, who is picking himself up off the floor, looking very sheepish and insignificant.

There is Juba, doing the double-shuffle, with his coat-tails at an angle of forty-five degrees, very much as if the "devil was in his heels," as Pompey premised; near him an ancient matron, throwing herself back, heels and hands elevated in an agony of amusement at her opposite neighbor, who seems solemnly absorbed, keeping time to the music. "Look at dat ole fool dar," she shouts to any one who listens, "Lord! how she pat de foots an' claps her hands; cotch me takin' all dat trouble. Yah, ha! Ain't you gittin' tired ober dar, Sukey? Want me to help you, gal?"

"I feels like de mornin' star—I does, fur shure. Tell dat feller he better stop tootin' out ob dat horn he got. Yah, ha! he don't take kere, he'll blow heself away presenly, or buss up for sartin, see ef he don't;" and at this climax of her wit, she goes into such convulsions of laughter that she and the chair roll over together on the floor.

In the rear a chaotic crowd reel and surge in waves of insane merriment; one energetic fellow tears his partner's dress into hopeless rents, with his leap-frog style of dancing. Another, ignorant of the figures, runs after his girl in the style of an animated elephant, breathing like an asthmatic grampus, till at the order, "partners round," with a puff and snort of congratulation he comprehends his acknowledged right to seize and whirl her in his arms. Time passes, not with leaden wings, but on flying feet; the madness, the intoxication of delight absorbs the revelers till they succumb to sheer exhaustion; some curl up in corners, but most of the beaux—

> "Dance all night till the broad daylight,
> And go home with the girls in the morning."

The beachamber of a bride is sacred, whether the newly-wedded maid be a queen upon her throne or a beggar-girl who has found at last some one to shelter her from poverty and temptation—so we intrude with hesitancy upon the privacy of 'Melia Melindy's.

'Melia's mammy, like most darkies, was blessed with a superabundance of heirs, and as the maternal mansion boasted but two bedsteads, our heroine had early forsaken the family bed for the floor, where, with the peculiar taste of her race, she was always able to find a plank as soft as a feathered nest close to the glowing hearthstone. As years went on, and she was promoted to her present rank of housemaid, her fondness for a lowly couch increased, and her favorite resting-place was the rug before her mistress's fire; there she slept peacefully, after the fashion of a faithful watch-dog, with one important exception: 'Melia was "awful 'fraid of ghosts," and her blankets were always wrapped so tightly around her head when sleeping, that neither the sound nor air could penetrate the heavy folds.

But now that our sable friend has suddenly become the most interesting person on the plantation, to the female population of cabin and parlor, missis has taken down the extra bedstead in her own nursery, happily no longer needed there, and has presented it to the bride-elect, with a barrel or two of her best duck and goose feathers. It has been placed in position by her father in the large, empty room next her mother's, and thither 'Melia retires and locks herself in to set her house in order for the important occasion. For a while she is annoyed by the shuffling of feet, mingled with smothered laughter, at the door; for her teasing companions are trying to peep in through the cracks between the planks; but our bride is a smart girl, and she coolly draws within the latch-string at which they are vigorously pulling, while she sends a broadside of sarcastic rebuke into the crowd with wondrous effect. "Go away, 'Tildy Jane; I knows what you arter; but 'tain't no use. Go 'long and fix yer own weddin'-chamber, if you got any beau dat's wurth habin'. Sukey! you better take yer eye away from dat rat-hole 'fore I poke my finger in it—den you can't roll it up at Jim no mo'. You tink I ain't seen! but I tell you what, I *is* seen the green monster big as a meetin' house in dat pop eye of yourn; and I knows you's got a hankerin' arter Jeems yourself. 'Tain't no use, chile; Brudder Zekiel tie us together to-night so tight you can't tech him; go hang up yer fiddle, gal, and roll yer eyes at somebody else. As to you, Jemimy, you so ole and ugly you'll never get anybody to hab you, so you needn't want to know nothin' 'bout brides and grooms. Go 'long, 'oman, and try and be reconciled to lib single all yer days—missis needn't save no feathers for you, though your old head is 'most white and foolish enuf to go partnership wid dat cackling goose in de yard dat done loss her mate. Polly Ann, 'tis quite ondecent for a young gal like you to be peepin' in de bride's room! Go home an' nuss your mammy's baby till you's ole enuf to go out and work in de field, den you can begin to tink 'bout beaux and weddins."

A faint attempt at a "don't care" laugh floated in through the cracks and rat-hole; and then the heavy tread of broad, flat feet was heard receding down the passage, and 'Melia remained in quiet possession of her sanctum. Her young lady had offered her services to assist in decorating this apartment, but she had dropped a deep courtesy, and declined the honor—only asking that her own work, when completed, should be inspected and commended.

"Monarch of all she surveys," she glances proudly around the neat room, and slowly begins her labor of love. From the heap of evergreens in the corner she selects the handsomest sprays of holly, cedar and pine, and arranges them on the narrow shelf over the huge fireplace. True, they were rather crowded, and were mingled in such disorder that it looked as if the different species of plants had disagreed as to their respective merits, and fallen into a general *mêlée;* but upon the whole, the dark-green leaves contrasted prettily with the whitewashed wall, and the cracked vase in the centre was properly regarded by its owner as the crowning glory of the mantel. A mass of cedar was next thrown into the grimy chimney-place, where it formed a friendly screen for the sooty bricks, whose color reminded one unpleasantly of dark complexions. Two gaudy prints in dark-stained frames were hung upon the wall, and 'Melia gazed first with admiration at the lady equestrian, in her blue-and-green riding-dress, and then with sympathetic emotion at the parting of a pair of disconsolate lovers, who looked stoically down at her from behind the shadow of a red handkerchief, intended to deaden the sound of a kiss the picture-lover was in the act of bestowing upon his companion's bright yellow cheek. Holly and cedar drooped over these interesting portraits, and fastened together the white cotton curtains that hung at the window. The floor is carefully swept, and then—with a sigh that sounded like the escape of steam from a hoarse engine—'Melia turned to the bed.

She cautiously shakes up the mattress freshly filled with clean straw, tossing it up and catching it again in her strong arms, as if it were a moderate-sized base-ball; then, with a caressing embrace, she presses her beloved feather-bed to her bosom—throws it coquettishly from her—gathers it in her arms again, and again casts it away (like a large tabby cat playing with a helpless mouse), until it looks like an unsubstantial mountain. And finally, desisting from such violent exercise, she gently pats the resounding tick until the quivering mass subsides, a correct level is obtained, and sheets and coverlet of spotless whiteness hide the soft foundation from the view of the curious.

Ruffled pillow-cases now press into shape a bushel of goose-feathers, intended to support the thick skulls of the happy couple, so soon to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony; and 'Melia Melindy, like every other loving damsel, upon a similar occasion, dreams a joyous, innocent dream, as she smooths out the last wrinkle on the snowy counterpane.

Such reveries are perhaps regulated by the rank, education, disposition or complexion of the dreamer. Let us listen for a moment to the *sotto-voce* soliloquy of our excellent brunette heroine, the excited state of whose mind can be imagined when we announce the fact that she had forgotten her blankets! Forgotten the blankets in which she nightly shrouded her crimped hair, whether the thermometer stood at 110 deg. or at zero!

This matter of the blankets has remained an unfathomable mystery until this day, and no one has yet been able to explain how 'Melia slept without the night-cap, to which she had been accustomed from her earliest infancy.

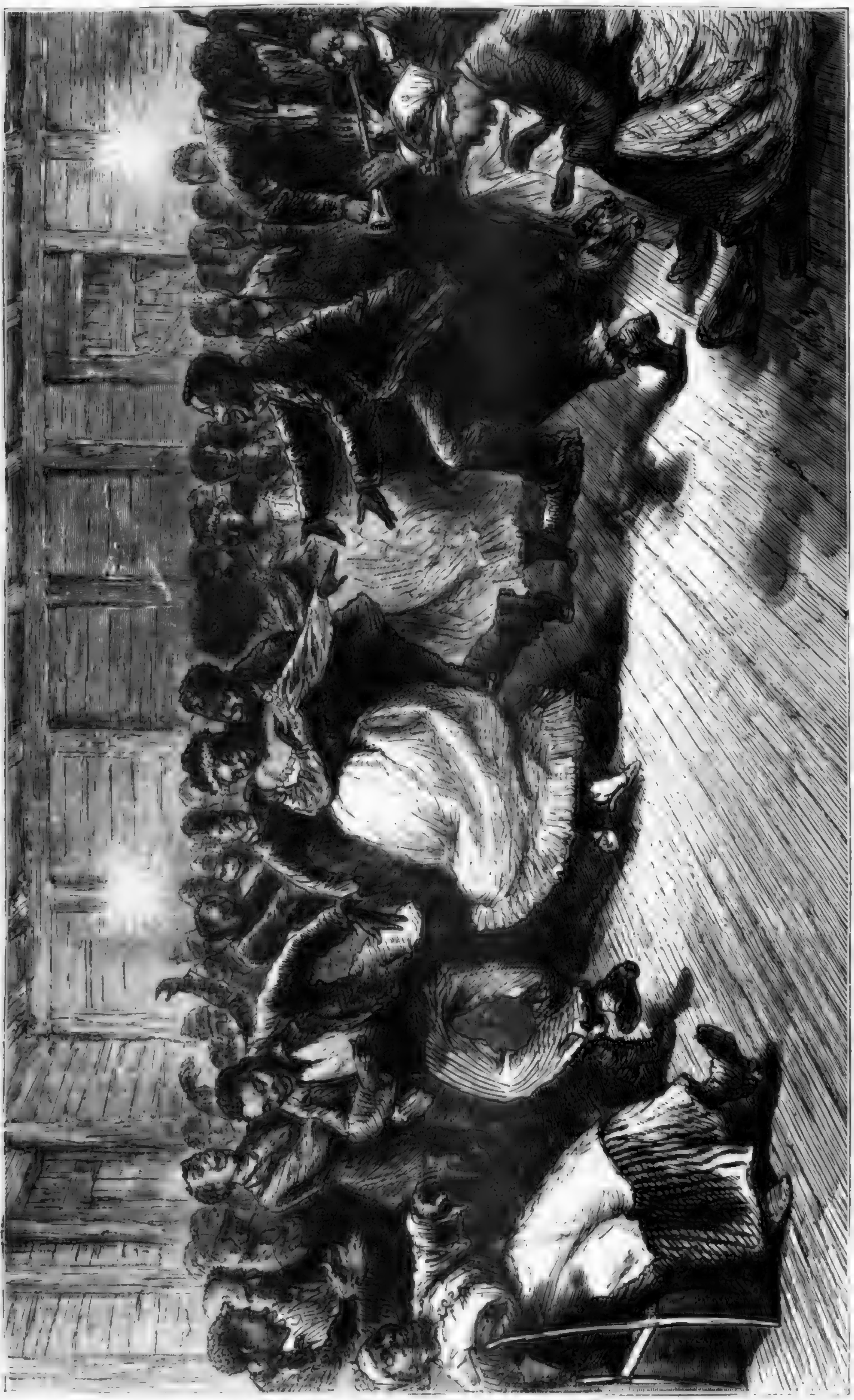
'MELIA MELINDY'S SOLILOQUY.

"Well, I 'spec I'll be mouty happy—dere ain't many culled folks like my Jeems—he ain't no fool, I tell you! He got sense in dat big head ob his, sure as you lib! I sartin believe he gwine marry me for lub and not for money; case he know I ain't got nuthin' but my lock-chest mammy gib me, an' all dose fine clothes Miss Nellie gib me. Ain't I got lots of head hankerchiefs, though! Now I *jest* think ob it! I'll gib Jeems one, sure as preachin', to tie up his head de next time he plait he hair, dat I will! 'Twill look real 'fectionate, and I lubs Jeems, I does. I'll be a good wife, and not bother him when he cross and tired. I'll bake he ash-cake and fry he meat, and not say turkey. I don't care what de wimmin folks say 'bout my making lub-goose ob myself. Jeems tell me he ain't got a simption ob respect for folks as go to interferin' 'tween man and wife, an' I ain't got none neither; so we gwine our own way, an' gwine to act sensible. Hi! what dat make me feel so curious like when I talk 'bout man an' wife? Somethin' keep knockin' 'gainst my right side, jest like a bat thumpin' at de window night-times, when de fire burn bright. Yah, ha. Jeems tell me he dun feel dat 'motion heself, an' dat 'tis all de lub-fever. 'Melia, don't be a fool, gal; stop talkin' an' begin to dress yourself."

EMULATE the habit of the homely yeast, which, though it is working night and day, never fails to rise the very moment it is stirred.

CIVILITY is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

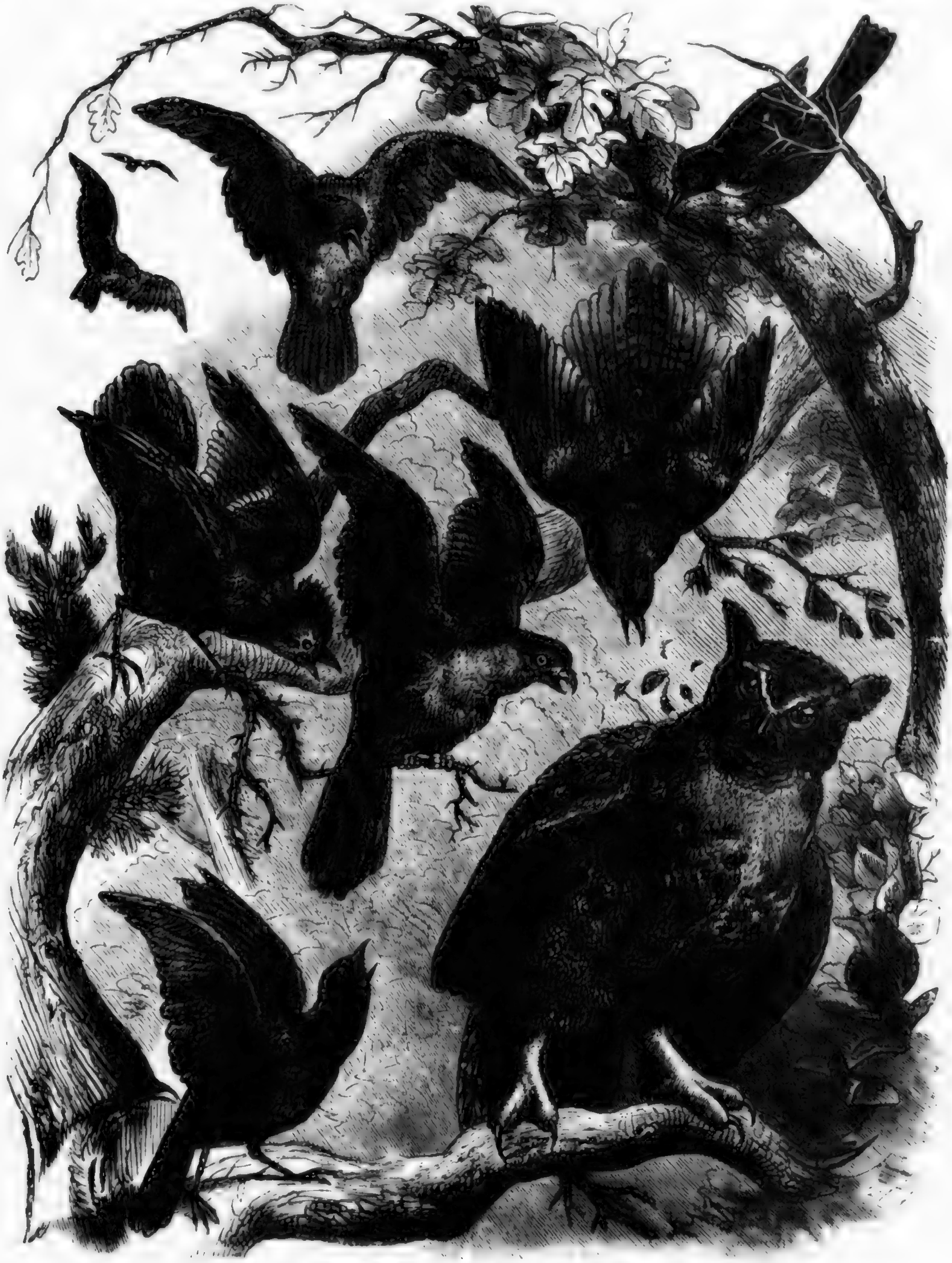
XUM



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—THE BALL.

OUR TURN NOW

About the middle of August, last Summer, I obtained the largest specimen of the *Ulula*, or great horned owl, I have yet seen, under the following circumstances:



OUR TURN NOW.—THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

A brood of valuable chickens began to disappear, night after night, in a most mysterious fashion. The children mourned the loss of a lop-eared rabbit and some fan-tailed pigeons, which were great favorites.

I set a steel trap, baited with a young pullet, expecting to capture the thief, in the shape of a polecat or fox. In the morning I found the pullet untouched, but a young bantam had gone. During the day, however, I succeeded in catching a Newfoundland pup, who woke the echoes for acres around until released. Old Dolly, the mare, then literally put her foot in it, and succeeded in utterly ruining the trap and laming herself for a week.

The next night I sat out in the wood-shed until midnight, with a shot-gun, playing sentinel. The intense stillness of a Summer's night brought with it a drowsiness that proved too much for me, and I woke up to find myself stiff and sore from sleeping in the open-air on a wood-pile, and another chicken among the missing. That day there was a terrible disturbance in the oak grove, near the orchard. Our gardener, a fresh importation from the "sister isle," gravely informed me that "all the burds were foighting a cat-burd."

"A cat-bird!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"And it must be the same I have heard ye spake of," replied honest Bartholomew. "It do be lookin' for all the

XUM

whole wurld loike a cat—a gray-marked cat, sur, wid yellow, starin' eyes, an' the ears of the crathur standin' straight up on the head of it."

Anxious to see this ornithological phenomenon, I started at once with Bart for the grove.

I must premise, by the way, that Bart has shown on more occasions than one a more than national predilection to extraordinary bulls, and has always evinced at least an equal aptitude at evading the point by some ready *repartee* when pressed to acknowledge his mistakes; as, for example, when I gently intimated my admiration for his talent at making bulls, notwithstanding the annoyances they sometimes caused when they happened to be practical ones, he disarmed me by replying that he hoped my honor surely "wouldn't be after finding fault wid him for being *bully*."

Once, when on a visit to Kentucky, where I first met my "man Friday," I had him with me on a hunting excursion. On the naked limb of a dead tree, not far from where we happened to stand, Paddy saw, for the first time in his life, a red-headed woodpecker. Astonishment for a moment held him dumb, when, turning toward me, he ventured to speak.

"Arrah, sur," said he, "would you look at the crathur batin' his face to pieces agin' a tree, and his head all a gore of blood!"

But a truce to Bart and woodpeckers—we have a different matter in hand. As I approached the scene of action I found a large owl sitting, stupid and sullen, in an oak tree, beset by birds of all kinds, colors, sizes, and degrees. A great round cat-like face, with feathery ears standing three inches high, large, staring, yellow, moony eyes, a body nearly as big as a turkey, and plumage mottled over with black, orange, and white, seemed in some degree to answer Bart's description, and proclaimed the bird to be the *Strix Virginiana*, or great horned owl.

The dazzling beams of the midday sun made darkest midnight in his eyes. Helpless and defenseless in the midst of his foes, like a blind feathered Samson shorn of his strength and fallen among Philistines, he shuffled about uneasily on his perch, but made no vain attempts at reprisal. What noisy triumph, what exultant chatterings, what indignant screams came from his tormentors.

A great blue-backed shrike was among the number, nearest the owl. Although himself a despoiler of nests and a remorseless destroyer of creatures smaller and weaker than himself, he joins the hue-and-cry with as hearty a good-will as many of our smaller fry of dishonest politicians do when one greater than themselves is brought to account for his rogueries.

Next, two noisy jays, who have little, if any, right to a better reputation, only less destructive because less powerful, vent their garrulous indignation on the common foe. Even the little kingbird, on the topmost bough, insults his defenseless majesty; and the blackbird below, if last, is by no means least in the fray.

Mindful of beak and talons, I sent Bart home for a tablecloth, in which we easily enveloped his owlship, and bore him off, despite his struggles, in triumph.

It is scarcely needful to say I lost no more chickens after this.

I at first determined to keep him alive, but he proved so fierce and intractable, that I found that I could do nothing better than to chloroform and stuff him, and set him up to repose, *otium cum dignitate*, over the bookcase, in company with a fishing-frog and a horseshoe crab. I found his entire length to be twenty-two inches—his wing fifteen and three-quarters.

This owl does not often make his appearance in localities so thickly settled as the part of New Jersey—Vineland—where the specimen referred to was captured. He generally prefers deep and impenetrable swamp-lands, covered with the gloom of a primeval forest, for his abiding-place.

Often the traveler in the Adirondacks hears a hollow and unearthly voice—"Wawaw O! wawah O!"—breaking in upon the midnight silence of the forest, and perhaps sees the noiseless spectral flight of the Ottowuck, oho, as the Cree Indians used to call the bird, from the strange sound it utters.

It is, perhaps, a peculiar confirmation of the idea referring the owl to a place among birds corresponding to that occupied by the feline race among quadrupeds—an idea spontaneously expressed by my gardener in calling the bird in question a "cat-bird"—that the specimen in my possession manifested, when alive, the greatest antipathy to dogs, ruffling up his feathers, snapping his bill, lowering his wings, and following the hated object with his eyes until it disappeared.

The nest of the great horned owl is extremely large, and consists of a great mass of dried leaves, feathers, grass, and so forth, placed in a hollow tree, or in the fork of some large bough, and containing three or four eggs, which, in size and color, might easily be mistaken for hens' eggs.

It is very generally distributed over the whole of the United States—east and west, north and south.

Early in February the great horned owls are seen to pair, and it is said that the curious evolutions of the male on the wing are impossible to describe. Extremely ludicrous are his howlings and the snappings of his bill; but no sooner is the female assured that his intentions are sincere and affectionate, than she joins him and becomes his mate.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
  The spectral owl doth dwell—
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
  But at dusk he's abroad and well.
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
  All mock him outright by day;
But at night when the woods grow still and dim,
  The boldest will shrink away.
Oh! when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

"And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
  And loveth the wood's deep gloom,
And with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
  She awaiteth her ghastly groom.
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
  As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
  She hoots out her welcome shrill.
Oh! when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

"Mourn not for the owl or his gloomy plight—
  The owl hath his share of good.
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
  He is lord of the dark green wood.
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;
  They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
  Hath rent them from all beside.
So, when the night falls, and dogs do how
Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl.
    We know not alway
    Who are kings of the day;
But the king of the night is the bold horned owl."

LOVE.—There is a mysterious influence in nature, which renders us, in her loveliest scenes, the most readily susceptible to love. In all times, how dangerous the connection, when of different sexes, between the scholar and the teacher! Under how many pretenses, in that connection, the heart finds the opportunity to speak out!

BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' honey 'tween my luve's lips
And gowd amang her hair;
Her breasts are lapt in a holie vail,
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The honey lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

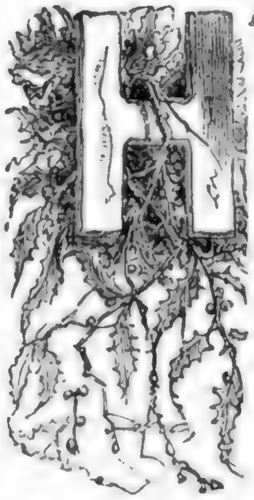
She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip nor simple lip
Maun touch her ladie mou';
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd
Her jimpy waist maun span;
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for Heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread;
An' comely she sits in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves her ringlets frae her cheeks,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
And her cheeks seem touched wi' the finger o' God;
My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my love wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie ee bree's a holie arch,
Cast by no earthly han',
An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
And poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady goes
Wi' a fu' an kindly han';
Oh, the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my love,
An' fa' on Lady Ann!

ONCE TOO OFTEN.



HAROLD EVERTON was a flirt; I need have no hesitation in affirming that fact. He had been engaged since his twentieth year (he was now five years older), to gentle, lovable Norah Howell, his sweetheart and friend from early childhood; and whom—as every one knew—he loved as dearly as so careless, hair-brained a fellow could love anything.

Yet, spite of this well-known fact, there was scarcely an unmarried woman in Morristown, if she could claim the least attraction on the score of either beauty, intellect or style, who had not at one time or another the power to say that for her sake Norah Howell had been slighted by Harold Everton.

Norah, however, was one of the truest-hearted, most forbearing little creatures that ever lived; and, spite of his seeming inconstancy, believed as firmly in her lover's truth and affection as she did in her own; yet she was but a woman, and she did sometimes find it a trial to be left moping at home, apparently unsought and uncared for, in the very prime of her youth and beauty, while the man for whose sake she steadfastly turned her face from all other suitors, was playing the agreeable at balls and frolics all over the country.

If she ventured upon a remonstrance occasionally, when matters grew a little too aggravating, the long engagement upon which her father had insisted was always the ready excuse. He—Harold—was ready and anxious at any time to fulfill his part of the compact. When he could once have his precious Norah to be all his own, he was ready to devote himself, soul and body, to her every whim and caprice; but as long as the marriage to which he looked forward as the consummation of his earthly bliss was arbitrarily postponed from year to year, thereby occasioning him such cruel suspense and disappointment, his dear girl ought not to blame him if he strove by all innocent means to console himself under the trial.

"But you forget, Harold," Norah would urge, "that by this thoughtless conduct you are lengthening the engagement whose culmination you profess to be so anxious to hasten. Papa has always said that we should not marry until you, by your prudent behavior and attention to business, should convince him that—that——"

"That I was worthy to be trusted with his daughter. Speak it right out, Norah, for I know that is what he did say. Well, I acknowledge his discrimination. I am not worthy of you; I have always said so, and I don't suppose I shall be, if your father makes me wait a hundred years. You ought not to have taken me, if you wanted the sort of fellow *he* wants. You have always known what a careless, imprudent, good-for-naught rascal I am. Your love is all I have ever had that could encourage me to hope to be anything else. Through love of you, I may, perhaps, be able to acquire the qualities I lack. That is what I have always hoped and believed, anyhow."

What could Norah say to that, especially as she, too, did believe, with all the strength of her loving heart, that her fickle, indifferent lover, when he became her husband, would cast aside at once the follies of his youth, and, for love of her, become all that her father could expect?

She had great confidence in her influence over him, when once he should be fairly subjected to it; and if she could have had her own way, poor innocent, trusting child, she would have married him at a day's notice.

Fortunately for her, however, her father was better acquainted with the world and human nature, and was very resolute not to bestow his only child upon an idle, versatile fellow, whose chief merit was that no one knew anything very bad about him. The conditions he had imposed were neither burdensome nor unreasonable in any eyes save those of Master Harold himself; but until these conditions should be complied with, Norah Howell should never become Norah Everton.

Mr. Howell was not rich, but he was able to leave to his motherless daughter an inheritance sufficient to support her comfortably and independently, should he be taken away from her, and, in his secret heart, he would have been far from sorry could he have seen her unpromising engagement broken off, and known that his pretty daughter would remain *his* pride and delight, and no one else's, to the end of his existence.

Of a rupture with Harold, however, there was little chance, did he conduct himself with only tolerable prudence. Norah Howell was fidelity itself, and had so long been accustomed to consider herself the property of Harold Everton, that her relations with him seemed to her scarcely less indissoluble than those with her father. Thus matters stood at the time my story opens.

The young folks of the community had been considerably excited by the prospect of an entertainment to be given by

XUM

Mrs. Judge Waldron, the leader of the Morristown aristocracy, in honor of her son and his bride, just returned from a wedding tour across the Atlantic.

The ladies generally, our friend Norah among the number, had called upon the bride, and the unanimous verdict pronounced upon her was that she was beautiful and accomplished, as she was known to be well-born and wealthy.

Harold and Norah had both received invitations to the coming entertainment, as had also Mr. Howell; he, however, owing to some unexpected business arrangement, was prevented from attending, and the lovers, according to our delightfully informal American customs, made their arrangements to go together, though no chaperon of either sex accompanied them.

It had been some time since Norah had enjoyed such a pleasure. For several weeks she had accompanied her *fiancé* nowhere of an evening except to church; nor could she always claim him as an escort even there. Upon this occasion, however, the same day upon which Mrs. Waldron's invitations were issued, an affectionate little billet had been sent from the store by Harold, claiming, quite as a matter of course, the pleasure of his dear Norah's company upon the evening in question. His dear Norah never dreamed of contesting the right, and was only too glad to have an opportunity of according him the pleasure for which he sued. Thus, when the eventful evening arrived, Norah, lovely as an apple-blossom in her pink silk and white roses, was handed into her father's carriage by Mr. Everton, and the two drove off, supremely happy.

BONNIE LADY ANNE OF DUNDEE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 491.

Norah was separated from her escort at the door of the ladies' dressing-room, and, unaccustomed as she was to large companies, felt timid and uncomfortable upon finding herself alone with strangers.

There were many guests from a distance present—a large party from New York, the native city of the bride, having arrived that day by the railroad, expressly to add, by their presence, fresh lustre to the occasion.

At first, it seemed to Norah that none but strangers were around her; but soon, amid the chatter and confusion, she was able to distinguish, here and there, a familiar face and voice, and at last, in company with a young friend scarcely less timid than herself, she found courage to emerge from the dressing-room into the hall beyond.

This, too, was full of guests, both ladies and gentlemen, and, at some distance, leaning over the balustrades of the staircase, she beheld her lover, devoting himself, with his usual *empressement*, to a tall, showy-looking girl in orange satin and black lace, whose vivid toilet seemed thoroughly in keeping with her brilliant black eyes and high-pitched, though musical, voice.

Norah soon caught Harold's eye, giving him a little signal that she was awaiting him. He acknowledged her motion with a nod and smile, and raised himself from his leaning position as if about to come toward her. His companion, however, at that moment making to him some bantering remark, he deemed it necessary to tarry long enough to reply to it, and the lively chatter continued between them, he ever on the point of going, but never doing so, while Norah, vexed and uncomfortable, awaited his pleasure.

The brother of her friend approached almost as soon as they left the room, and the two had walked off together, supposing that she, of course, would follow in an instant. She was obliged to continue, however, in her awkward and embarrassed position full five minutes before Harold approached to relieve her from it.

He seemed, when he came, so utterly unconscious of having given any cause for offense, that Norah could not, without open rebuke, have made him aware of her feelings; this her sweet temper forbade her to do; and satisfied and happy, now that he was once more with her, she permitted, as she had often done before, the slight he had offered her to pass unnoticed.

At the door of the parlor a fresh flood of timidity overpowered her.

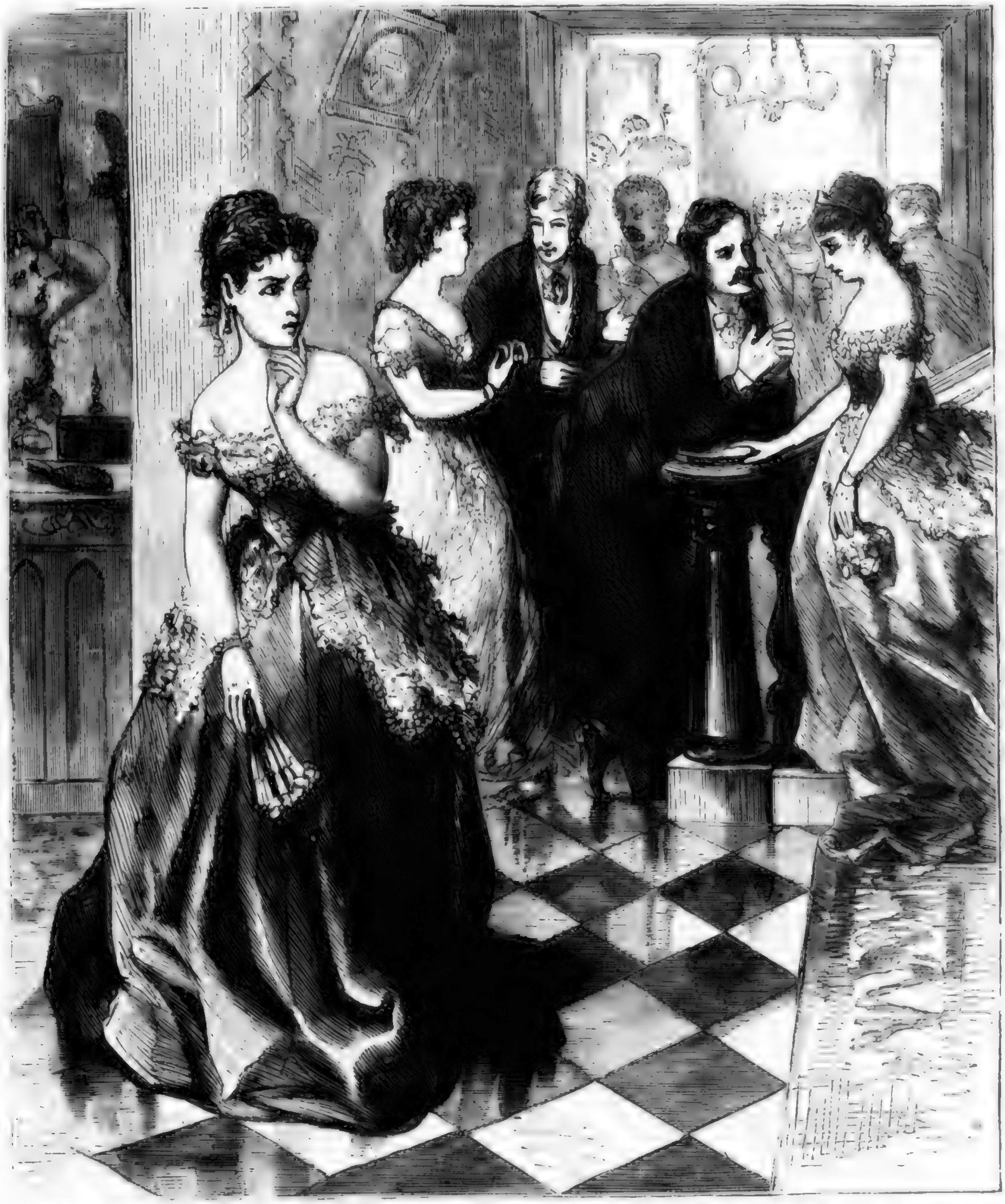
"Don't leave me, Harold," she whispered. "Do keep close to me all the evening. These strangers will frighten all my pleasure away."

"Are they not as strange to me as they are to you? Why should you be afraid of them? I assure you I am not. The only one of them to whom I have as yet been introduced was the pretty girl in orange satin to whom I was talking up-stairs. She is Miss Gordon, the sister of young Mrs. Waldron. I do not know when I have met with a livelier or more entertaining girl. There is a brother here, too—an Honorable, by-the-way, a member of the State Legislature—and the two expect to spend the Winter in Morristown. That is he standing in the doorway yonder, near that vase of oleanders. Brighten up, Norah, and chat and laugh as you do at home. There isn't a prettier girl in the room than you, if you did but know it. Perhaps you can fascinate the M. C. if you try. I give you fair warning that I intend to start a flirtation with the sister! Where's the use of living, if one can't have a little fun!"

Norah's heart sank within her as this forewarning of her escort's desertion reached her ear. She was too well accustomed to his light speeches to regard this one seriously, yet a dim presentiment of the lonely, uncomfortable evening that lay before her gave her courage to say:

"Do stay near me, Harold. I don't want to fascinate any one. If you think me pretty, that is all I care for. You will meet Miss Gordon many times this Winter, when I am not with you, and you can flirt with her then to your heart's content; but let me feel that you belong to me to-night; please do."

Harold had no opportunity to reply to these words, even had he wished to do so, for they had by this time reached that part of the room in which their hostess, with her son and daughter, stood ready to receive their guests.



ONCE TOO OFTEN.—"'WHO IS THAT LADY?' HE ASKED OF AN ACQUAINTANCE STANDING NEAR. 'THAT,' WAS THE REPLY, 'IS MRS. SENATOR GORDON, ONE OF THE MOST ADMIRED OF OUR WASHINGTON BELLES.'"—SEE PAGE 491.

Norah and her escort were very cordially greeted, for the former was an especial favorite with the elder Mrs. Waldron. There had been a time, some two years before, when Arnold Waldron would have loved right well to have held Harold Everton's position in regard to Norah Howell. That was long since over, of course, but the affair had been no secret to Mrs. Waldron, and there was a warm feeling in the hearts of both mother and son toward the young girl they once hoped would have occupied the present position of the fair New Yorker.

Mrs. Waldron conversed with Norah for some time, and when her attention was at last claimed by the approach of other guests, and Norah was again alone, she found, to her intense mortification, that Harold had left her—slipped away without word of excuse or apology, as if anxious to be rid of her; and now, far off in the midst of the brilliant throng, she beheld his handsome face overtopping all others, beaming with excitement and pleasure, in lively converse with the dashing Miss Gordon.

For the first time in her life, almost, Norah was seriously angry with him. After her late appeal, it seemed so arrantly selfish and unkind to leave her, a timid, frightened girl, thus entirely alone in so uncongenial a crowd, that her feelings

XUM

were rather irritated than wounded, and the embarrassment she had at first felt was partially dispelled by indignation.

Upon glancing around, she beheld at some distance, placidly enjoying her position as wall-flower, an elderly friend, toward whom it was her first impulse to make her way. While she was revolving in her mind the easiest method of reaching, through the crowd, this pillar of refuge, she was addressed by Arnold Waldron, who had noticed Mr. Everton's desertion with lively indignation.

The manner in which Norah Howell was treated by her careless lover was no secret in the community amid which she moved, and her patience and forbearance with the truant were a standing marvel and admiration. In no one were these feelings more keenly developed than in Arnold Waldron.

"I see you are, for the present, unclaimed, Miss Howell. May I not have the pleasure of conducting you through the rooms before the dancing commences? Our guests have nearly all arrived, and mother and my wife have excused me from further attendance."

Gladly enough Norah accepted the proffered arm, and Mr. Waldron, exerting himself to the utmost to amuse and set her at ease, soon had the satisfaction to see the clouds of worriment and discomfort chased away from her sweet face.

As they stood at the upper end of the dancing-hall, an almost imperceptible motion from Arnold caused to approach them a tall, fine-looking man, whose dark eyes had more than once turned upon Norah a glance of admiration and interest.

"Miss Howell, permit me to introduce my brother-in-law, Mr. Gordon."

And Norah, who had not hitherto noticed the approaching stranger, now raised her bright, blue eyes, with a blush that rendered her more than usually charming. She acknowledged the introduction with a modest grace peculiarly her own, and an agreeable conversation ensued, Mr. Gordon being evidently both pleased and desirous of pleasing.

The sound of the bugle which warned them that the dancing was about to commence recalled again to Norah's mind the remembrance of her neglectful lover.

Mr. Waldron, with a bow, departed to rejoin his bride, with whom, of course, he was expected to open the ball, and Mr. Gordon, after some hesitation—for he had supposed until now that another claimant for the honor would have appeared—requested Miss Howell's hand for the coming dance.

"I believe it is customary—" she stammered. "I suppose my escort, Mr. Everton, will expect to dance with me."

Mr. Gordon apologized for his inadvertency.

"I had hoped that you, like myself, were without a partner. The second dance, then. May I claim you for that?"

She handed him her *carte*, and while he was writing his name upon it she again looked round in search of Harold, experiencing at his neglect so keen a feeling of mortification and embarrassment, that she would gladly, if possible, have deserted at once the gay scene from which she had anticipated so much enjoyment. At last, just as the sets were about filled, she beheld him leisurely drawing near. He quickened his steps a little as he approached, saying:

"Come, Norah, there is a set in the centre of the hall we can join if you are quick enough."

He hurried her off, giving her no time for a word of adieu to her companion; but, spite of his exertions, they were too late, another couple having filled the vacant place before they could reach it.

"Too bad!" said Harold. "We shall be more successful next time, perhaps;" and with no other word of apology, he relapsed into his ordinary careless chat, making no comment upon, even if he noticed, her grave and uninterested manner. He remained near her during the dance, but as the dancers dispersed, at its conclusion, he started to his feet.

"I am engaged to Miss Gordon for the second dance. I know you won't mind, Norah. I shall claim you for the third, remember. You'll excuse me now, won't you?"

"Certainly," replied Norah, quietly; "you need feel no hesitation in leaving me. I see *my* partner for the second dance already approaching me;" and giving him no time for reply, she placed her hand upon the arm of Mr. Gordon, who had just joined her, and together they walked away.

Harold gazed after them with a not very well pleased countenance; but his mind was too full of his new inamorata to allow much room for consideration of any other subject, and after only a momentary pause, he joined Miss Gordon, and in the delight of bearing her away from all other aspirants to her favor, though only for the period of a single dance, he quite forgot the dangers which might possibly be threatening his interests in another quarter.

Norah, meanwhile, found that the evening, spite of its inauspicious commencement, was likely to be a pleasant one. She had no lack of partners, and Mr. Gordon, when he was not engaged with others, availed himself of every opportunity to prosecute his own claims upon her attention.

From Harold she received no more courtesy than the laws of society absolutely demanded, yet she was almost ashamed of herself when she realized how little she had actually missed him; except the sensitive soreness she could not but feel when remembering how inexcusably she had been neglected by him, her evening was a thoroughly pleasant one, and she parted from her new acquaintance, Mr. Gordon, with a very earnest, even if unacknowledged, hope that she might meet him again.

Upon their homeward ride, Harold's frivolous jests and idle banterings were listened to with far less interest than usual by his appreciative *fiancée*. Never had his instability and shallowness been so apparent to her as when thus brought into close comparison with the cultivation and intelligence of Mr. Gordon, and her brief answers and total lack of interest at last awakened even Harold's obtuseness to the fact that Norah was not quite her usual cheerful, happy self.

"What is the matter, Norah?" he cried, sharply. "You have not spoken a dozen words since you entered the carriage. Surely you are not going to play sulky with me because I did not accede to your very foolish request to stay by you all the evening?"

"Surely not," she replied. "I might, perhaps, have felt more sure of your affection for me if you had done so; but I am not, I hope, so foolish as to exhibit resentment because you did not."

"That is all right, then," he continued, with a constrained laugh. "Do you know, I was just beginning to suspect you of being—just a little bit—jealous of my orange satin beauty?"

"You would suspect me very wrongfully, then, I assure you. I am not jealous of her or any one else, if by jealous you mean a belief that you care more for another than you do for me. If the day ever comes when I am made to believe that, Harold, that day will see the termination of our engagement. I give you fair warning."

Her tone was very quiet and utterly unembarrassed. He could not see her face, and was not quite able to decide whether she had spoken in jest or earnest. He chose to believe the former, and made some feeble joke by way of rejoinder, to which she made no response. The conversation utterly flagged after that, and both parties were heartily glad when the carriage stopped, and their *tête-à-tête* came to an end.

That evening was the inauguration of a new era in Norah Howell's life. Her lover had taught her the dangerous lesson that it was at least possible to find entertainment and happiness apart from him, and she did not forget it. Mr. Gordon called upon her shortly after the ball, and succeeded in making himself so agreeable both to her and to her father, that he received from the latter a very urgent invitation to repeat his visit. He did so, not once, but many times. Sometimes alone, sometimes in company with his sisters and Arnold Waldron. The Winter was a very lively one, parties innumerable being given to the newly-married couple, many of which, under her father's escort, Norah attended, and at all of which she found an attentive partner in the person of the Honorable M. C.

It had been hitherto her custom to decline all invitations in which Harold was not included, though he, by no means, followed her example. Many a long, lonely evening had she spent at home, while he was playing the attentive gallant to some other woman. Now, however, yielding partly to her father's urgent solicitations, and partly to her lately awakened desire to prove to Harold her independence of his companionship, she went as freely as he did.

There was no quarrel between them. When Miss Gordon did not monopolize his attention, he still visited his betrothed almost as frequently as he had ever done, and occasionally honored her by his escort in society; but there was a coldness, a reserve gradually springing up between them, of which neither as yet was quite conscious, and sometimes, in her heart of hearts, Norah sorrowfully acknowledged that, since Mrs. Waldron's ball, Harold had never been to her quite what he was before. At last came the crisis.

A concert of more than usual excellence was to be given at Morristown. Harold invited Norah to attend it with him, and together they had repaired to the place of amusement. By skillful manœuvring he had managed to obtain seats nearly adjoining those of the Waldron party, and he himself sat immediately behind Miss Gordon, between whom and himself a whispered conversation was kept up, annoying to the rest of the audience as it seemed to be entertaining to themselves. He sat leaning forward with his elbow upon the back of Miss Gordon's seat, and absorbed as he was by her, he, of course, had very little attention to spare to the lady who sat beside him.

Norah had been troubled with a headache before leaving home, and the close air, lights and music soon increased it to so severe an extent, that she found herself quite unable to remain longer where she was. Harold's neglect, accustomed as she had been to it, seemed harder to bear than usual to-night, and never had she given stronger proof of the extent of her love and forbearance than in the long hour in which she sat by his side, enduring patiently the sickening pain in her head, and the sharper pain in her heart, rather than call him away from a pleasure he seemed to enjoy so keenly.

At last, however, she found that she had no alternative, and she was obliged to recall his attention to herself by a light touch, and the whispered words:

"Harold, I am feeling very ill; I shall be obliged to return home."

He was startled by her white face and suffering tone, and rose quickly to his feet.

He drew her shawl around her with a few low words of anxious solicitude, and offered her every attention in his power, his real affection for her at once awakened by her evident suffering.

As they were turning to leave, Miss Gordon, who but imperfectly understood the cause of their departure, tapped him lightly upon the arm with her fan, saying, in an audible whisper, and with one of her most alluring glances:

"Be sure to return, Sir Galahad, and as quickly as possible."

He colored highly with gratified vanity, as the young lady gave this public demonstration of her interest in him, and his manner toward Norah from that moment lost much of the affectionate assiduity it had lately exhibited.

With some difficulty they succeeded in reaching the entrance of the hall, where Mr. Howell's carrriage was in waiting for them. The coachman, an old and trusted servant, was soon found, and Harold, while assisting Norah in, gave him many charges to drive slowly and carefully, to avoid jarring more than possible the young lady's head. He did not, however, follow her into the carriage himself.

His unusually affectionate manner had softened Norah's heart toward him as it had not been softened for months before.

"I am so sorry to deprive you of your concert," she said.

And, as she spoke, she bent her head and pressed her lips softly upon the hand which still clasped hers. Undemonstrative as Norah was by nature, that impulsive caress could not have failed to reveal to him somewhat of the remorseful tenderness at that moment filling her heart, had he not been so fatally blinded by his excited vanity and the remembrance of the siren voice still lingering in his ears. As it was, perfectly unconscious of the pearl thus cast before him, he passed it by unnoticed.

"I *do* hate to miss that next aria," he said, hesitatingly. "Would you mind driving home without me, Norah, dear? Of course you are perfectly safe under old Robert's care, or I should not think of proposing such a thing."

The hand he held was suddenly withdrawn, and the same voice which but now had spoken so gently and affectionately, replied with almost discordant harshness:

"Certainly not, sir. Return at once, I beg of you. Home, Robert!"

She sank back in her seat. The carriage drove off, and Mr. Everton, feeling not a little ashamed of himself, after a momentary hesitation, returned to listen to the aria, and—Miss Gordon.

Norah, meanwhile, after a slow and tedious drive, arrived at her father's door.

As the carriage stopped, a man sprang forward to assi her to alight, and the voice of Mr. Gordon said:

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Howell; but knowing that you were ill and alone in the carriage, I have taken the liberty of following you. I hope your ride has revived you?"

Norah's manner, rather than her words, expressed her appreciation of this kindness, which, coming as it did so shortly after her lover's desertion, was balm to her wounded feelings. She accepted his proffered assistance; and when she gave him her hand at parting, there stole into her heart, so cruelly lacerated and betrayed, a feeling of trustful reliance, such as even in his happiest days Harold Everton had never succeeded in awakening there.

That gentleman was petrified with dismay and astonishment upon receiving, next morning, from the hands of a private messenger, a letter and parcel from Miss Howell. The parcel contained the letters he had written, and the ring, picture, and other little mementos he had at various times given her.

The letter contained the following words:

> "Do you remember, Harold, the warning I gave you long ago? I told you that if ever you forced me to believe that you cared more for another than you did for me, our engagement should at once terminate. When you left me last night, sick and suffering, so sorely in need of your tenderness and protection, to return to Miss Gordon's side, I became convinced that she was dearer to you than

XUM

l, and the relations which have so long existed between us were severed in that moment. I do not pretend to deny that the separation will grieve me deeply, but I have sufficient self-respect to believe that I cannot long be unhappy in remembering a man who has ceased to remember me. You have my best wishes for your welfare wherever you may go, or whatever you may do; and the one request I make of you, in consideration of the past, is that you will make no attempt to see me or to alter my decision. It is irrevocable. Notwithstanding what I have written, I trust you will credit my sincerity, when I subscribe myself,

"Very truly, your friend, NORAH HOWELL."

None could have guessed from reading that cool, unimpassioned letter the tears and suffering it had cost the writer. Certainly Harold Everton did not. He cursed the heartlessness and infidelity of the female sex, and of Norah Howell in particular. He wrote to her a wild, disjointed letter, in which he reviled alternately himself and her, and insisted upon an immediate interview. A sad and gentle, but very decided answer was returned, in which the interview was positively refused, and a return of the writer's letters and picture solicited. He sent them to her promptly, and in great wrath publicly professed himself glad that the engagement was terminated.

To convince Norah and all the rest of the world of his utter indifference, he devoted himself more exclusively than ever to the fair New Yorker, the term of whose visit was rapidly drawing to a close. The day before she left he offered his heart and hand for her acceptance, and met with a most unequivocal and disdainful rejection.

Morristown became hateful to him after this, and a longer residence there, suffering as he did from mortification and wounded vanity, was not to be borne. He disposed of his business, and shortly after joined a company of Californians on their way to the modern El Dorado, and for several years after was completely lost sight of.

Five years later he returned to his native State, the dissipated wreck of his former handsome self. Chance carried him to the capital shortly afterward, during a session of Congress, and at a Presidential levee he beheld, the centre of observation and admiration, a beautiful, intelligent-looking woman, whose gentle blue eyes and white brow looked as if no trouble or annoyance had ever visited their owner.

"Who is that lady?" he asked of an acquaintance standing near.

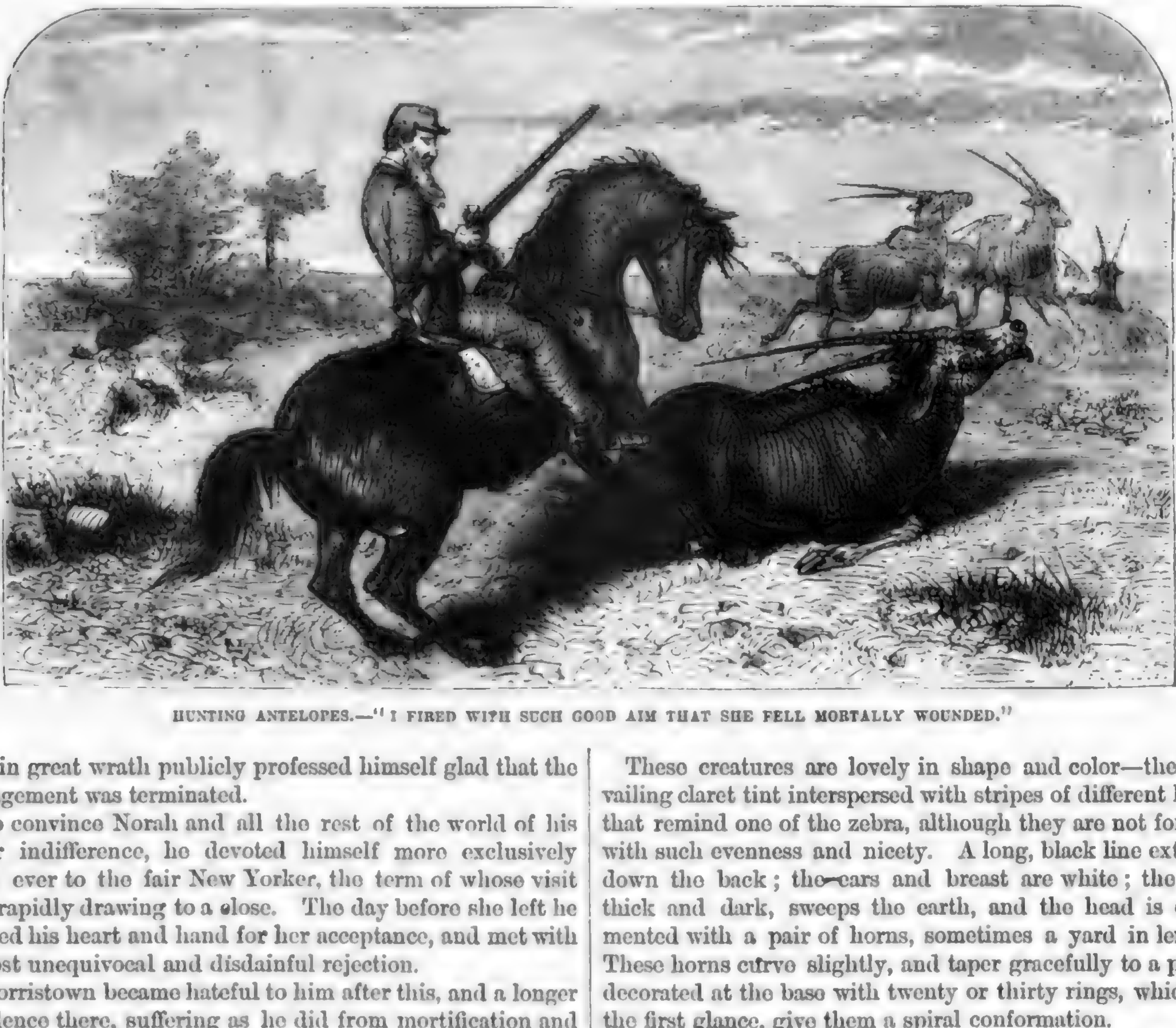
"That," was the reply, "is Mrs. Senator Gordon, one of the most admired of our Washington belles—a lady who, according to her husband's account, is possessed of a temper so sweet and a forbearance so angelic as to defy any trial that can befall them."

A spasm of remorseful tenderness swept across the dark face of the stranger.

"Let him not be too sure of that!" he said, bitterly; "for by sad experience I can tell him that both her temper and her forbearance *may* be tried *once too often*."

HUNTING ANTELOPES.

WE had taken the road toward the camp when we saw a troop of gemsboks, the most beautiful of all the antelope tribe, careering wildly across the plains, having evidently espied us, and taken fright in consequence.



HUNTING ANTELOPES.—"I FIRED WITH SUCH GOOD AIM THAT SHE FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED."

These creatures are lovely in shape and color—the prevailing claret tint interspersed with stripes of different hues, that remind one of the zebra, although they are not formed with such evenness and nicety. A long, black line extends down the back; the ears and breast are white; the tail, thick and dark, sweeps the earth, and the head is ornamented with a pair of horns, sometimes a yard in length. These horns curve slightly, and taper gracefully to a point, decorated at the base with twenty or thirty rings, which, at the first glance, give them a spiral conformation.

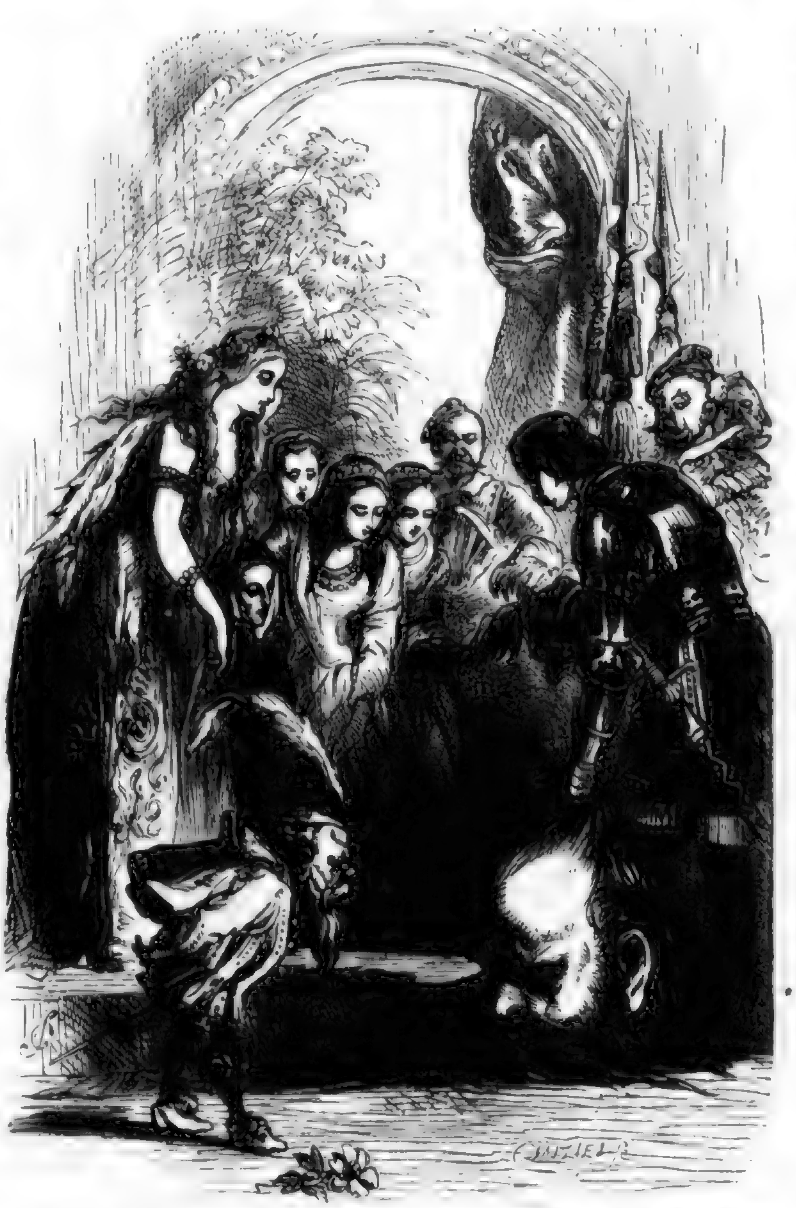
The animal understands perfectly how to make them formidable weapons of defense, and the natives assured me that more than once they had found an orzy dead by the side of a lion, whose sides he had pierced with his horns, and from which he had been unable to withdraw them until the enemy, in his death struggles, had crushed his life out under his strong paws.

A very strange peculiarity is that, not only do the females possess horns, but they are longer than those of the males, and in a battle with any beast of prey they show a great deal more courage than their mates.

They are found in such sterile, arid places, that the natives believe firmly they never drink, and their swiftness is such that they are extremely difficult to bring within a fair aim.

This day we had a long chase, but as I had never succeeded in killing one, I was determined not to relinquish the pursuit.

My horse was fresh, and could run like the wind, and away we flew. I was not very hopeful, however, until it seemed to me that the antelopes somewhat relaxed their speed, running as if they had already made a long journey that day, and this unexpected pursuit had taken them at a disadvantage. My horse, on the contrary, could not have been in better condition. Poor beast! he was killed by a fall not many weeks after, and I mourned him as if I had lost a friend.



THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.—"THE NEXT MOMENT SHE SAW AVENANT ENTER, BEARING THE GIANT'S HEAD, WHICH STILL IMPRESSED HER WITH TERROR."

I husbanded his strength for the decisive moment, searched among the troop for the finest horns, and selected a female of the most remarkable beauty.

Certainly, all the credit was due to my faithful horse. When I had managed to separate my intended victim from the rest of the band, and uttered one warning cry, away dashed Bryan, at a pace which, those who watched us said, appeared as if we were absolutely skimming through the air.

We gained rapidly upon the antelope; the foolish creature, quite mad with fear and fatigue, absolutely checked her flight, and seemed inclined to essay a battle.

She quickly relinquished her design, and turned again to flee, but the hesitation proved fatal. I had found time to overtake her, and fired with such good aim that she fell mortally wounded, and Bryan was close upon her flanks as she touched the earth

---

THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN HAIR.

A FAIRY STORY.

Once upon a time there was a king's daughter, who was so handsome there was nothing in the world to be compared with her for beauty, and she was at once called the Fair One with Golden Hair, because her locks were like the finest gold, marvelously bright, and falling all in ringlets to her feet.

There was a young king amongst her neighbors, who was unmarried, handsome, and very rich. When he heard all that was said about the Fair One with Golden Hair, although he had never seen her, he felt so deeply in love with her that he could neither eat nor drink, and therefore resolved to send an ambassador to ask her hand in marriage.

The ambassador arrived at the fair one's court and delivered his message; but whether she was that day out of temper, or that the compliment was not agreeable to her, she answered the ambassador that she thanked the king, but had no inclination to marry.

The ambassador quitted the court of the princess very low-spirited at not being able to bring her with him. He carried back all the presents he had been the bearer of from the king, for the princess was very prudent, and was perfectly aware that young ladies should never receive gifts from bachelors; so she declined accepting the beautiful diamonds and the other valuable articles.

When the ambassador reached the capital, the king began to cry like a child. They endeavored to console him, but without the least success.

There was a youth in court who, on account of his graceful manners, was called Avenant.

"If the king had sent me to the Fair One with the Golden Hair," said he, one day "I am certain she would have returned with me."

Mischief-makers went immediately to the king, and said:

"Sire, you know not what Avenant asserts—that if you had sent him to the Fair One with Golden Hair, he would have brought her back with him. He pretends that she would be so fond of him that she would have followed him anywhere."

At this the king flew into a rage—a rage so terrible that he went quite beside himself.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "this pretty minion laughs at my misfortune, and values himself above me! Go!—fling him into the great tower, and let him starve to death!"

The royal guards dragged Avenant at once to prison. The poor youth had only a little straw to lie upon, and would soon have perished but for a tiny spring that trickled through the foundations. One day he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh:

"What does the king complain of; he has not a subject more loyal than I am. I have never done anything to offend him."

The king by chance passed close to the tower, and hearing

XUM

the voice of one he had loved so dearly, he stopped to listen, notwithstanding those who were with him, who hated Avenant, said to the king:

"What interests you, sire? Do you not know he is a villain?"

"Silence!" said the king; "I would hear what he has to say."

Having listened to his complaints, the tears stood in his eyes. He opened the door of the tower and called to the prisoner. Avenant came, and knelt before him in deep sorrow, and kissed his feet.

"What have I done, sire, that I am thus severely treated?"

"Thou hast made game of me and of my ambassador," answered the king. "Thou hast boasted that if I had sent thee to the Fair One with Golden Hair thou wouldst certainly have brought her back with thee."

"It is true, sire," rejoined Avenant, "that I should have so impressed her with some of your majesty's high qualities that I feel persuaded she could not have refused you; and in saying that, sire, I uttered nothing that could be disagreeable to you."

The king saw that Avenant was innocent. After giving him an excellent supper, he called him into his cabinet, and said to him:

"Avenant, I still love the Fair One with Golden Hair; her refusal has not discouraged me, but I know not what course to take to induce her to marry me. I am tempted to send thee to her to see if thou couldst succeed."

Avenant replied that he was ready to set out the next day.

"Hold," said the king; "I would give thee a splendid equipage."

"It is unnecessary," answered Avenant; "I need only a good horse, and letters from your majesty."

The king embraced him, for he was delighted to find him prepared to start so quickly.

One morning that he had set out at the first peep of day, in passing through a large meadow, a charming idea came into his head. He dismounted, and seated himself beside some willows and poplars which were planted along the bank of a little river that ran by the edge of the meadow. After he had made his note, he looked about him, delighted to find himself in so beautiful a spot.

He perceived on the grass a large carp gasping, and nearly exhausted, for, in trying to catch some flies, it had leaped out of the water on the grass, and was all but dead. Avenant took pity upon it. He picked it up and put it gently back into the river.

As soon as the carp felt the freshness of the water, she began to recover, and rising joyously to the bank of the stream, "Avenant," said she, "I thank you for the kindness you have done me; but for you I should have died. You have saved me; I will do as much for you."

After this little compliment she darted down again into the water, leaving Avenant much surprised.

Another day, as he continued his journey, he saw a crow pursued by a large eagle, which had nearly caught it, if Avenant had not seized his bow and arrow, which he always carried with him, and taking a good aim at the eagle, "whizz!" he sent the shaft right through its body. It fell dead, and the crow, enraptured, came and perched on a tree.

"Avenant," it cried to him, "it was very generous of you to thus succor me--I, who am only a poor crow; but I will not be ungrateful; I will do as much for you."

Avenant resumed his journey. Entering a great wood so early in the morning that there was scarcely light enough for him to see his road, he heard an owl screeching in despair.

"Hey-day!" said he, "here's an owl in great affliction. It has been caught, perhaps, in some net."

He at last discovered some nets which had been spread by fowlers during the night to catch small birds.

He drew his knife and cut the cords. The owl took flight, but returning swiftly on the wing, "Avenant," it cried, "it is needless for me to make a long speech to enable you to comprehend the obligation I am under to you. I have a grateful heart; I will do as much for you."

These were the three most important adventures which befell Avenant on his journey. He was so eager to reach the end of it that he lost no time in repairing to the palace of the Fair One with Golden Hair.

Avenant was so handsome, so amiable, and did everything with so much grace, that when he presented himself at the palace gate the guards saluted him most respectfully, and they ran to inform the Fair One with Golden Hair that Avenant, ambassador from the king, her nearest neighbor, requested to be presented to her.

At the name of Avenant the princess said:

"That betokens something agreeable to me. I would wager he is a pretty fellow, and pleases everybody."

"Yes, in sooth, madame," exclaimed all her maids of honor; "we saw him from the loft in which we were dressing your flax, and as long as he remained under the windows we could do no work."

"Very pretty," replied the Fair One with Golden Hair; "amusing yourselves with looking at young men! Here, give me my grand gown of blue emboroidered satin, and arrange my fair hair very tastefully; get me some garlands of fresh flowers, my high-heeled shoes, and my fan. Let them sweep my presence-chamber, and dust my throne; for I would have him declare everywhere that I am truly the Fair One with Golden Hair."

Avenant was ushered into the hall of audience. He was so struck with admiration that he could scarcely speak; nevertheless, he took courage, and delivered his oration to perfection. He besought the princess that he might not have the mortification of returning without her.

"Gentle Avenant," she replied, "the arguments you have adduced are all of them exceedingly good, and I assure you I should be very happy to favor you more than another, but you must know that about a month ago I was walking by the river side, with my ladies, and in pulling off my glove I drew from my finger a ring, which, unfortunately, fell into the stream. I valued it more than my kingdom. I have made a vow never to listen to any offers of marriage if the ambassador, who proposes the husband, does not restore to me my ring. You now see, therefore, what you have to do in this matter; for though you should talk to me for a fortnight, night and day, you would never persuade me to change my mind."

Avenant was much surprised at this answer; he made the princess a low bow, and begged her to accept a charming little dog he had brought; but she replied that she would receive no presents.

When he returned to his lodgings, he went to bed without eating any supper, and his little dog, whose name was Cabriolle, would take none himself, and went and lay down beside his master. All night long Avenant never ceased sighing.

"Where can I hope to find a ring that fell a month ago into a great river?" he said; "it would be folly to attempt looking for it."

And then he sighed again and was very sorrowful. Cabriolle, who heard him, said:

"My dear master, I entreat you not to despair of your good fortune; you are too amiable not to be happy. Let us go to the river side as soon as it is daylight."

Avenant gave him two little pats, without saying a word, and, worn out with grieving, fell asleep.

Cabriolle, as soon as he saw daybreak, frisked about so that he waked Avenant, and said to him:

"Dress yourself, master, and let us go out."

Avenant was quite willing; he arose, strayed mechanically toward the river, on the banks of which he strolled with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his arms folded, thinking only of taking his departure, when suddenly he heard himself called by his name—"Avenant! Avenant!" He looked all around him, and could see nobody.

"Who calls me?" he asked.

Cabriolle, who was very little, and was looking close down into the water, replied:

"Never trust me if it be not a golden carp that I see here."

Immediately the carp appeared on the surface, and said to Avenant:

"You saved my life. I promised to do as much for you. Here, dear Avenant, is the ring of the Fair One with Golden Hair."

Avenant stooped and took the ring out of his friend the carp's mouth, whom he thanked a thousand times. Instead of returning to his lodgings, he went directly to the palace, followed by little Cabriolle, who was very glad he had induced his master to take a walk by the river side. The princess was informed that Avenant requested to see her.

"Alas, poor youth!" said she, "he is come to take leave of me. He is about to return with these tidings to his master."

Avenant was introduced, and presented her with the ring, saying:

"Madame, I have obeyed your commands. Will it please you to accept the king my master for your husband?"

When she saw her ring quite perfect she was astonished—so astonished that she was dreaming!

"Really," said she, "courteous Avenant, you must be favored by a fairy, for, by natural means, this is impossible!"

"Madame," he answered, "I am not acquainted with any fairy, but I was anxious to oblige you."

"As you are so obliging," continued she, "you must do me another service, without which I never will be married. There is a prince not far from here named Galifron, who has taken it into his head that he will make me his wife. I sent word to him that I did not wish to marry, and that he must excuse me; but he has never ceased to persecute me. He kills all my subjects, and before anything can be done you must fight him and bring me his head."

Avenant was a little astounded at this proposition; he mused for a few minutes upon it, and then answered:

"Well, madame, I will fight Galifron; I believe I shall be conquered, but I will die as becomes a brave man."

The princess was much surprised at his determination; she said a thousand things to prevent his undertaking the adventure. It was of no use. He withdrew to seek his weapons and everything else he might require. When he had made his preparations, he replaced little Cabriolle in his basket, mounted a fine horse, and rode off.

At length he arrived in the neighborhood off Galifron's castle. All the roads to it were strewn with the bones and bodies of men whom he had eaten or torn to pieces. He did not wait long before he saw the monster coming through a wood; his head was visible above the highest trees, and he sang in a terrible voice—

"Ho! bring me some babies, fat or lean,
That I may crunch 'em my teeth between!
I could eat so many! so many! so many!
That in the wide world there would not be left any!"

Upon which Avenant immediately sang to the same tune:

"Ho! here is Avenant to be seen,
Who comes to draw your teeth so keen;
He's not the greatest man to view,
But he's big enough to conquer you."

The rhymes were not quite adapted to the music, but he made them in a great hurry; and it is really a miracle they were not much worse, for he was in a desperate fright. When Galifron heard these words, he looked about him in every direction, and caught sight of Avenant, who, sword in hand, uttered several taunts to provoke him. They were needless, however. He was in a dreadful rage, and snatching up an iron mace he would have crushed the gentle Avenant at one blow had not a crow lighted at that instant on his head, and with its beak most adroitly picked out both his eyes. The blood ran down his face, and he laid about him on all sides like a madman. Avenant avoided his blows, and gave him such thrusts with his sword, running it up to the hilt in his body, that at last he fell bleeding from a thousand wounds. Avenant quickly cut off his head, quite transported with joy at his good fortune; and the crow, who had perched itself on the nearest tree, said to him:

"I have not forgotten the service you rendered me in killing the eagle which pursued me. I promised you I would return the obligation. I trust I have done so to-day."

"I owe all to you, Monsieur Crow," replied Avenant, "and remain your obliged servant;" and forthwith mounted his horse, laden with the horrible head of Galifron. When he reached the city, all the people followed him, crying, "Behold the brave Avenant, who has slain the monster!" So that the princess, who heard a great uproar, and who trembled lest they should come and announce to her the death of Avenant, dared not inquire what had happened. But the next moment she saw Avenant enter, bearing the giant's head, which still impressed her with terror, although there was no longer any occasion for alarm.

"Madame," said Avenant to the princess, "your enemy is dead. I trust you will no longer refuse the king, my master."

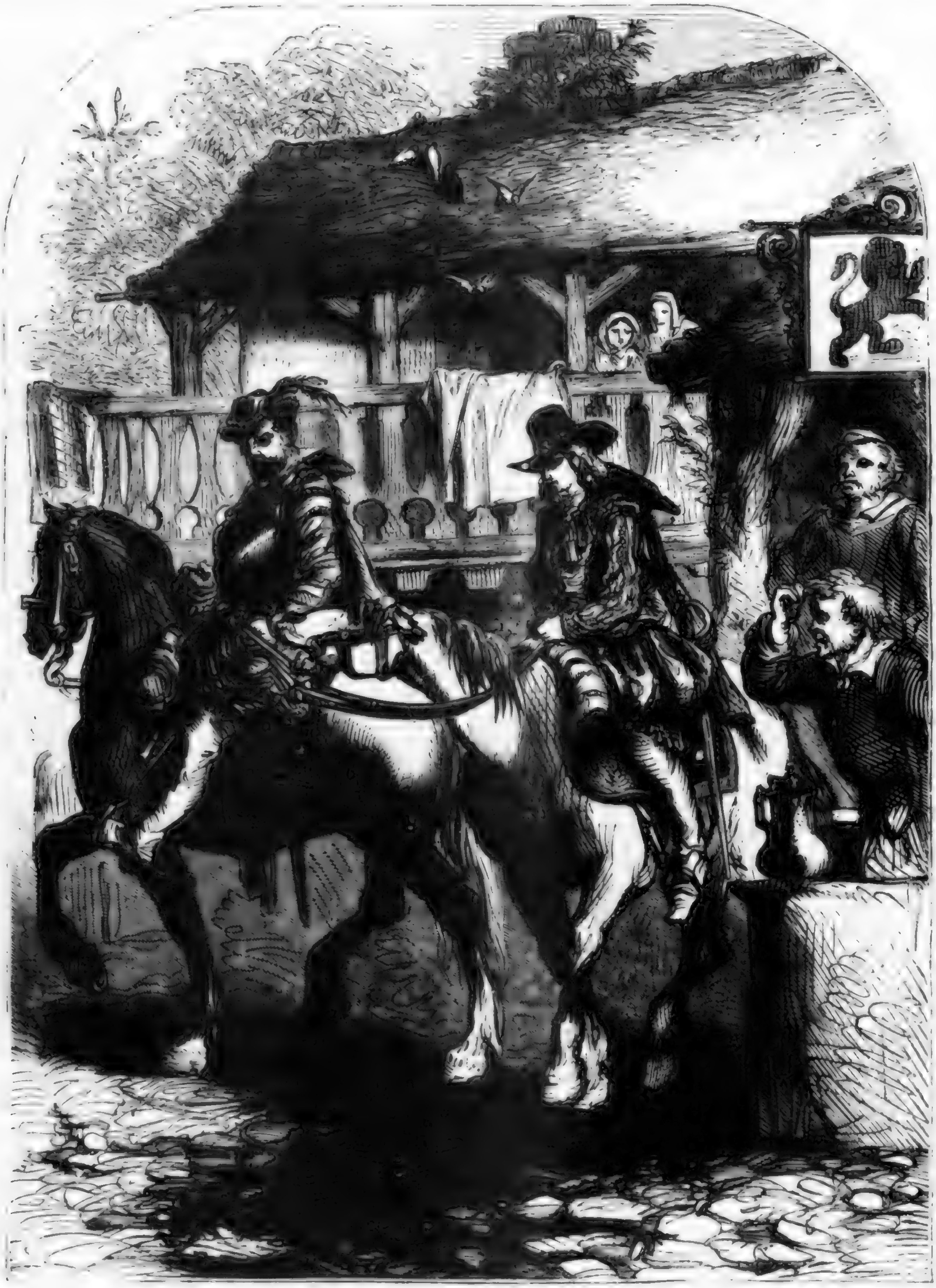
"Ah, pardon me," said the Fair One with Golden Hair; "but, indeed, I must refuse him, unless you can find means, before my departure, to bring me some water from the Gloomy Grotto. Hard-by there is a deep cavern, full six leagues in extent. At the mouth of it are two dragons, who prevent any one from entering; flames issue from their jaws and eyes. Inside the cavern is a deep pit, into which you must descend; it is full of toads, adders and serpents. At the bottom of this pit there is a small cavity, through which flows the fountain of Health and Beauty. Some of that water I must absolutely obtain. Whatever is washed with it becomes something marvelous. If persons are handsome, they remain so for ever; if ugly, they become beautiful; if young, they remain always young; if old, they become young again. You may well imagine, Avenant, that I would not quit my kingdom without some of this wonderful water."

"Madame," he replied, "you are so beautiful already that this water will be quite useless to you; but I am an unfortunate ambassador, whose death you desire. I go in search of that which you covet, with the certainty that I shall never return."

The Fair One with Golden Hair was immovable, and Avenant set out with the little dog Cabriolle to seek in the Gloomy Grotto the water of beauty.

Having nearly got to the top of a mountain, he sat down to rest a little, allowing his horse to graze, and Cabriolle to run after flies. He knew that the Gloomy Grotto was not far from that spot, and looked about to see if he could discover it. He perceived a horrible rock, as black as ink, out of which issued a thick smoke; and the next minute one of the dragons, casting out fire from his mouth and eyes. It had a green and yellow body, great claws, and a long tail coiled round in more than a hundred folds. Cabriolle saw all this, and was so frightened he did not know where to hide himself. Avenant, perfectly prepared to die, drew his sword, and descended toward the cavern, with a phial which the Fair One with Golden Hair had given him to fill with the water of beauty. He said to the little dog Cabriolle: "It is all over with me; I shall never be able to obtain the water which is guarded by those dragons. When I am dead, fill the phial with my blood, and carry it to the princess, that she may see what she has cost me. Then go to the king my master, and tell him my sad story."

As he uttered these words, he heard a voice calling, "Avenant! Avenant!"



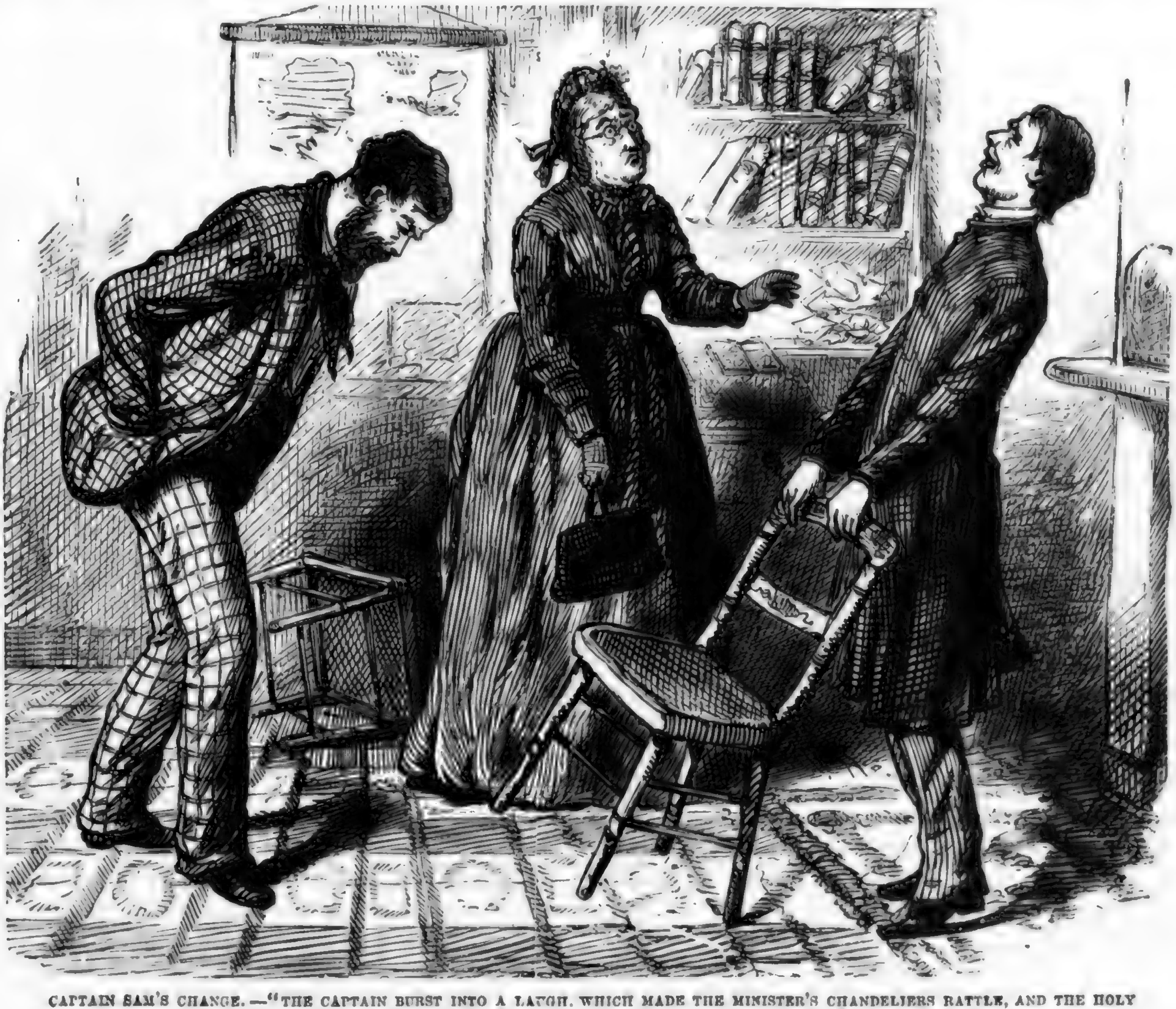
ESCAPE OF LADY ARABELLA STUART.—SEE PAGE 491.

"Who calls me?" he replied; and he saw an owl in the hollow of an old tree, who said to him:

"You let me out of the fowler's net in which I was caught, and saved my life. I promised I would do you a good turn, and now is the time. Give me your phial. I am familiar with all the windings of the Gloomy Grotto. I will fetch you some of the water of beauty."

Oh, I leave you to imagine who was delighted! Avenant quickly handed the phial to the owl, and saw it enter the grotto without the least difficulty. In less than a quarter of an hour the bird returned with the phial full of water. Avenant was in ecstasies! He thanked the owl heartily, and, reascending the mountain, joyfully took his way back to the city.

He went straight to the palace and presented the phial to the Fair One with Golden Hair, who had no longer an excuse to make. She thanked Avenant, gave orders for everything to be got ready for her departure, and finally set out with him on their journey. She found him an exceedingly agreeable companion, and said to him more than once, "If you had wished it, I would have made you king, and there would have been no occasion for us to quit my dominions." But his answer was always, "I would not be guilty of such treachery to my master for all the kingdoms on the face of the earth, although you are to me more beautiful than the sun!"



CAPTAIN SAM'S CHANGE.—"THE CAPTAIN BURST INTO A LAUGH, WHICH MADE THE MINISTER'S CHANDELIERS RATTLE, AND THE HOLY MAN HIMSELF, SEEING THROUGH THE MISTAKE, HEARTILY JOINED THE CAPTAIN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

At length they arrived at the king's capital city, and his majesty, hearing the Fair One with Golden Hair was approaching, went to meet her, and made her the most superb presents in the world! The marriage was celebrated with such great rejoicings that folks could talk of nothing else. But the Fair One with Golden Hair, who secretly loved Avenant, was never happy when he was out of her sight, and was always praising him. The courtiers seeing this, aroused the jealousy of the king, who cast Avenant into a dungeon. The queen fell into a deep melancholy.

The king took it into his head that perhaps she did not think him handsome enough. He longed to wash his face with the water of beauty, in hopes that the queen would then feel more affection for him. The phial full of this water stood in the queen's chamber; she had placed it there for the pleasure of looking at it more frequently; but one of her chambermaids, trying to kill a spider with a broom, unfortunately threw down the phial, and all the water was lost. She swept the fragments of glass away quickly; and not knowing what to do, it suddenly occurred to her that she had seen in the king's cabinet a phial precisely similar, full of water, as clear as the water of beauty; so, without a word to any one, she adroitly managed to get possession of it, and placed it on the queen's chimney-piece.

The water which was in the king's cabinet was used for the execution of princes and great noblemen who were

XUM

condemned to die for any crime. Instead of beheading or hanging them, their faces were rubbed with this water, which had the fatal property of throwing them into a deep sleep, from which they never awakened. So it happened one evening that the king took down the phial which he fancied contained the water of beauty, and rubbing the contents well over his face, he fell into a profound slumber and expired.

The queen then went directly to the tower, where with her own hands she took the irons off the hands and feet of Avenant, and putting a crown of gold upon his head, and a royal mantle over his shoulder, said:

"Come, charming Avenant, I make you king, and take you for my husband."

He threw himself at her feet in joy and gratitude.

THE ESCAPE OF LADY ARABELLA STUART.

This unhappy lady was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Duke of Lenox, younger brother of Henry, Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and father of James I. of England. Her mother was the daughter of Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth. As great-grandchild of Margaret, the sister of Henry VIII., she stood in the same relationship to Queen Elizabeth as did James, afterward the King of England.

The scene which we have engraved on page 500 represents the escape of Lady Arabella Stuart from Highgate, on the morning of the 3d of June, 1611. Since her clandestine marriage with William Seymour, the son of Lord Beauchamp, she had been an object of great jealousy to that cowardly and vindictive pedant, James I. of England. During her residence at Lord Essex's at Highgate, a beautiful village situated on a hill about six miles north of London, she had made arrangements with her husband, who was a prisoner in the Tower of London, through the medium of some trusty friends, to escape in male attire, and get on board a French vessel which was to be awaiting them at Gravesend.

On the appointed morning Arabella disguised herself by drawing a great pair of French fashioned hose over her petticoats, put on a man's doublet, a man's peruke, with long locks over her hair, a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots, with red tops, and a rapier by her side. Thus arrayed, she started, between three and four o'clock in the early morning, accompanied by Mr. Markham, a chosen friend of her husband's. Walking with as much haste as she could to a small inn, called the Red Lion, about a mile and a half from Highgate, on the way to Blackwall, she there mounted her horse, while Mr. Markham mounted another, and rode by her side.

Having gained the vessel, she there found that her husband had not arrived. Concluding that he had not effected his escape from the Tower of London, she set sail for Flanders, but was unhappily intercepted when half way across the English Channel, and conducted to the Tower. In the meantime her husband had escaped, and hiring a collier, had reached Flanders in safety. Lady Arabella languished in confinement till the 27th of September, 1615, when she died a pitiable lunatic, the victim of one of the most cowardly and cruel monsters that ever disgraced the throne of England.

All those animals who are associated with man become immediately participants in his misery; when once domesticated they become liable to disease, whereas in a wild state they could have perished only from age or accident.

CAPTAIN SAM'S CHANGE.

"WELL, there's nothin' to do, but to hev faith, an' keep a-tryin'."

The speaker was old Mrs. Simmons, boarding-house-keeper, and resident of a certain town on the Ohio River. The prime cause of her remark was Captain Sam Toppie, of the steamboat *Queen Ann*.

Captain Sam had stopped with Mrs. Simmons every time the *Queen Ann* laid up for repairs, and he was so genial, frank, and manly, that he had found a warm spot in the good old lady's heart.

But one thing marred the otherwise perfect happiness of Mrs. Simmons, when in Captain Sam's society, and that was what she styled his "lost condition." For Mrs. Simmons was a consistent, conscientious Methodist, while Captain Sam was—well, he was a Western steamboat captain.

This useful class of gentlemen are in high repute among shippers and barkeepers, and receive many handsome compliments from the daily papers along the line of the Western rivers; but, somehow, the religious press is entirely silent about them, nor have we ever seen notice of any special mission having been sent to them.

Captain Sam was a good specimen of the fraternity—good-looking, good-natured, quick-witted, prompt, and faithful, as well as quick-tempered, profane, and perpetually thirsty. To carry a full load, put his boat through in time, and always drink up to his peg, were his cardinal principles, and he faithfully lived up to them.

Of the fair sex he was a most devoted admirer, and if he had not possessed a great deal of modesty, for a steamboat captain, he could have named two or three score of young women who thought almost as much of him as the worthy boarding-house-keeper did.

Good Mrs. Simmons had, to use her own language, "kerried him before the Lord, and wrastled for him"; but it was very evident, from Sam's walk and conversation, that his case had not yet been adjudicated according to Mrs. Simmons's liking.

He still had occasional difficulties with the hatstand and stairway after coming home late at night; his breath, though generally odorous, seemed to grieve Mrs. Simmons's olfactories, and his conversation, as heard through his open door in Summer, was thickly seasoned with expressions far more scriptural than reverential.

One Christmas, the old lady presented to the captain a handsome Bible, with his name stamped in large, gilt letters on the cover. He was so delighted, and so proud of his present, that he straightway wrapped it in many folds of paper to prevent its being soiled, and then stowed it neatly away in the *Queen Ann's* safe, for secure keeping.

When he told Mrs. Simmons what he had done, she sighed deeply; but, fully alive to the importance of the case, promised him a common one, not too good to read daily.

"Daily! Bless you, Mrs. Simmons! Why, I scarcely have time to look in the paper, and see who's gone up, and who's gone down, and who's been beat."

"But your better part, cap'en?" pleaded the old lady.

"I—I don't know, my good woman—hard to find it, I guess—the hull lot averages purty low."

"But, cap-en," she continued, "don't you feel your need of a change?"

"Not from the *Queen Ann*, ma'am—she only needs bigger engines to——"

"Change of heart, I mean, cap'en," interrupted Mrs. Simmons. "Don't you feel your need of religion?"

"Ha! ha!" roared Captain Sam; "the idea of a steamboat captain with religion! Why, bless your dear, innocent old soul, the fust time he wanted to wood up in a hurry, his religion would git quicker'n lightnin'. The only steamboatman I ever knowed in the meetin'-house line went up for seven year for settin' fire to his own boat to git the insurance."

Mrs. Simmons could not recall at the moment the remembrance of any pious captain, so she ceased laboring with Captain Sam. But when he went out, she placed on his table a tract, entitled, "The Furnace Seven Times Heated," which tract the captain considerately handed to his engineer, supposing it to be a circular on intensified caloric.

Year after year the captain laid up for repairs, and put up with Mrs. Simmons. Year after year he was jolly, genial, chivalrous, generous, but—not what good Mrs. Simmons earnestly wanted him to be.

He would buy tickets to all the church fairs, give free passage to all preachers recommended by Mrs. Simmons, and on Sunday morning he would respectfully escort the old lady as far as the church-door.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Simmons's church building was struck by lightning, a deacon dropped in with a subscription-paper while the captain was in. The generous steamboatman immediately put himself down for fifty dollars; and although he improved the occasion to condemn severely the meanness of certain holy people, and though his language seemed to create an atmosphere which must certainly melt the money—for those were specie days—Mrs. Simmons declared to herself that "he couldn't be fur from the kingdom, when his heart was so little set on mammon as that."

"He's too good for Satan—the Lord *must* hev him," thought the good old lady.

Once again the *Queen Ann* needed repairing, and again the captain found himself at his old boarding-place.

Good Mrs. Simmons surveyed him tenderly through her glasses, and instantly saw that something unusual had happened. Could it be—oh! if it only *could* be—that he had put off the old man, which is sin! She longed to ask him, yet, with a woman's natural delicacy, she determined to find out without direct questioning.

"Good season, captain?" she inquired.

"A No. 1, ma'am—positively first-class," replied the captain.

"Had good health—no ager?" she continued.

"Never was better, my dear woman—healthy right to the top notch," he answered.

"It must be," said good Mrs. Simmons, to herself—"it can't be nothin' else. Bless the Lord!"

This pious sentiment she followed up by a hymn, whose irregularities of time and tune were fully atoned for by the spirit with which she sung. A knock at the door interrupted her.

"Come in!" she cried.

Captain Sam entered, and laid a good-sized, flat flask on the table, saying:

"I've just been unpackin', an' I found this; p'r'aps you ken use it for cookin'. It's no use to me; I've swore off drinkin'."

And before the astonished lady could say a word, he was gone.

But the good soul could endure the suspense no longer. She hurried to the door and cried:

"Cap'en!"

"That's me," answered Captain Sam, returning.

"Cap'en," said Mrs. Simmons, in a voice in which solemnity and excitement struggled for the mastery, "hez the Lord sent His angel unto you?"

"He hez," replied the captain, in a very decided tone, and abruptly turned, and hurried to his own room.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" almost shouted Mrs. Simmons, in her ecstasy. "We mustn't worry them that's weak in the faith, but I shan't be satisfied till I hear him tell his experience. Oh, *what* a blessed thing to relate at prayer-meetin' to-night!"

There was, indeed, a rattling of dry bones at the prayer-meeting that night, for it was the first time in the history of the church that the conversion of a steamboat captain had been reported.

On returning home from the meeting, additional proof awaited the happy old saint. The captain was in his room—in his room at nine o'clock in the evening! She had known the captain for years, but he had never before got in so early. There could be no doubt about it, though—there he was, softly whistling.

"I'd ruther hear him whistlin' Windham or Boylston," thought Mrs. Simmons; "that tune don't fit any hymn *I* know. P'r'aps, though, they sing it in some of them churches up to Cincinnaty," she charitably continued.

"Cap'en," said she, at breakfast, next morning, when the other guests had departed, "is your mind at peace?"

"Peace?" echoed the captain—"peaceful as the Ohio at low water."

The captain's simile was not so scriptural as the old lady could have desired, but she remembered that he was but a young convert, and that holy conversation was a matter of gradual attainment. So, simply and piously making the best of it, she fervently exclaimed:

"That it may ever be thus is my earnest prayer, cap'en."

"Amen to that," said Captain Sam, very heartily, upsetting the chair in his haste to get out of the room.

For several days Mrs. Simmons lived in a state of bliss unknown to boarding-house-keepers, whose joys come only from a sense of provisions purchased cheaply and paying boarders secured.

From the kitchen, the dining-room, or wherever she was, issued sounds of praise and devotion, intoned to some familiar church melody. Scrubbing the kitchen-floor dampened not her ardor, and even the fateful washing-day produced no visible effect on her spirits. From over the bread-pan she sent exultant strains to echo through the house, and her fists vigorously marked time in the yielding dough. From the third-story window, as she hung out the bed-linen to air, her holy notes fell on the ears of passing teamsters, and caused them to cast wondering glances upward. What was the heat of the kitchen-stove to her, now that Captain Sam was insured against flames eternal? What, now, was even money, since Captain Sam had laid up his treasures above?

And the captain's presence, which had always comforted her, was now a perpetual blessing. Always pleasant, kind, and courteous, as of old, but oh, so different!

All the coal-scuttles and water-pails in the house might occupy the stairway at night, but the captain could safely thread his way among them. No longer did she hurry past his door, with her fingers ready, at the slightest alarm, to act as compressers to her ears; no, the captain's language, though not exactly religious, was eminently proper.

He was at home so much evenings, that his lamp consumed more oil in a week than it used to do in months; but the old lady cheerfully refilled it, and complained not that the captain's goodness was costly.

The captain brought home a book or two daily, and left them in his room, seeing which, his self-denying hostess carried up the two flights of stairs her own copies of "Clarke's Commentaries," "The Saints' Rest," "Jay's

XUM

Exercises," and "Morning and Night Watches," and arranged them neatly on his table.

Finally, after a few days, Captain Sam seemed to have something to say—something which his usual power of speech was scarcely equal to. Mrs. Simmons gave him every opportunity.

At last, when he ejaculated, "Mrs. Simmons," just as she was carrying her beloved glass preserve-dish to its place in the parlor-closet, she was so excited that she dropped the brittle treasure, and uttered not a moan over the fragments.

"Mrs. Simmons, I've made up my mind to lead an entirely new life," said the captain, gravely.

"It's what I've ben hopin' fur years an' years, cap'en," responded the happy old lady.

"Hev you, though? God bless your motherly old soul," said the captain, warmly. "Well, I've turned over a new leaf, and it don't get turned back again."

"That's right, cap'en," said Mrs. Simmons, with a happy tear under each spectacle glass. "Fight the good fight, cap'en."

"Just my little game," continued the captain. "It ain't ev'ry day that a man ken find an angel willin' to look out fur him, Mrs. Simmons."

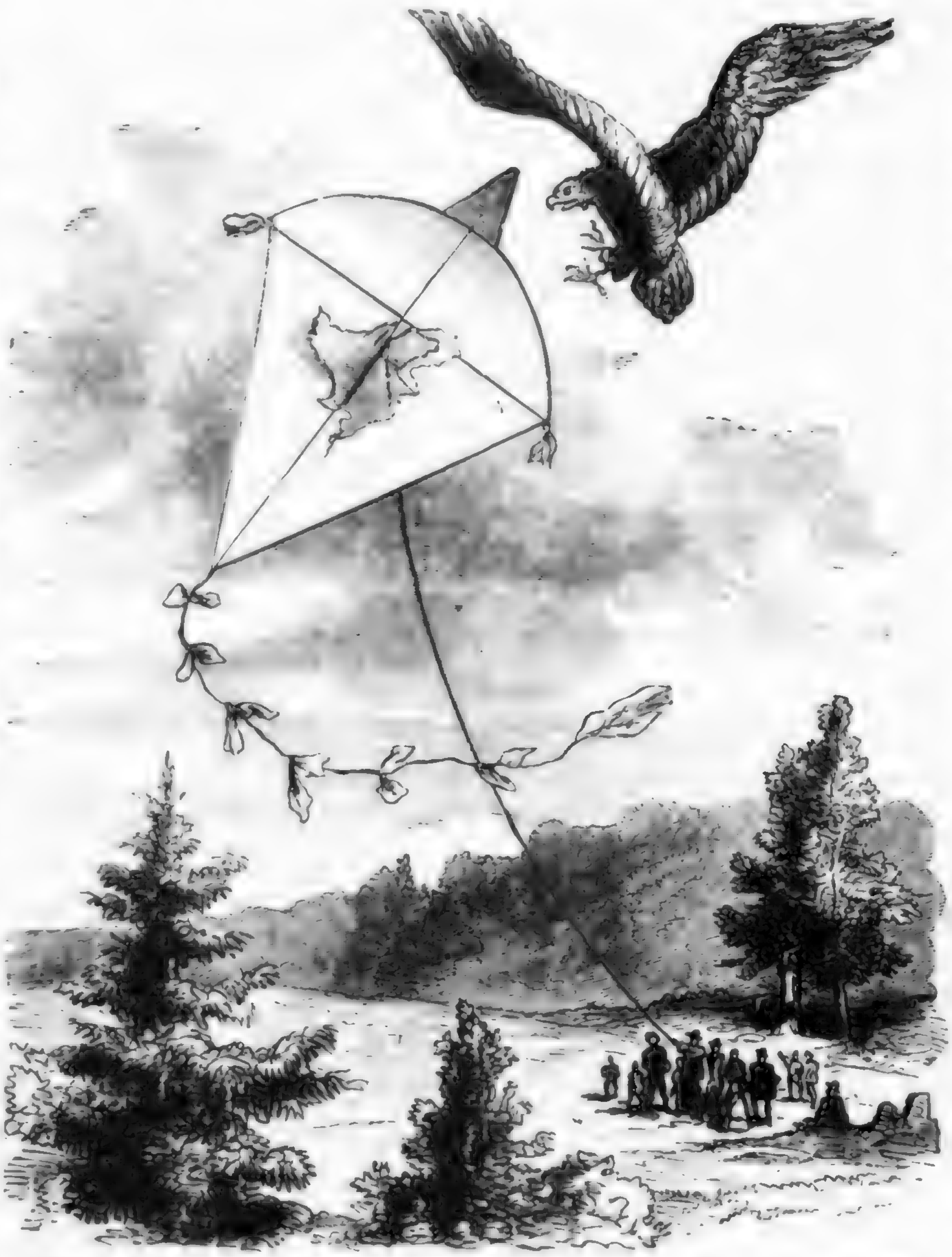
"An angel! Oh, cap'en, how richly blessed you hev been!" sobbed Mrs. Simmons. "Many's the one that hez prayed all their lives long for the comin' of a good sperrit to guide 'em."

"Well, *I've* got one, sure pop," continued Captain Sam; "and happy ain't any kind of a name fur what I be all the time now."

"Bless you!" said the good woman, wringing the captain's hand fervidly. "But you'll hev times of trouble an' doubt, off an' on."

"Is that so?" asked the captain, thoughtfully.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Simmons; "but ev'rything'll come right in the end. I know—I've been through it all."



CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A HAWK.—"A VERY LARGE HAWK WAS SEEN TO FLY SLOWLY OUT OF A NEIGHBORING GROVE AND GO DIRECTLY TOWARD THE KITE."—SEE PAGE 506.

"That's so," said the captain, "you hev that. Well, now, perhaps you wouldn't mind interdoosin' me to your minister?"

"Mind!" said the good old lady. "I've ben a dyin' to do it ever sence you come. I've told him about it, and he's ez glad fur you ez I am."

"Oh!" said the captain, looking a little confused, "you suspected it, did you!"

"From the very minute you fust kem," replied Mrs. Simmons; "I know the signs."

"Well," said the captain, "might ez well see him fust as last then I reckon."

"I'll get ready right away," said Mrs. Simmons. And away she hurried, leaving the captain looking greatly puzzled.

The old lady put on her newest bombazine dress—all this happened ten years ago, ladies—and a hat to match.

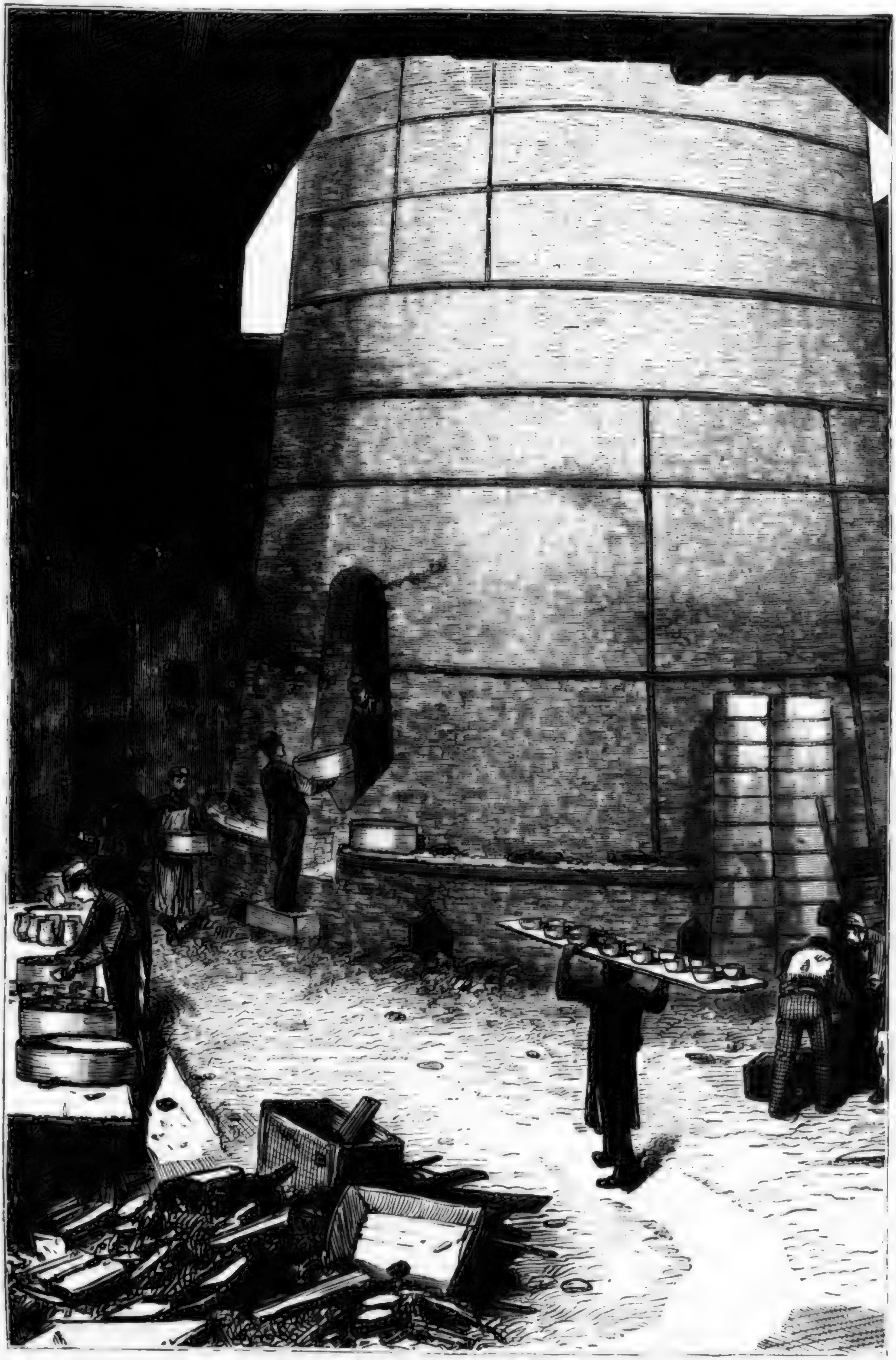
Never before had these articles of dress been seen by the irreligious light of a week-day; but, then, this was an unusual occasion; the day seemed fully as holy as an ordinary Sabbath.

They attracted considerable attention in their good clothes and solemn faces, and finally, as they stood on the parson's doorstep, two of the captain's own deckhands saw him, and straightway drank themselves into a state of beastly intoxication in trying to decide what the captain could want with a preacher.

The minister entered, cordially greeted Mrs. Simmons, and expressed his pleasure at forming the captain's acquaintance.

"Parson," said the captain, in trembling accents—"Don't go away, Mrs. Simmons—Parson, my good friend here tells me you know all about my case; now the question is, how soon can you do the business?"

The reverend gentleman shivered a little at hearing the word "business" applied to holy things, but replied, in excellent temper:



MANUFACTURE OF POTTERY—FILLING THE OVEN.

XUM

"The next opportunity will occur on the first Sabbath of the coming month, and I shall be truly delighted to gather into our fold one whose many worthy qualities have been made known to us by our dearly beloved sister Simmons. And let me further remind you that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and that therefore ——"

"Just so, parson," interrupted the captain, wincing a little, and looking exceedingly puzzled—"just so; but ain't thar no day but Sunday for a man to be married——"

"Married!" ejaculated the minister, looking inquiringly at Mrs. Simmons.

"Married!" screamed the old lady, staring wildly at the captain—"married! Oh, what shall I do? I thought you'd experienced a change! And I've told everybody about it!"

The captain burst into a laugh, which made the minister's chandeliers rattle, and the holy man himself, seeing through the mistake, heartily joined the captain.

But poor Mrs. Simmons burst into an agony of tears.

"My dear, good old friend," said the captain, tenderly putting his arm about her, "I'm very sorry you have been disappointed; but one thing at a time, you know. When you see my angel, you'll think I'm in a fair way to be an angel myself some day, I guess. Annie's her name—Annie May—an' I've named the boat after her. Don't take on so, an' I'll show you the old boat, new painted, an' the name *Annie May* stuck on wherever there's a chance."

But the good old woman only wrung her hands, and exclaimed:

"Thar's a lovely experience completely spiled — completely spiled!"

At length she was quieted, and escorted home, and a few days afterward appeared, in smiles and the new bombazine, at the captain's wedding.

The bride, a motherless girl, speedily adopted Mrs. Simmons as mother, and made many happy hours for the old lady; but that venerable and pious person is frequently heard to say to herself, in periods of thoughtfulness:

"A lovely experience completely spiled!"

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A HAWK.

The Baltimore *American* relates a curious incident which occurred a few days since a short distance from that city.

One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend, at whose house there was a bright little boy, and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large kite, and, as the wind was strong enough, the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it, a very large hawk was seen to fly slowly out of a neighboring grove and go directly toward the kite.

The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange-looking object, and then circled about under it perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled around several times. Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and, after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and striking the paper, passed directly through the kite, coming out on the under side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give it up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on the long string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a savage manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away toward the woods from whence he came.

The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was going to return the assault.

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.

The mention of ladies attending assemblies in slippers, and of pumpkins and lizards being found in the garden, makes it probable that this story came from the East. *Chindee* is a Hindoo word for ragged clothing, and *Ella* a not uncommon woman's name in India. The story of Catskin in Mr. Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England," very like that of Cinderella, is thought to be of Eastern origin. The main incident in the story of Cinderella has a parallel in history. Strabo relates that an eagle let fall the slipper of Rhodopis into the bosom of a king of Egypt, who was so struck with the smallness of it that he made proclamation that he would marry the female to whom it belonged. In the "Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Aunois," Cinderella appears under the name of Finetta, a name not unlike the Tamil word *Punetta*, meaning Little Kitten, and used by Hindoo women when addressing their children. Pussy (*pusei*) is also a Tamil name for a cat. The Tamil belongs to the Turanian family of languages, of which the Lap, Fin and Turkish are members.

Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in these laws called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations; the exact quantity permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly.

Vair, the skin of the gray squirrel (*petit-gris*) was the fur held in the fourteenth century next in estimation to ermine It was so called from its variety of color, the back of the squirrel being gray, the underneath part of its body white. Cinderella's slipper was of this fur, a "pantoufle de vair," which being wrongly written "verre," gave rise to the rendering of a glass slipper.

The Italians have a similar story to the above, which has been turned into a musical play. The lord of the village gives a grand *fête*. The snow is on the ground, and a slipper is discovered on the following day. The lord says that he will marry the owner. All the female guests (including several old women) make the fitting attempt, but the shoe only fits the foot of one, a poor village-girl. The lord makes good his promise, and the wedding concludes the drama, which is very popular. The name of the heroine is not Cinderella.

> "Of Cinderella and her slipper;
> How her two sisters used to chide and whip her;
> And how a fairy found her all alone,
> When her two sisters to the ball were gone;
> And how she took compassion on her grief,
> And brought the magic art to her relief."

The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce; and by a species of ultramundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme!

Prudery is often the mantle chosen to conceal triumphant vice. Where inward remorse prevails, there will always be a corresponding absurdity in affecting genuine virtue.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

EARTHENWARE.

The manufacture of earthenware is conducted in a manner analogous to that already described under Porcelain. As examples of this kind of goods, may be mentioned majolica-ware, the Fayence of the French, the Delft ware of the Dutch, and common varieties of pottery which are in use in England and this country.

It was Josiah Wedgewood who brought to perfection the manufacture of earthenware. He introduced new glazes, new material and new methods generally, and founded, as we have before stated, a vast industry in England.

The clay for this manufacture is generally weathered for one or two years before being used; it is thus given a better color and rendered more pliable. After this exposure, certain quantities are weighed out, put in large vats and worked together until they are thoroughly mixed and become of the consistency of thick milk. Other ingredients are then mixed with these clays, such as feldspar, kaolin, and a few others, to give body and consistence to the ware. After the whole has been ground and mixed up together, it is put in a large press and, by means of heat, the materials become more solid and better for use.

An earthenware manufactory is arranged in such a manner that each branch is kept separate. In making a water-pitcher, the body of the pitcher is made in two equal parts, and the handle is made separately. The presser, as he is called, takes sufficient clay for the molds, and when both halves are filled, he puts them together and straps them tightly; he then finishes the inside of the pitcher by smoothing it with a wet sponge. He then takes off the strap and places the mold, with its contents, in a small room which is kept at a high temperature. This is done to harden the clay and evaporate the water. After a while the clay appears white, and the mold is taken out and opened. The pitcher is then finished off and the handle is put on. This being done, it is ready for its first baking.

Within the last few years earthenware manufactories have increased rapidly in this country. There are now extensive establishments at Trenton, N. J., East Liverpool and Cincinnati, Ohio, Geddes, N. Y., and St. Louis, Mo. The industry bids fair to become a flourishing one in the United States.

There is another branch of this business which, a few years ago, was in an experimental condition in this country—namely, the manufacture of fire-bricks. For a long time, nearly all the fire-bricks used here were imported from England; at the present time the production in America has reached more than 50,000,000 annually, with a prospect of a rapid increase.

Fire-brick is made of a peculiar kind of clay, the principal ingredient of which is alumina, mixed with a smaller portion of silex than is required for porcelain and earthenware. Fire-clay of good quality is found in various parts of the United States, especially in the town of Woodbridge, N. J. At this place it is taken out in immense quantities, and sorted according to quality.

The following is the process pursued in New Jersey for the manufacture of fire-brick: A mixture is made up of 10 parts spotted clay, 6 parts top clay, 4 parts No. 2 sandy clay, 5 parts No. 2 cement, 2 parts fire-sand. The clay being run through the crusher, each kind as it is crushed is put around a pit, the cement and sand being placed evenly upon it; it is then shoveled into the pit, care being taken to spread it evenly over the whole pit, so that all the kinds shall become thoroughly mixed. The proper quantity of water is then let in, then another stratum of the same proportions is prepared in the same way, and repeated till the pit is filled, water enough being added to give it the proper consistency. If left to soak over night, it may then be shoveled into the "tub mill," which is connected with the pit, and being thoroughly mixed as it passes through, is molded into brick by a molding machine, which receives the mud from the bottom of the mill. The molds containing the bricks are carried off, and the bricks dumped from them on a smooth, clean drying-floor, and left until they are partially dry, when they are pressed in metallic molds, each brick receiving twenty-five or thirty tons pressure, which makes them perfect in shape and uniform in size. They are packed or piled as they are pressed, and left to dry, and when dry they are set in the kiln, heated, and burned in the same manner as other bricks, excepting that they require much greater heat, sufficient, indeed, to fuse iron. When thus burned, they are ready for market.

Different Varieties of Porcelain.

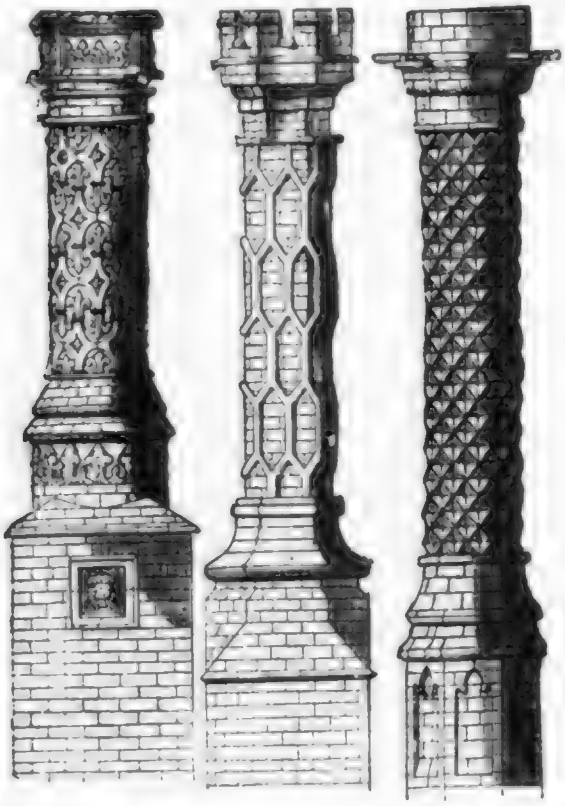
In the decoration of porcelain called pate-sur-pate, or clay upon clay, the article ornamented is produced by the application with the brush of white liquid porcelain, used as a pigment, in successive layers upon the colored body of the ware; *i. e.*, a given thickness is added to it with a brush or by immersion, presenting a rough surface in relief, which is trimmed to the required design by cutting implements and sharp scrapers. By successive applications, the painter, who requires to be also a modeler in the treatment of his subject, gains his effect of relief. When the bas relief is completed, the object is subjected to several bakings or firings, and at the last firing it is covered with a coating of glaze. The strong oven fire vitrifies the porcelain and the pigment, embodying them together and rendering the salient objects translucent. These portions, in vitrifying, retain a relief which forms the actual outline and the high lights, while its thinner parts enable the colored groundwork to be seen through. These form the transparency of floating draperies, clouds or flesh, according to the design.

Pate change ante is so named from the color changing from grayish by daylight to a decided pink by candlelight. Messrs. Minton have succeeded in producing a similar dove-color which changes to a light crimson by artificial light. Graffito ware, meaning scratched ware, is of Italian origin, and is supposed to have been first invented in the province of Perugia in the fifteenth century. It recalls the decorations on the walls of the houses in Pompeii. The ware is made of two clays of different color. The body of the vessel is formed of a darker clay, and, after drying sufficiently to handle, it is dipped into a liquid slip formed of the lighter colored clay. As soon as the coating is dry the artist, with a sharp wooden or steel point, traces his ornament on the surface, removing the upper light-colored surface, and showing everywhere on the lines of the design the dark body beneath. The vessel is then covered with glaze and fired.

Henri Deux ware is the only description of pottery in which clays of different colors are inlaid together. The artist having made his design, each distinct part of the ornament is stamped on separate bats of clay. The design thus indented is filled up with another colored clay, and when dry the superfluous clay is revoved.

Cloissonné enamel is a specialty in China and Japan. A vessel of copper is first made, and the lines of the pattern are traced on its surface. A fine wire, beaten into a flat, supple riband, is then taken and soldered by one edge to the lines traced on the surface of the copper vessel. The wire stands on its edge, forming a number of cells or cloisons, which are filled with a paste composed mainly of oxide of lead

XUM



OLD ENGLISH TERRA COTTA CHIMNEY TOPS.

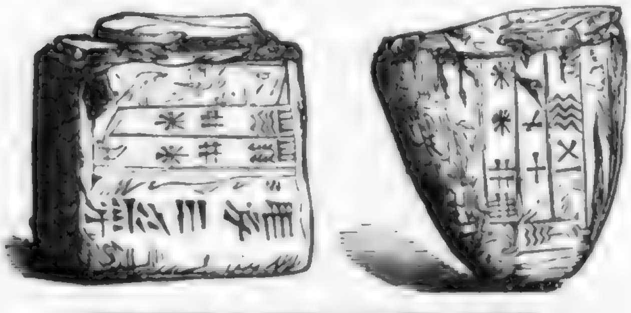
and silica, with some lime and soda, and colored as required, either with the oxide of copper, iron or cobalt. The vessel is then fired at a heat sufficient to vitrify the paste, and finally the whole surface is polished by friction.

The character of the Chinese cloisonné work is coarser and bolder than that of the Japanese, and in both the contrasts of color are successfully harmonized. This kind of ware has been very successfully imitated in Paris, and also by Minton in England. Old Persian ware is distinguished by a special brilliancy and effectiveness of colors. Very good modern imitations have been made by adopting Persian patterns on turquoise and plum-colored enamel ground.

Belleek ware, from Ireland, is quite new. It is distinguished by the high, lustrous, silvery quality of the glaze, which attracts the eye, and recalls the peculiar coating of a sea-shell. It is a genuine porcelain, according to the original derivation of the word.

Chinese and Japanese porcelain has been very thoroughly examined by chemists and potters, and the method of its manufacture has been fully described. The body of it is feldspathic and hard; the glaze is softer than that of European hard porcelain; the colors are properly enamels, transparent or opaque; few coloring oxides are employed, and the whole is made in one firing, at a somewhat low heat.

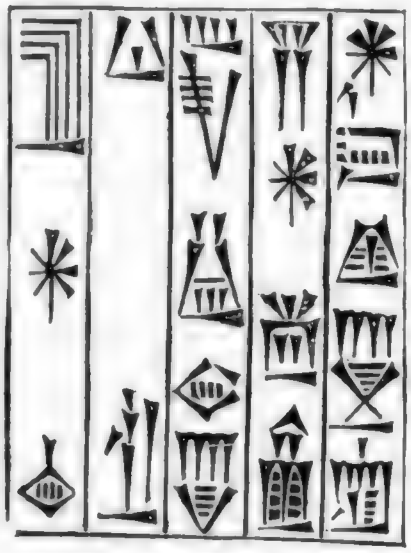
Parian ware, like stoneware and terra-cotta, is composed of clay, mixed with vitrifying ingredients, but it differs from these, both in aspect and composition, in being composed of purely granitic materials. In composition, it lies between stoneware and English or soft porcelain.



INSCRIPTIONS IN BAKED CLAY FROM BABYLON.

Parian figures are produced from a mixed clay, poured in a fluid condition into plaster molds. Great skill is required to prevent the cracking of the material in firing.

If plaster-of-paris, in fine powder, is thrown in a vessel containing a saturated solution of borax, after soaking for some time with a solution of alum a hard plaster is obtained, which is also called Parian, although differing in composition from the above.

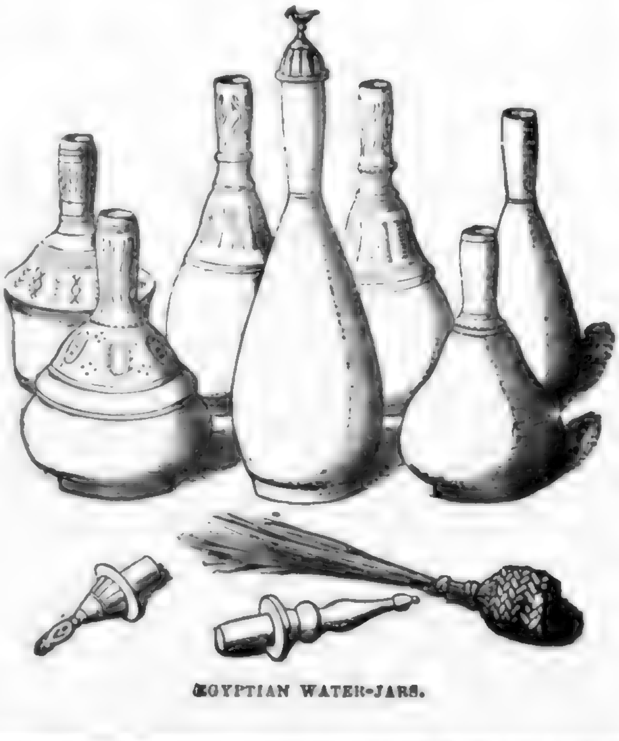


BRICK WITH INSCRIPTION FROM BABYLON.

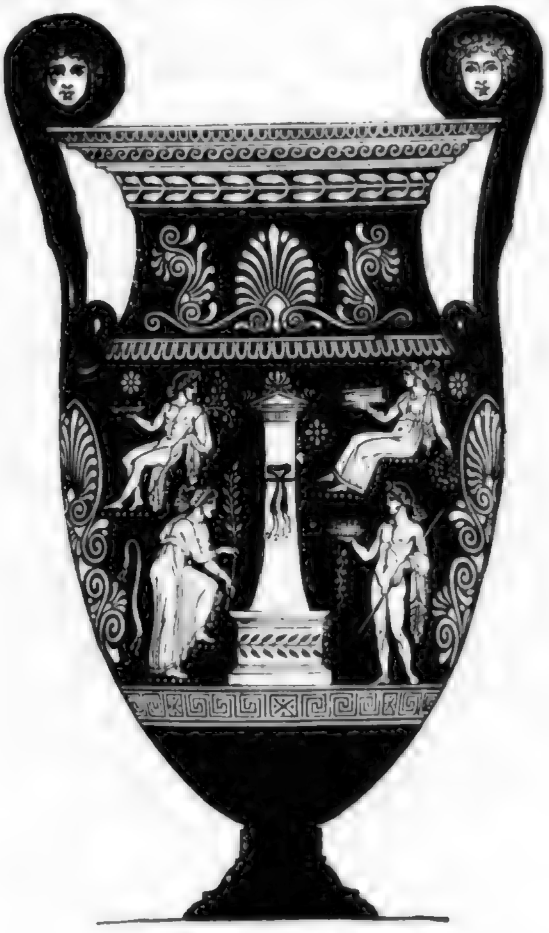
Earthenware is composed of plastic fire-clay, with an addition of fine ground quartz, or refractory stone, and occasionally lime. The ware is brought to a state of biscuit by one firing, and is able to withstand certain alterations of temperature. As the glaze of this ware contains lead, it is deleterious for cooking. Sanitary ware, free from lead, has been made, but the additional cost of the materials is considerable.

Decorative tiles for floors and architectural purposes are classified as follows: 1, plain tiles; 2, encaustic; 3, enameled; 4, majolica; 5, glazed earthenware tiles.

Plain tiles are made from colored dust clay, by a sort of coining process, and are capable of being highly decorative when well made. The clay, or mixture of clays, used, is usually reduced to a fine powder and made slightly damp before pressing. Encaustic tiles consist of a slab of clay of uniform color, inlaid with a device of other clays differently colored. In this ware the colors are not superficial, but are incorporated with the body of the clay before burning, either by pugging dry or in the condition of a liquid slip. Small holes are made in the back of the tile to facilitate drying and to increase the adhesion of the mortar when subsequently used on the wall. The tiles are dried for a week, then heated in a drying oven for two or three weeks, fired



EGYPTIAN WATER-JARS.

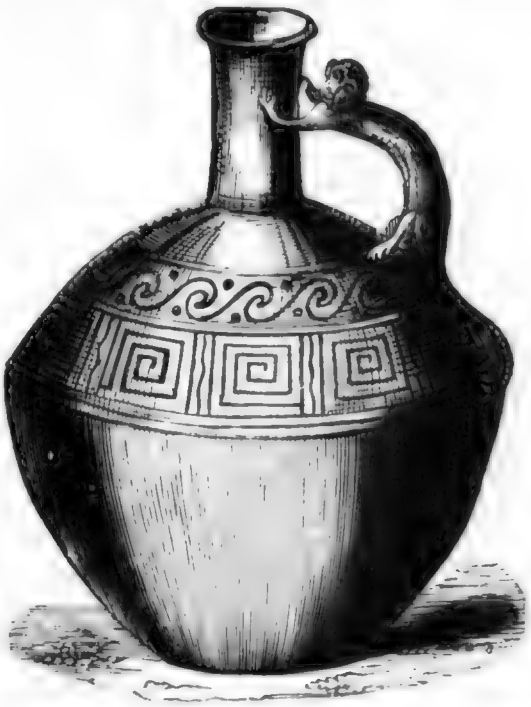


ANCIENT ETRUSCAN VASE.

in a stoneware oven for sixty hours, and left in the oven for six days more to cool down. Enamelled tiles are the same as plain tiles in their general composition. By reserving spaces (by oiling or otherwise), and dipping the tile in a slip, or by direct application of the enamels, simple and effective results are obtained. Majolica ware and majolica tiles date back to the earliest history of the art.

In the year 1115, an expedition fitted out from Pisa, conquered the island of Majorca, and brought back as spoils the bricks and tiles which the Moors had manufactured there for a long time previous. This ware is known as majolica, and is highly prized. The Italians soon learned how to imitate it, and, by degrees, the art traveled northward into Germany, France, and England.

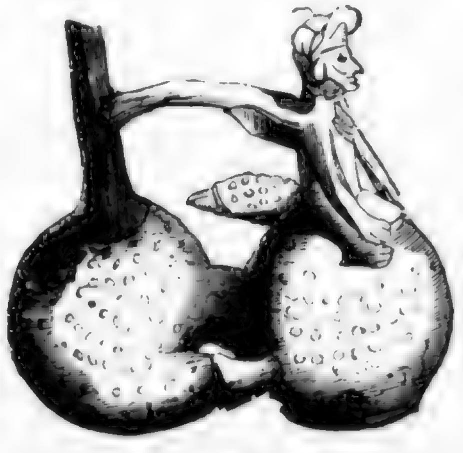
In England, the tiles are burnt, then covered with an opaque white glaze, upon which the outlines of the decorations are distinctly traced and filled in with a thin coat of enamel of various colors, and again burnt.



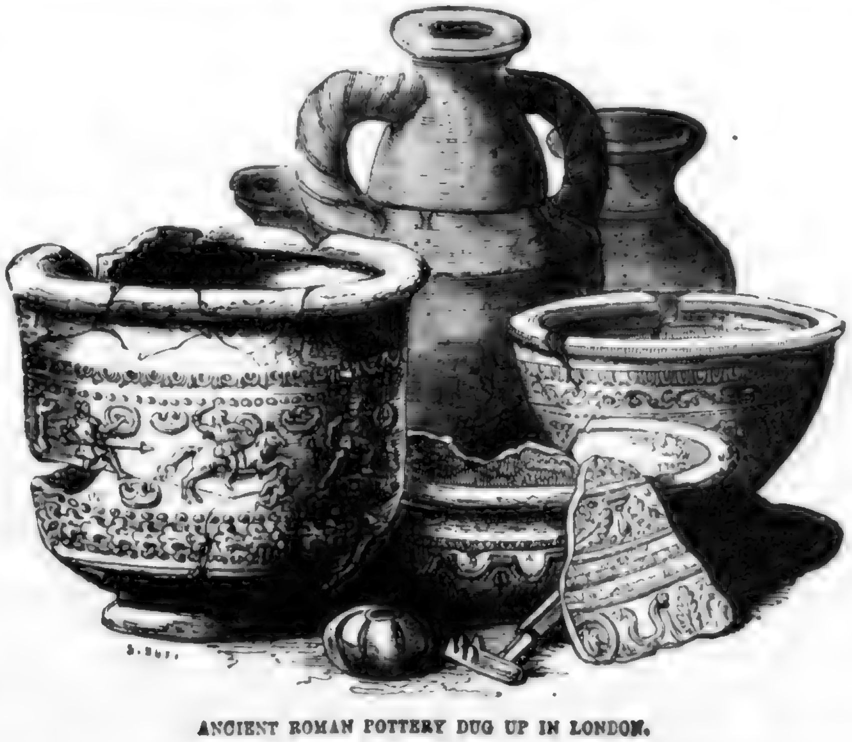
ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY.

Terra cotta, in its application to architecture, still has its advocates and opponents. Very fine specimens made in London, one hundred years ago, and exposed to the weather since, are still perfect. Terra cotta, or literally "burnt clay," in order to yield a material as strong and more durable and less expensive than stone, must be carefully prepared. In the north of England, the purest lumps of fire clay are selected according to color and texture, and used alone without any other clay, while the firms near London prepare more carefully a mixture of clays which produces a body of better texture. There seems to be in every case advantage in using a mixture of clays, as a more compact, homogenous, and better vitrified body is attained, although at the cost of extra labor and care.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, stoneware, characterized by its dense, opaque, vitreous fracture, and impermeable and refractory nature, was already abundantly manufactured in Germany and Holland, whence the industry was imported into England and encouraged by Queen



ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY.



ANCIENT ROMAN POTTERY DUG UP IN LONDON.

XUM

Elizabeth. The materials made use of in England are the refractory white and grayish plastic pipe clays of Devon and Dorsetshire, which are used alone or mixed, for small articles. For larger objects, white river sand, ground fire-bricks, and flint are added, to counteract shrinkage and warping.

The heat required is greater than for terra cotta, being one of the highest necessary for any kind of pottery. The manufacture of terra cotta and stoneware are advantageously carried on together, as the refuse materials from the one can be used in the other, and the less hot story of stoneware kilns used for terra cotta.

Bricks are made of somewhat meagre clays, containing a certain amount of oxide of iron and lime. Although fatter clays are easily molded, they shrink more, and even crack in the fire. The fluxes, iron, lime, etc., are useful, as they produce a solid brick at a lower temperature. It is scarcely necessary to go any further into the subject of brick-making, as the manufacture is familiar to everybody, and possesses little intrinsic interest.

The topic of ancient pottery is one which might well be introduced to close an article on the subject. The Assyrians kept their public records of conveyances of lands, deeds, etc., on cylinders and tablets of clay, which were afterward baked. These are handed down to us as material for deciphering the history of those times. A selection from these inscriptions has been published by the trustees of the British Museum. Inscribed earthen bowls from Babylon assist in clearing up many obscure points in the early history of the Jews. "To this day," says Layard, "there are men who have no other trade than that of gathering bricks from this vast heap (the ruins of Babylon) and taking them for sale to the neighboring towns and villages, and even to Bagdad. There is scarcely a house in Hillah that is not almost entirely built with them."

Many bricks found in this region are coated with a thick enamel or glaze. The colors have resisted the effects of time, and preserve their original brightness. The dwellings of the Chaldeans were ornamented externally by diagonal patterns of colored bricks, sometimes molded into half columns, with a variety of wavy patterns. Internally, the plaster walls were embellished with colored cones of terra cotta, imbedded in the plaster, so as to show either their bases or their points, or a part of their sides, combined in lines.

From the Assyrian and Egyptian days, we can pass to the time of the Greeks and Romans, and still we find an extensive variety of beautiful workmanship. The Etruscan vases are famous all the world over. On the Continent of North America there are mounds containing crude specimens of pottery, and in Peru and other States of South America the decorations on tiles and vases are often of an elaborate and tasteful character.

It is a beautiful art, and everybody must rejoice to think that it is constantly increasing in importance and finish in this country. The time does not appear to be far distant when all the styles of porcelain and earthenware described in the preceding pages will be skillfully manufactured in the United States. All the materials required have been found in abundance, and there would appear to be no good reason why the introduction of the business in all its branches should not be crowned with success.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Discovery of the Satellites of Mars.—One of the most important astronomical discoveries of modern times has just been made by Professor Hall, at the Observatory in Washington. He has found two satellites of Mars which have escaped all observers down to the present time. The reason why former astronomers have failed to make the discovery is, that Mars is now nearer to the earth than it has been at any time since 1845, and it is since that date that the great telescopes have been made. They might have been seen by two or three telescopes in 1862, but were not sought for. The next favorable opportunity was in 1875, but Mars was then so far south of the equator that it could not well be observed in our latitudes. Of the two moons now discovered, the most extraordinary feature is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, and the rapidity of its revolution. The shortest period hitherto known is that of the inner satellite of Saturn – twenty-two and a half hours. But the inner satellite of Mars goes round in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. Its distance from the centre of the planet is about 6,000 miles, and from the surface, less than 4,000. If there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us. The newly-discovered satellites are the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. The outer one does not appear to be more than ten miles in diameter, or thirty miles in circumference. Professor Hall's discovery will enable astronomers to determine the mass of Mars, and will simplify the theories of the four inner planets.

Preparation of Rare Metals.—Dr. Schuchardt, who visited this country at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, has an establishment at Gorlitz for the manufacture of rare chemicals. Calcium, strontium, lithium and cerium are prepared in quantity, according to Bunsen's electrolytic method. Calcium, which is the metallic base of lime, is not a brassy yellow metal, but exactly resembles aluminium. It is brittle, and cannot be drawn out into wire. Strontium is a pale yellow metal, very pliable, and capable of being rolled and drawn. Barium has not yet been obtained in a compact form, owing to its elevated melting point, which appears to be higher than that of cast-iron. Small masses of lithium were fused in an iron capsule to masses of nearly two grains in weight. It is the lightest metal known, being half the specific gravity of water. Cerium is a white metal of low specific gravity. When heated a little above the boiling point of water, it explodes and burns with great brilliancy. None of these metals have any practical application in the arts, although one of them, calcium, is one of the most abundant on the face of the earth.

Bamboo Paper.—Bamboo as a possible paper stock attracted some notice at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. Of the young stems, which are the best for the purpose, a very large supply, it is said, could be annually, by systematic cuttings, furnished from plants flourishing in the marshy parts of the island of Jamaica. It seems that the American paper manufacturers have also wished to make experiments with bamboo, with the view, if possible, of introducing it into the American trade; so that, owing to the proximity of Jamaica to the United States, it is supposed that the supply of bamboo may eventually form an article of trade between the two countries. The new Governor-general of Jamaica, Sir Anthony Musgrave, is familiar with the paper industry of the United States, having spent a portion of the Summer of 1877 in New England. Under his intelligent guidance, a new trade in bamboo may be created.

Use of Platinum in Photography.—In order to make photographs permanent, it is necessary to tone them with gold or some other unoxidizable metal. Instead of employing gold toning, Mr. William Willis, jr., of London, has invented a printing process, in which platinum is substituted for gold. The neutral oxalate of potash is employed as a reducing agent. The paper is coated with a salt of platinum and ferric oxalate, and, on exposure, an iron picture is produced in consequence of the action of the light to reduce the ferric oxalate to ferrous oxalate. If the faint picture be now floated on a warm bath of neutral oxalate of potash, the ferrous oxalate is dissolved and in the instant of solution reduces the salt of platinum in contact with it, and thus forms a permanent picture. The process is a new one, and well worthy of trial by photographers.

African Exploration.—The International Association for Exploring and Civilizing Central Africa is possessed of an annual revenue of 73,000 francs, principally from subscriptions obtained in Belgium, where the scheme is very popular. It has been decided by the executive committee that a station should be founded in the Trans-Tanganyika region. The head of the station and the explorer have been appointed. A depot will be formed at Zanzibar, and three others in intermediate countries; one is to be placed under a Catholic mission, and two under two Protestants, who have volunteered to help the association. The works are to be begun without further delay. By having a depot of supplies, and maintaining constant communication with the coast, the condition of the African explorer will be greatly improved, and we may hope soon to become familiar with every portion of Africa.

A New Remedy for Angina Pectoris.—Dr. Lander Brunton proposes the nitrate of amyl for the treatment of angina pectoris—he says of its action: "On pouring from five to ten drops of the nitrate on a cloth and giving it to the patient to inhale, the physiological action takes place in from thirty to sixty seconds; and simultaneously with the flushing of the face, the pain completely disappeared, and generally did not return till its wonted time next night Occasionally, it began to return about five minutes after its first disappearance; but on giving a few drops more it again disappeared and did not return. The remedy has been successfully tried in many cases in England, and is well received by the medical profession in America. It is proper to urge great precaution in the use of the nitrate of amyl, as an overdose would easily occasion a fatal paralysis of the nerves

Great Progress in the Alkali Trade.—Toward the middle of the last century, the price of oil of vitriol was $650 a ton; the same substance now sells for $25 a ton. At the commencement of the present century, soda crystals sold at about $300 a ton; their present price is about $22 a ton. In 1876, the annual value of finished products of the alkali trade in Great Britain amounted to $32,500,000. The following table will enable us to form some idea of the enormous growth of the alkali business within recent years. It is a growth which has been coincident with the progress of scientific knowledge.

RAW MATERIALS USED, 1876.

Salt	538,000	tons.
Coal	1,890,000	"
Limestone and chalk	588,000	"
Lime	139,000	"
Pyrites	376,000	"
Nitrate of soda	12,200	"
Manganese	18,200	"
Total	3,562,400	tons.

Capital employed	$35,000,000	
Hands "	22,000	
Wages paid them annually	$7,000,000	
Weight of soda exported	270,856	tons.
Value of exported soda	$11,046,420	

A New Anæsthetic.—M. Morel has recently succeeded in transforming the tetra-chloride of carbon into chloroform, but not so economically as to supersede the method from bleaching-powders and alcohol. But being struck with the similarity in the properties of the two substances, the idea was suggested to try the pure tetrachloride as an anæsthetic. He did so, and found it had superior power to chloroform, with the same general effects. At the first stage of excitation, it acts more like nitrous oxide, the other periods of insensibility and collapse are identical with those of chloroform. The cost of the tetra-chloride is said to be less than that of chloroform. It is very easily made by passing the vapor of carbon, disulphide and chlorine gas through a heated porcelain tube. It is a colorless liquid, insoluble in water, and freezing at 90 deg. Fah.

Medicated Ice.—For topical treatment of the throat, it has been suggested to put the medicine in a freezing mixture, and administer it in ice pellets. The disagreeable taste of the medicine is masked by the agreeable sensation of the ice, and even infants take very readily to this form of administration. Sulphurous acid, chlorate of potash in solution, solutions of chlorinated soda, are among the remedies which have been tried in this way for sore throat and other analogous complaints. To freeze the solutions, a test tube is stirred in a mixture of ice and salt. After the contents are frozen, the tube is plunged for a moment in hot water, which loosens the ice and allows it to fall out—it can then be broken up into fragments of a proper size.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

High Livers.—Dwellers on hills.

The best and worst thing you can say of a marriage is that it is a *tie*.

Fools and their money soon part. It's worth while being a fool sometimes to have the money to part with, though.

Lively.—A late book is entitled "Half-hours with Insects." What a lively half-hour one can have with a bee!

New Leaves.—Adam and Eve, we suppose, were the first to start "turning over new leaves." They did it to keep up the fashion.

Awful Catastrophe.—It would probably be only a laughing matter if a comet should strike the earth—a little *wreck-creation*, as it were.

Hospitable.—"Old uncle Tibbits," said a traveler, "is one of the finest fellows I know. He exhibits *real hospitality*. He not only has a plate ever ready for any of his friends, but he sends a horse to your door whenever you wish to ride." "That, indeed," replied another, "is real *horse*-pitality."

Compliments may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knight unable to aspirate the letter *h*, who, being deputed to address William III., exclaimed, "Future ages, recording your Majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to have been a Nero."

A New York paper says the will of the rich man of the future will read, "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and worldly goods of all descriptions. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains." This instrument will satisfy the family and save the trouble of proving the old man insane.

A shoemaker in a Fifeshire parish once borrowed a horse from a farmer, to enable him to pay a business visit to a neighboring town. Riding home in the evening, with a huge roll of leather strapped on his back, a friend met him, and asked him his motive for carrying it in such a curious fashion. "Weel, ye see," said he, "this is Mr. So-an'-so's horse, and I'll extortion nae man's beast!"

A heeling medium—A cobbler.

Where is the best place for reflection?—In a mirror.

About the most uncomfortable seat a man can have, as a steady thing, in the long run, is self-con*ceit*.

A minister in Pennsylvania preached so intolerably loud that he was complained of for disturbing public worship.

"Keep love a secret!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "Can you keep the toothache a secret? Well, no more can you keep love or tight shoes a secret."

What horse is that which is generally most expensive to its owner, and is apt to amble with him into most difficulties? It is one's hobby-horse.

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" asked a farmer of a judge. "You just try it and see," replied the judge. "If not wrong, you'll find it unfortunate."

A woman living in Arkansas, being asked if they had hot Summers there, replied—"I am not so sure about the summers, but I know that we have lots of hot springs!"

"Why is it?" asks a correspondent, "that the young men of society in Paris, no longer wear their watches so that the chains can be seen?" Probably because they are at the pawnbroker's.

"I always meet trouble half way," said Jones. "I don't," responded Jenkins, "but let him have all the walk for his pains, and often he gives up his visit before he gets in sight of my house."

"The trouble with this goose with wine sauce," said a guest at a hotel to the proprietor, who smilingly asked if everything was satisfactory, "is that the age is in the goose instead of in the wine."

"Be careful how you beat your father at chess," said an experienced old gentleman to a young friend. "I lost my hold on my father's affections by not letting him beat me four games out of five."

"What is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience!"—"Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack, if there is hay in it."

A little boy being frightened by a large turkey gobbler, ran crying to his father, who exclaimed—"Why, my boy, are you afraid of a turkey? You ate part of one yesterday." "Yes, pa," responded the boy, "but this one isn't cooked."

"I didn't like to stay among the Arizona Indians, they're so fond of cremation," said a returned explorer. "What difference did that make?" asked a friend. "Why, you see," was the reply, "they don't wait for a fellow to die before they cremate him!"

An old Connecticut statute reads—"A wife shall be good evidence against her husband." In what way, or for what, she was "good evidence" does not appear, but an old bachelor judge ruled that it meant "that a married man was to be condemned on general principles."

Epigram on a Lady who Beat her Husband.

"Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here;
What think you, my love, don't it strike you?"
"Can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

A pompous lawyer said to the keeper of an apple-stand: "Your business cares seem to wear upon you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain." "Oh, 'taint business," replied the apple-seller, "it's lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers as is killin' me!"

A city man, who had just moved into the country, was trying to milk the cow, his wife standing by and looking on admiringly. After a time the husband exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish I knew how long cows ought to be milked?" "Why, the same as short ones, my love," said his wife, with an air of superior wisdom.

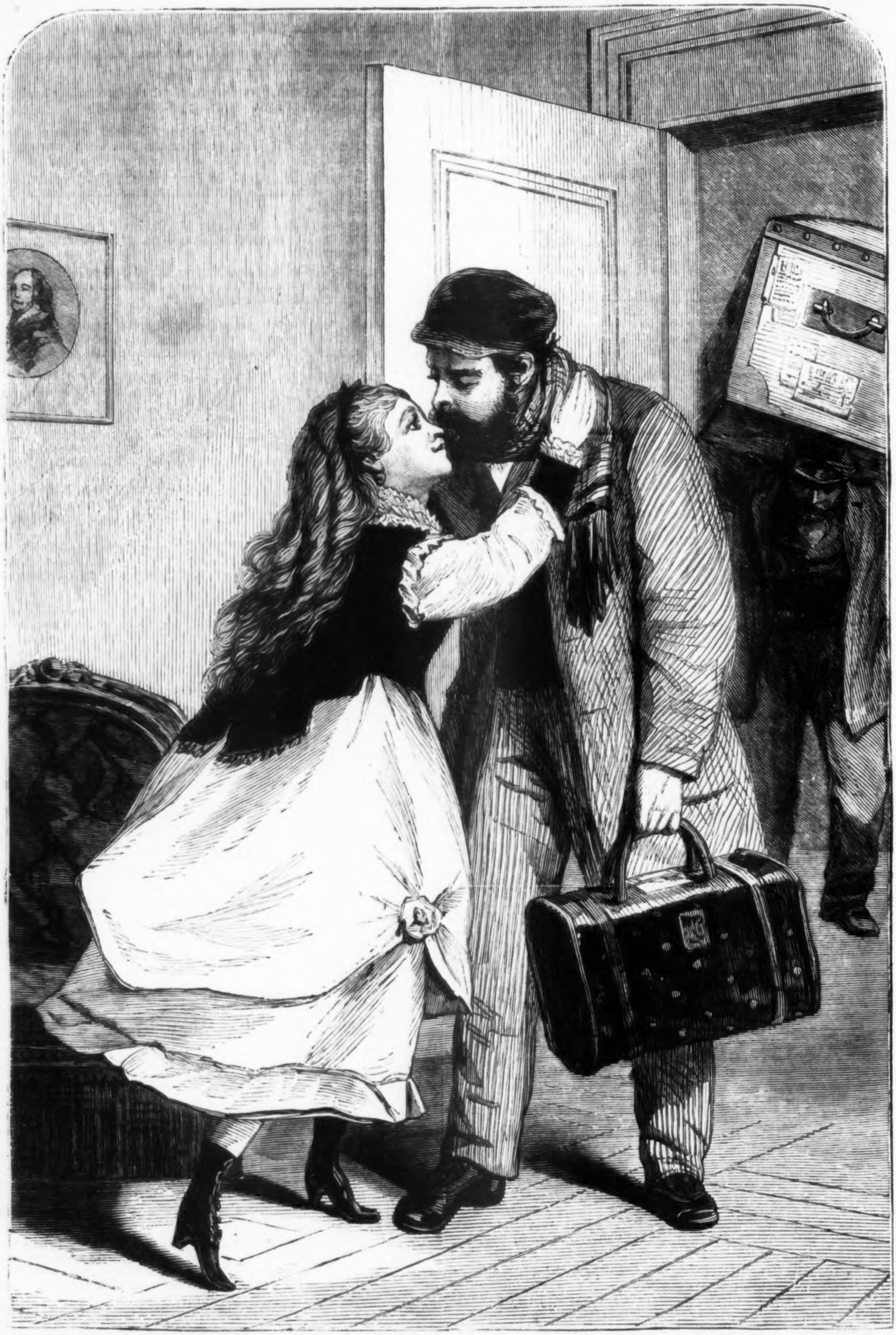
A singular old gentleman was waited upon with a surgeon's bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating some time upon its contents, he desired the young man who called with it, to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for, but as for the visits he had charged he should return them again.

The Legislature of Illinois having proposed to pass a bill requiring hotel-keepers to furnish every room above the second story with a rope-ladder, as a fire-escape, the landlords hit back by saying that it is a mere device on the part of the legislators to enable them to slip away from their hotel-rooms without paying their bills!

"Just look at my thimble," said a young lady to her beau; "it is actually worn out. Don't you think I ought to be rewarded for my industry?" The young man said he thought she should be, and the next day he sent her a cap for her finger with the following lines:

"I send you a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

XUM



PAPA'S RETURN.

XUM